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Collier's

June 23, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

G. B. SHAW'S Letters to GENE TUNNEY

ARE WE LOSING INDIA?

David E. Lilienthal Interviews Nehru

WEAT

Why Spo

MARY A BECK
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PITTSBURGH 6
PA
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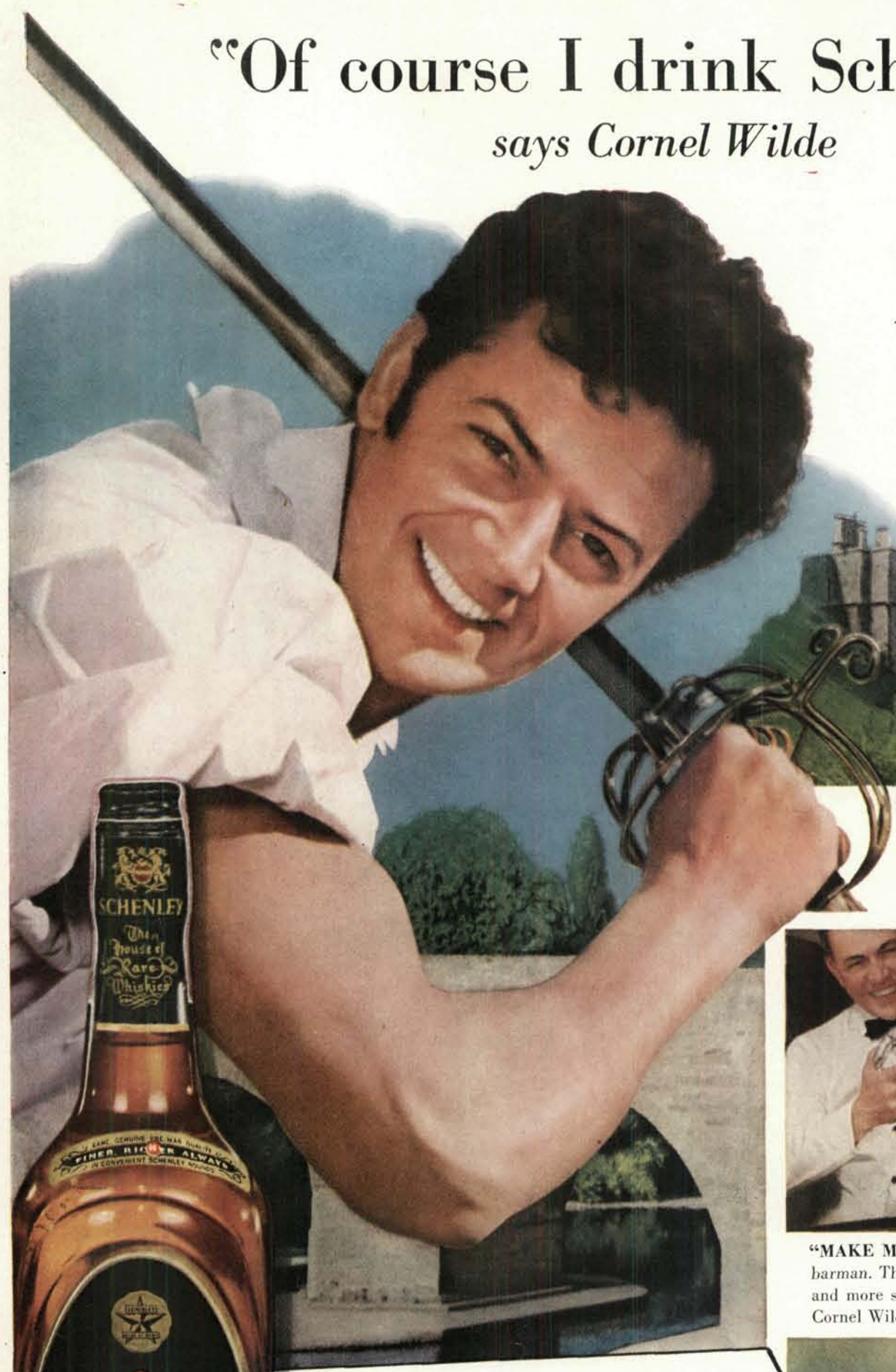
"Of course I drink Schenley!"

says Cornel Wilde

"I want the best —and my guests expect it!"



ADVENTUROUS CORNEL WILDE takes many chances as a screen hero. But he takes no chances with his whiskey. "I always drink Schenley," says Cornel Wilde. "It's richer, mellower and more pleasing to the taste."

"MAKE MINE WITH SCHENLEY," says Cornel Wilde to the barman. Those four simple words assure a drink that is smoother and more satisfying. "Nothing can compare with Schenley," says Cornel Wilde.

"YOU ALWAYS SERVE THE BEST," friends say to Cornel Wilde, when he offers them Schenley. They agree that Schenley is the finest—it tastes so good. Why don't you try smooth, sociable Schenley—for *your* enchanted evenings?

For an Enchanted Evening enjoy

SCHENLEY

SCHENLEY

A Mark of Merit Whiskey from Schenley, the House of Rare Whiskies

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1951 SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N.Y.C.

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Make it a good one!

IF YOU ARE FOND of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don't let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis because it sweetens and freshens the breath . . . *not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

So, when you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

. . . Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . it's breath-taking!

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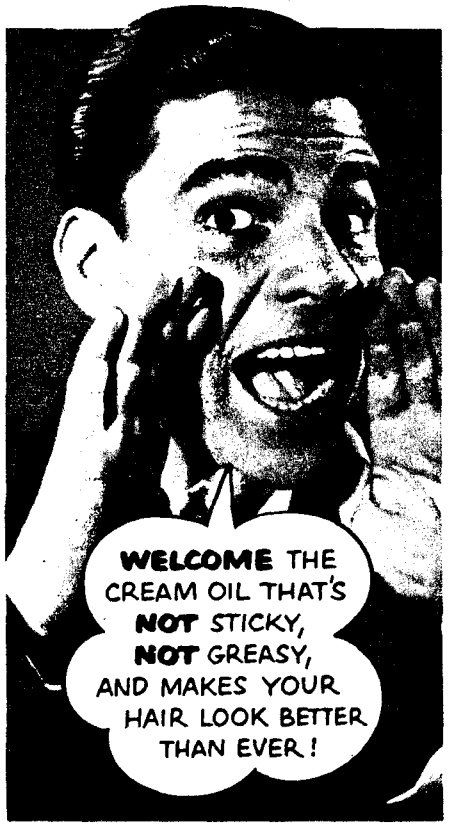
"SHOO THE GOO!"

says

BERT PARKS

—Star of TV hit, "Break the Bank"



"When the spotlight or love-light beams your way," says Bert, "your presence is perfect if you're groomed with new VITALIS Hair CREAM. It makes your hair look hep, not hexed."

Amazing product! VITALIS Hair CREAM is the lighter-bodied liquid hair cream. Not greasy, and no slick shine. Yet it keeps your hair groomed perfectly all day long. Cleaner to use, too—rinses off hands and comb with plain water. Homogenized for easy flow, in handy *shaker-top* bottle. Try it today. Money back! Write us if you don't agree it's the best cream tonic ever!

NEW! VITALIS Hair CREAM

—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

SAVE MONEY! 49¢ size equals leading 59¢ size cream oil. (Also in 27¢ size.)

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June 23, 1951

ARTICLES

Are We Losing India?.....DAVID E. LILIENTHAL 13
G. B. Shaw's Letters to Gene Tunney.....GENE TUNNEY 16
Weather and You.....JACQUELINE BERKE AND VIVIAN WILSON 20
Away Out West in the Land of Cotton.....RICHARD DONOVAN AND DWIGHT WHITNEY 24
Jewels in the Rough.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 28
The Y.M.C.A.—A Century of Fellowship.....JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS 32

FICTION

Mainly About Caroline.....ETHEL EDISON GORDON 18
Thy Will Be Done.....JACK SCHAEFER 22
Uncle Stinky.....WILLIAM R. SCOTT 26
Mask for Danger.....DONALD HAMILTON 30
(PART TWO OF FIVE PARTS)
Anniversary.....DON STANFORD 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

Week's Mail..... 6
48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Editorial..... 74
Cover.....ALEX RAYMOND AND RICHARD BEATTIE

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Having a Picnic?

Take a UNIVERSAL

Liquids really stay hot or cold in Universal vacuum bottles, food jars and outing sets. The vacuum goods are electronically tested to assure maintenance of temperature. The sandwich boxes and cases quality built to stand hard wear. Before your next picnic, get Universal vacuum goods—the equipment that gives more pleasure.

Available wherever quality vacuum goods are sold!

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Because one company dared to be different

Bill Miner . . . like 2,000 other motorists every working day . . . joins State Farm Mutual to get low cost automobile insurance

ONE reason for the remarkably low cost: You pay a local agent's sales commission only *once!*

Single sales cost, pioneered by State Farm Mutual, is explained to new member Miner* by his friendly agent. It means you pay a local agent's sales commission for the insurance purchased once, and only once—not annually.

You pay it for the first and last time when you become a member of State Farm Mutual—and *never* again. From then on you pay only for insurance, unlike ordinary insurance companies where you pay the agent's sales commission again year in and year out every time you renew your policy!

Mr. Miner is impressed most agreeably by this sensible feature of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance. For, once he becomes a member, the single sales cost will *continue* to save him money!

Read the other money-saving practices pioneered by State Farm Mutual. Then call your friendly State Farm agent. Simply look up "State Farm" in your phone book.

Other money-saving benefits pioneered by State Farm Mutual that have attracted over 1,800,000 policyholders.

Semi-annual payments—each State Farm Mutual policy is written for a six-month period—not the usual twelve months—and is kept in force by easy-to-budget semi-annual payments—which spread insurance costs over the year.

Selected careful drivers—are the only ones State Farm aims to insure. These hand-picked motorists help keep losses low because careful drivers have fewer accidents—and help keep costs down for all members of the State Farm family.

Savings shared mutually—because State Farm is a mutual company, savings are shared by members in the form of low premium rates. These are only a few of the many advantages you enjoy as a member of State Farm Mutual.

Modern life and fire protection, too. The same sound management that founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company also provides excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. Your friendly State Farm agent will be glad to discuss the amounts and types you need for adequate protection. Call on him soon.

State Farm Insurance Companies

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

Home office—Bloomington, Illinois • Western office—Berkeley, California
North Central office—St. Paul, Minnesota • Canadian office—Toronto, Ontario
West Central office—Lincoln, Nebraska • Michigan office—Marshall, Michigan.

**Bill Miner's name is fictitious, but he represents the 2,000 additional motorists who join State Farm Mutual every working day!*

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In FATIMA the Difference is QUALITY
"FATIMA is refreshingly different—with a most pleasing flavor, and they are Extra Mild."
(LADY HARDWICKE)
STAGE & TV STAR
FATIMA
CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Extra-Mild
FATIMA—Best of All Long Cigarettes

The Cover

Two veteran Marines and their sons join forces to introduce this newest recruiting aid for the Corps. The poster was created by Major Alex Raymond, USMCR, of Rip Kirby comic strip fame. Eighteen-year-old Alexander Gillespie Raymond III posed for the painting. An honor graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, Alexander is now a Princeton freshman and ROTC member. The photograph, combining the poster and an enthusiastic future leatherneck, twelve-year-old Richard Beattie, Jr., was taken by First Lieutenant Richard Beattie, USMCR, whose work appears often on Collier's covers.

Week's Mail

Who's the Singingest?

EDITOR: It is with great interest that I have read Helen Worden's article The Singingest Family in America (May 5th). I do not want to belittle the Mechau family, but I thought I could mention also the Gagné family (my own). My seven children and their father have been on the air for quite a while. However, even if we do sing old French songs—and others—we do not compose our own ballads.

Here are the members of the Gagné family: Mrs. Julienne St. Pierre, 27; Mrs. Yvette Williams, 25; Cecile, 23; Marguerite, 21; Philippe, 19; Andre, 18; Denise, 15; and the father, 51. The mother is too busy taking care of grandchildren at home! LOUIS P. GAGNÉ, Lewiston, Me.

. . . As I read The Singingest Family in America I thought to myself: That's what they think. You'll have to come a long way to beat the Joe Purdys of Pascagoula, Mississippi.

The Purdys, Mr. and Mrs. (Joe and Ivon), two sons and five daughters, don't sing for a living. But believe you me they do sing, as well as, between all nine of them, play the piano, flute, guitar, mandolin and harp.

MRS. DAN HANNON, JR., Mobile, Ala.

. . . How about the Bing Crosbys? *Everyone* in that family sings, even Mrs. Crosby and Bing's brother Bob.

JUNE WARREN, Cincinnati, Ohio

Missouri's Marvelous Mire

EDITOR: I have just read Missouri Mud (May 5th), and cain't see why ya'all don't write no article about some of them good points of the Show-Me State. I am a native of Missouri, hailing from Cape Girardeau (*in that sloppy, muddy southeastern part* of that "rich, muscular and ubiquitous mud" state), and just know some great magazine is missing an equally great story when they don't write no feature article on the good points of Missouri.

'Low as how it'd shore be fittin' to see Missouri praised, in place of always bein' run down. BILL SIMPSON, Iowa City, Iowa

. . . Missouri's "bodacious mud" story contained substantial elements of truth. But we are earnestly trying to minimize its evil features by constructing all-year roads, and are making substantial progress. Most of us may now travel at any time while waiting for the mud to dry, and then we use it to produce the most beautiful crops you ever saw. J. G. MORGAN, Unionville, Mo.

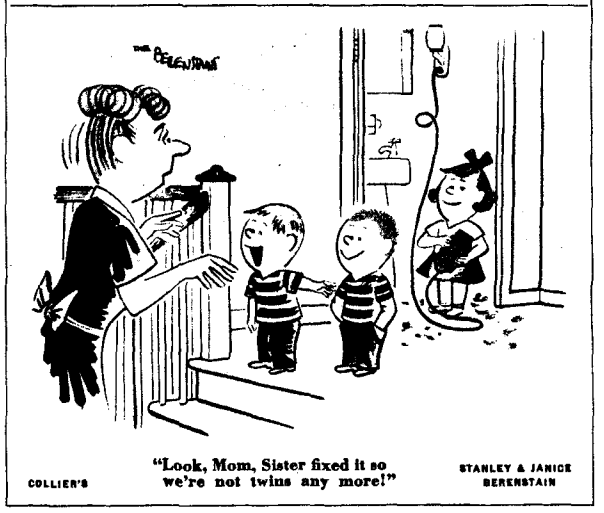
. . . Here's (Missouri) mud in your eye.

DONALD D. CLEM, Warrenton, Mo.

Distinguishing Cuts

Joe Kohorst (right) & crew-cut twin

SISTER



EDITOR: This coincidence is a little too good to neglect calling to your attention.

On April 25th the Illinois State Register carried a story, with pictures, about Joseph Kohorst, Springfield's new commissioner of public health and safety, and his twin brother Frank. After Joe's appointment, Frank was besieged by so many well-wishers and job seekers that he had to get a crew haircut to distinguish himself from the new officeholder.

On April 26th, the May 5th issue of Collier's arrived, with the attached Sister cartoon. JOSEPH H. BELAIR, Springfield, Ill.

Fighting Generals

EDITOR: President Truman's summary dismissal of General Douglas MacArthur recalls a terse bit of American history.

Said President Lincoln of "Unconditional Surrender" Ulysses S. Grant, following widespread prejudicial demands for the removal of Grant from his commands after the bloody Battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, "I can't spare this man; he fights."

KEITH E. GARRISON, Wichita Falls, Texas

More Atomic Mathematics

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of April 28th, you hastily agree with Robert Hartley, in his query about the radius of damage of an H-bomb of 1,000 times the force of an A-bomb. As the force of a bomb explosion acts in all directions the area it will cover becomes dependent on the volume, thus

(Continued on page 73)

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Col. Wm. F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody knew a good thing!

He Was The Father Of The Modern Rodeo

"Buffalo Bill" Cody knew he had a good thing when he saw the crowd's enthusiasm for his first Wild West show presented at North Platte, Nebraska, in 1882. The spectacle was a panorama of life on the plains . . . complete with cowboys, Indians, cavalry, buffaloes, bronco-busters and pinto ponies. It was this show that set the pattern for today's popular rodeos!

If you know a good thing in whiskey...

you'll instantly recognize the superiority of **HUNTER**, long famous as America's luxury blend. Its flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 91 years.

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.

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There's nothing cooler than mesh . . . and nothing stronger than Nylon! For the lightest, coolest, most comfortable Florsheim shoes you ever set foot into, with all the two-season wear you expect from regular summer shoes, get Florsheim shoes of Nylon mesh; they're light as a cobweb, strong as a cable.

Florsheim

nylon mesh

ventilateds

The WILSHIRE, *S-1268*
calf and nylon mesh
wing tip.

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's possible that very few of you know that not all of the State Department's worries have to do with foreign affairs and what to do about them if they find them. For 28 years, men of the department have been peeping through keyholes at salmon and halibut, studying the love life of the creatures without as yet coming to any final conclusions. Of course, The Secretary doesn't do this himself. State entrusts this delicate duty to Dr. W. M. Chapman, special assistant to the Undersecretary of State. Incidentally, Dr. Chapman prefers to refer to it as sex life, not love life. The Russians are making similar investigations into the sex life of the sturgeon. No details.

★ ★ ★

Obviously, our fellow Americans have been having some trouble deciding how the British Labor party is going to manage to swallow itself. We hereby rush to the rescue with the information that, just as a friend of ours was about to take a States-bound plane for home, an English lady handed him the following news from Parliament: "Midwives are assured by the House of Commons that they will continue to get preference in the delivery of new cars."

★ ★ ★

A lady in Mishawaka, Indiana, who may not be named, wants to know whether any prizes are offered for "the maddest man in America." Seems her husband is a keen poker player. Like

Perry Grant, who set forth his views in a recent amusing article for this magazine, this lady's husband likes his poker straight and no such nonsense as Payday at the Mines, Up and Down the River, Pass the Trash, No Peekie Hilow and Nine-Card Jack Pot. On the occasion when her husband broke all Indiana rage records, their crowd assembled at the home of a man who announced the evening was going to be given over to Spit in the Ocean poker, but (and this touched him off) the host's wife served vanilla cup custard and upside-down cake. "I have never seen my husband so angry," the lady tells us. "Really a championship mad."

★ ★ ★

You can imagine our excitement when we heard about the Thinking Typewriter demonstrated at the recent meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Equipped with an electrical brain, the contraption performs various vital publishing operations automatically. We rushed over, money in hand, thinking not only of the boon it would be to us but how pleased you, the readers of this department of Collier's, would be. But no. We met Major Fred Sullens, of Jackson, Mississippi, and were waved back. "It refuses to work for columnists," said the major. "You fellows will have to get along as always, worse luck."

★ ★ ★

We've had a call from Mr. Ludwig Consumo. Mr. Consumo was for many years the claimant of the World Heavyweight Eating Championship. Mr. Con-

sumo now lives with his married daughter, Mrs. Ludwina Consumo Jones on a farm near Raleigh, North Carolina. He himself has retired from eating competitions, but devotes his time to coaching Mrs. Jones, who, he told us, recently ate two loaves of cracklin' corn bread with blackstrap molasses, nine chicken dumplings, the butt end of a large ham, five frozen persimmon puddings and drank three quarts of tea brewed from North Carolina yaupon leaves—and all at one sitting for lunch. "She's still kind of a delicate eater," explained Mr. Consumo. "But then, she's only twenty-eight years old."

★ ★ ★

Miss Ginny Szoldak, of Topeka, Kansas, notifies us of an unfortunate incident at a wedding in Neodesha, which is also in Kansas. She wasn't there, but read it in her newspaper: "The mother of the bride wore a soft blue lace dress which fell to the floor."

★ ★ ★

Professor Aaron R. Buttenhauser dropped in to say he was on his way to Portland, Oregon, to fill in for Professor Max Peltz, who has abandoned the Portland water front. Like Professor Pelz, Professor Buttenhauser is a

JACK BETTS

tattooer. Once, in Brooklyn, New York, he tattooed a 400-pound ship chandler solidly from Adam's apple to heels. "Took a week, two quarts of India ink and six cases of beer," says Professor Buttenhauser. "It took the pictures of 13 girls, eight famous sea battles, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, two poems and a large American eagle to cover

(Continued on page 73)

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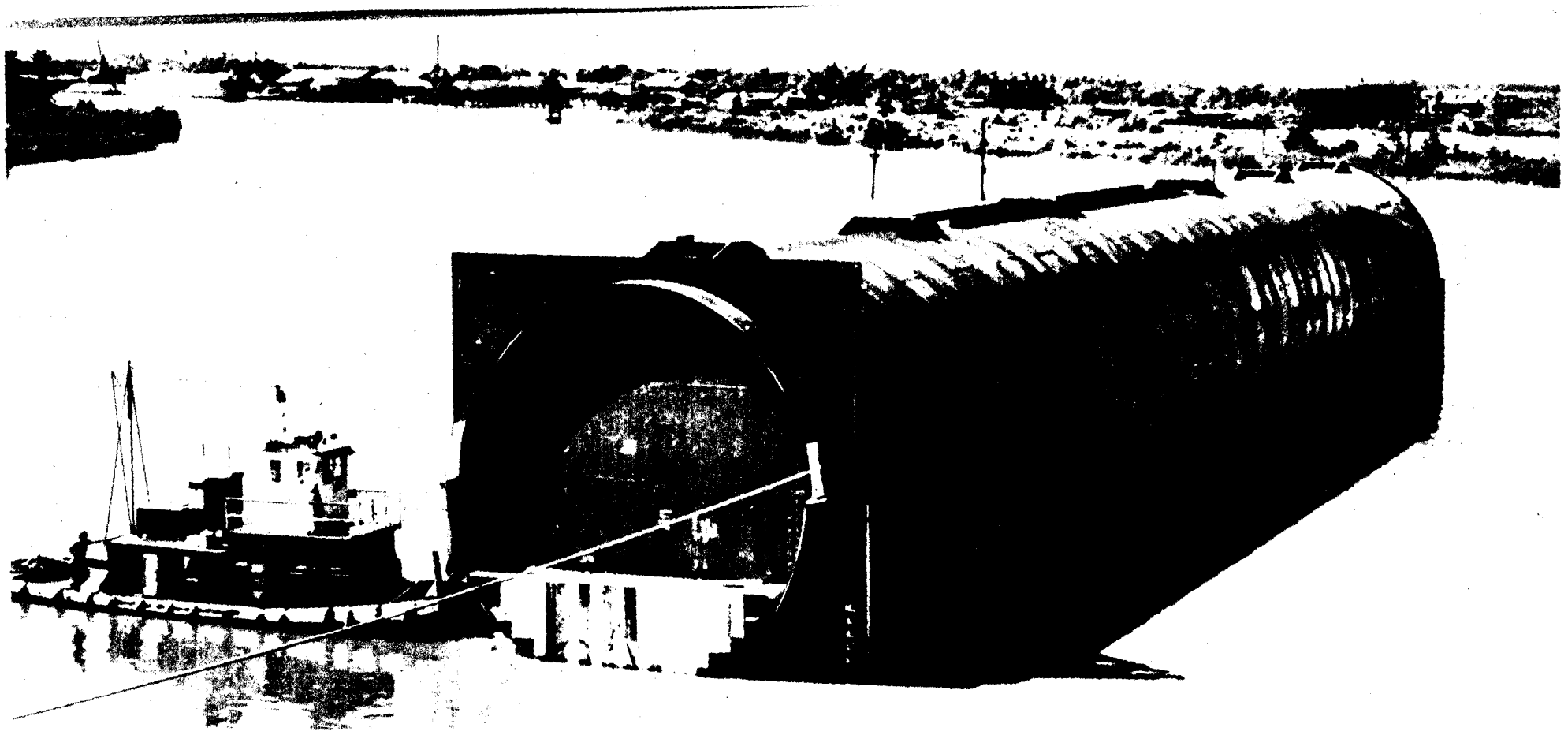
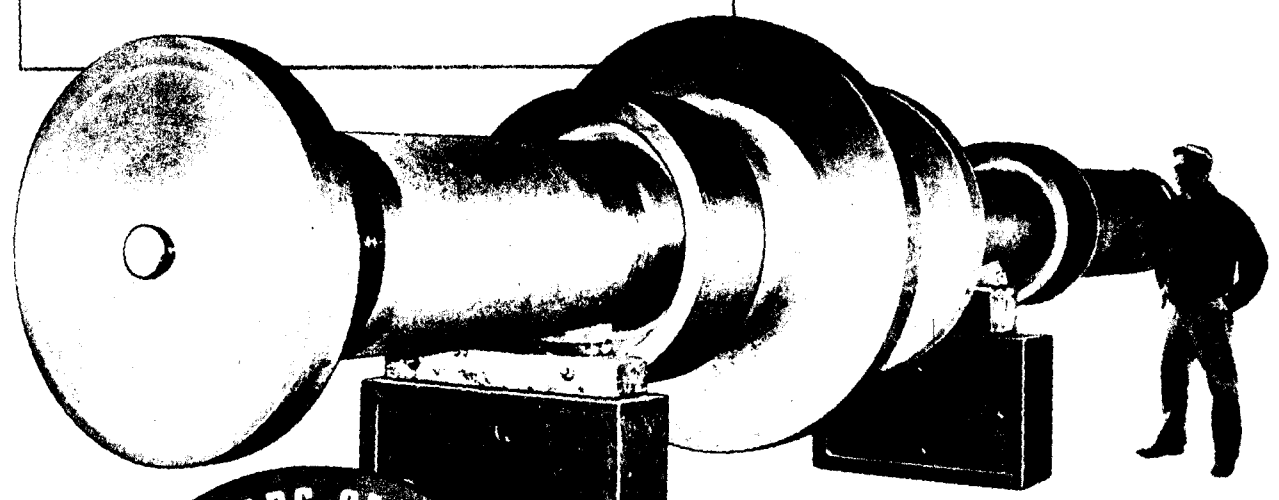


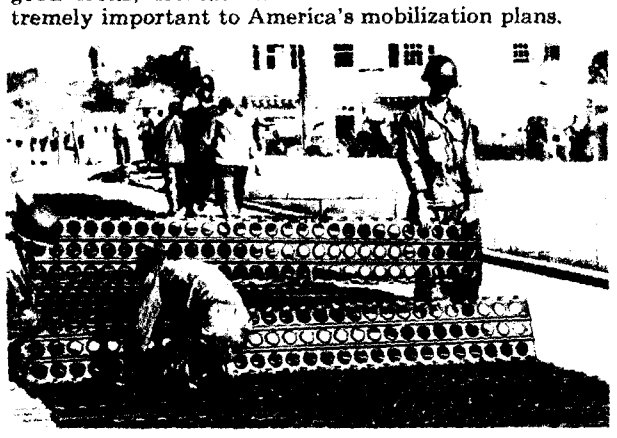
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well . . .

TUNNEL PUTS TO SEA! This giant cylinder of steel will form part of the new, half-mile-long vehicular tunnel under the Houston Ship Canal between Baytown and La Porte, Texas. Nearly 35 feet in diameter, 300 feet long, and with both ends sealed to make it seaworthy, this tunnel section has just been "launched" from the U.S. Steel yards at Orange, Texas, where it was fabricated, and is beginning its 125-mile trip by water to its final destination. When completed, the underseas tunnel will carry 3009 feet of State Highway 146.

DISHWASHER RACKS like this call on almost every one of the superior qualities of Stainless Steel. Great strength and light weight; freedom from distortion and sagging; resistance to corrosion, heat, cold, abrasion; permanent good looks; sanitation. U·S·S Stainless Steel is extremely important to America's mobilization plans.



KNOW WHAT THIS IS? . . . aside from being a whale of a mass of steel all in one piece? It's a heavy forging weighing 81,500 pounds, eventually destined to become a water wheel shaft for a hydro-electric generating station. To the making of these big fellows, U.S. Steel's Homestead District Works brings a unique combination of the finest steel, skilled craftsmen, and modern equipment.



STEEL LANDING MATS, commonly used for "quickie" combat airfields, are here being placed on a wooden pier to speed up landing of supplies for the troops. Although a great deal of steel is required to meet America's mobilization needs, United States Steel is big enough, fortunately, to supply steel for that purpose and also for many essential everyday uses. And the steel-making capacity of United States Steel is expanding every year.

FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE 1901 USS STEEL 1951 UNITED STATES STEEL

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Steel furnaces in the United States produced an average of more than 8 million tons of steel every month in 1950. Every month, their output exceeded a full year's production in all but four foreign countries.

. . . and this trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL CORPORATION • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY
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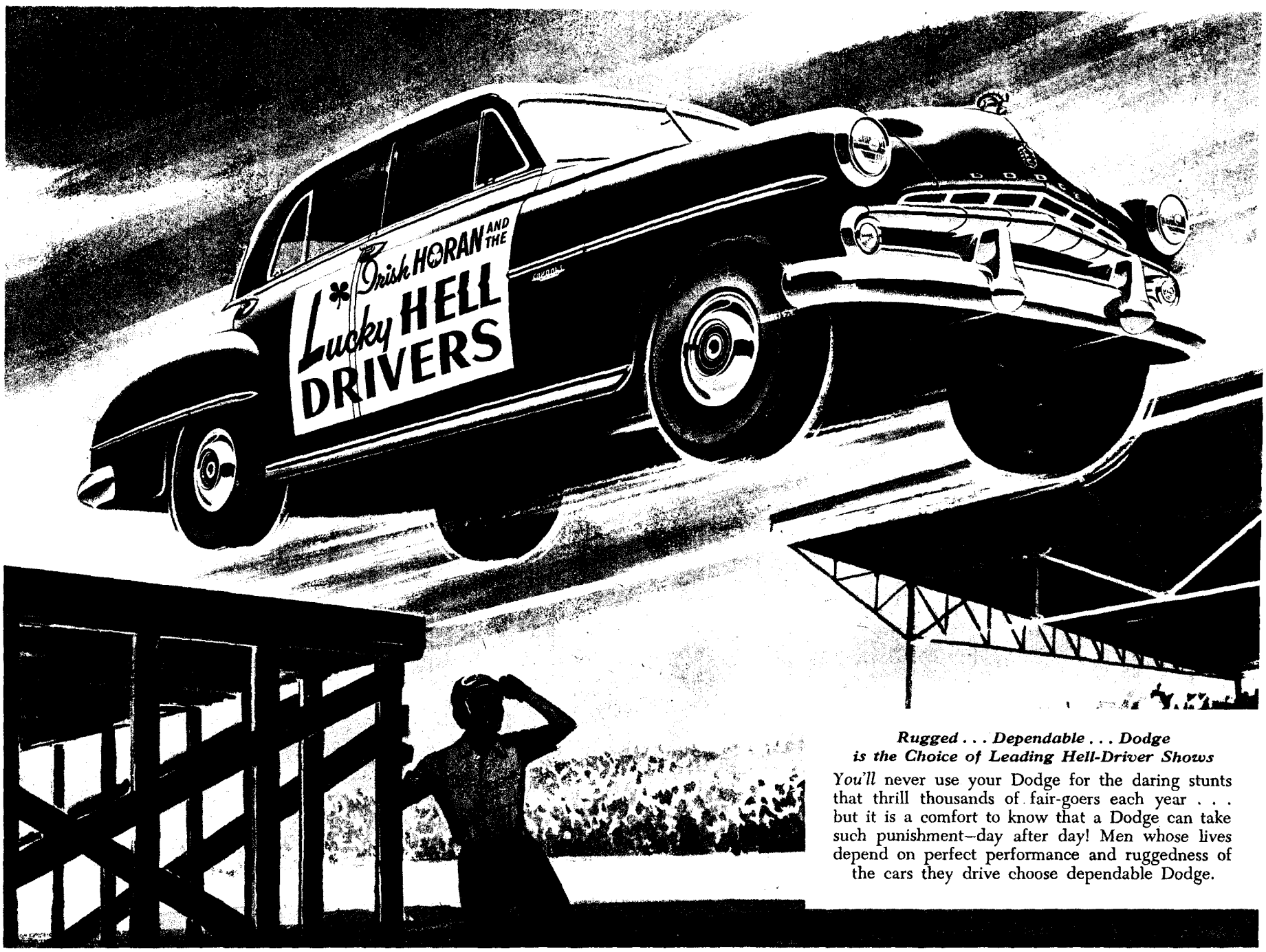
Saves Hell-Drivers' lives...wins



Rugged . . . Dependable . . . Dodge is the Choice of Leading Hell-Driver Shows

You'll never use your Dodge for the daring stunts that thrill thousands of fair-goers each year . . . but it is a comfort to know that a Dodge can take such punishment—day after day! Men whose lives depend on perfect performance and ruggedness of the cars they drive choose dependable Dodge.

Cars costing up to $1,000 more can't

New beauty . . . new roominess . . . new riding comfort . . . plus famous Dodge dependability!

MANY people choose Dodge for its graceful styling, riding comfort and driving ease as well as its ruggedness and dependability. Take a good look—and you'll see why!

SEE the modern, massive front . . . the low, sweeping lines. Then step inside—and you'll find more headroom, more stretch-out leg room than you ever thought possible in a car with such low, road-hugging design.

DRIVE this brilliant 1951 Dodge and find out how easy to handle a car can be. Discover a truly new kind of ride as Dodge Oriflow Shock Absorbers "float" you over roughest roads.

THAT'S why we say drive a Dodge 5 minutes—and you'll drive it for years. For every Dodge is built to last and last . . . give year after year of dependable service with fewer repairs. See your nearest Dodge dealer today.

Holds Loads of Luggage! Spring-balanced lid lifts at finger touch. Floor is level with opening for easy loading and unloading. Spare wheel at side—out of the way, yet easily accessible.

What a Feeling of Security knowing that you can count on saf sure, smoother stops from big Saf Guard Hydraulic Brakes. Cycleboi brake linings last up to twice as lor

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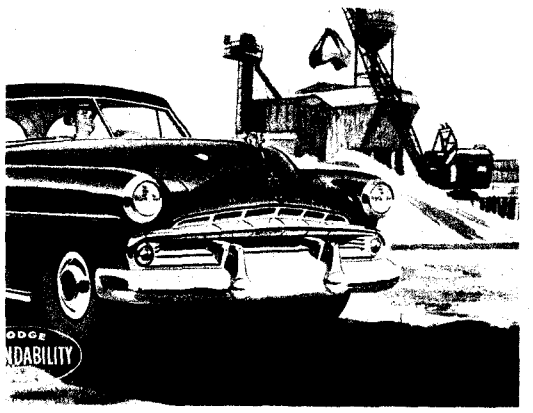
hearts of Honeymooners!

DODGE DEPENDABILITY VALUE

SEE GREAT STARS IN GREAT SHOWS ON "SHOWTIME . . . U.S.A."—ABC-TV NETWORK

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.

natch this combination



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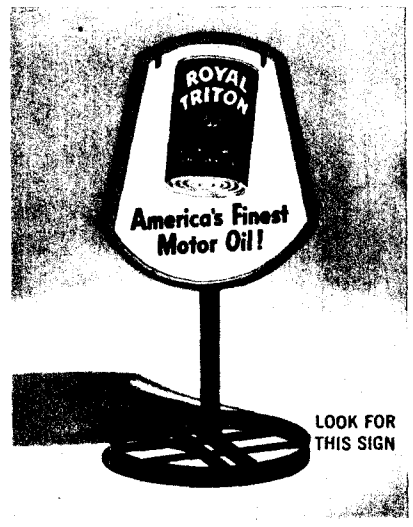
*The classification *heavy duty* has nothing to do with weight. *Heavy-duty* oil comes in the same S.A.E. grades as *premium* oil.



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Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, in the Residence garden at New Delhi, told the author that India fears foreign domination may return

ARE WE LOSING INDIA?

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Are we facing the same fate that overtook us in China? Will all Asia turn against the U.S.? The writer, who talked to Nehru, warns of the peril—and suggests how we may reverse the tide

Mr. Lilienthal's article on India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru is a portrait of a confused and complex man. Or rather, as the author points out, it is a portrait of two men: one working to modernize and industrialize his newly independent but backward country; the other with a mind deeply rooted in India's ancient glories, with a bitter remembrance of colonialism and exploitation, with a lingering suspicion of European and American intentions.

Mr. Nehru is not a Communist. Yet he is sympathetic toward the Red government in China, and seems to feel that the future of his country will be closely linked with that regime. And he has never shown himself to be wholeheartedly on the side of the democracies.

All of this makes Mr. Nehru a difficult man for Americans to fathom, but it seems important that we should try to understand him. For the confusion and complexity of Nehru reflect the confusion and complexity of India. Mr. Nehru's decision, if he stays in power, will determine whether his vast nation goes Communist, and takes all Asia with it, or stands with the free nations of the world.

That is the reason why Collier's presents this analysis. We earnestly feel that since Mr. Nehru is one of the world's key political figures, it is necessary that the people of this country learn as much as they can about his problems and his attitudes. This article, we feel, is a contribution to that knowledge. —THE EDITORS

WE ARE witnessing today what may be the beginning of the end of friendly relations with India, just as only a few years ago (though at the time most people did not recognize the fact) we began the process of losing out in China. If we lose out in India, as we have in China, all hope for us on the continent of Asia is gone.

The world balance of population will be overwhelmingly against us.

The prospect of losing out in India is profoundly shocking. Americans have always been in sympathy with India's effort to become independent of Britain, and to improve her conditions of life. The Indo-Pakistan subcontinent is dotted with privately financed American missions, schools, colleges, medical centers and hospitals, and with Indians trained in this country's universities and factories —all evidence of warm good will toward India; but

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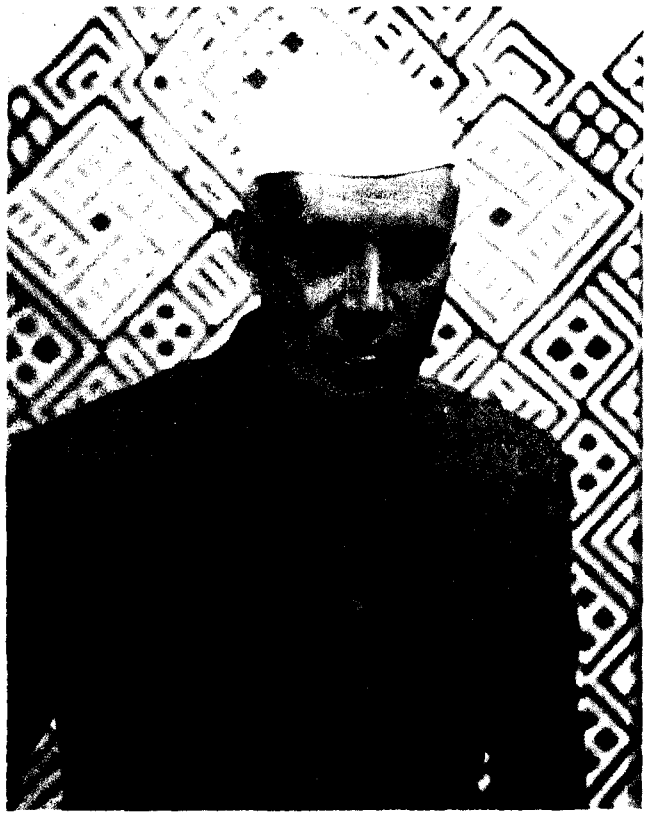


There are two Nehrus, the author says. One looks to the past, the other to the future

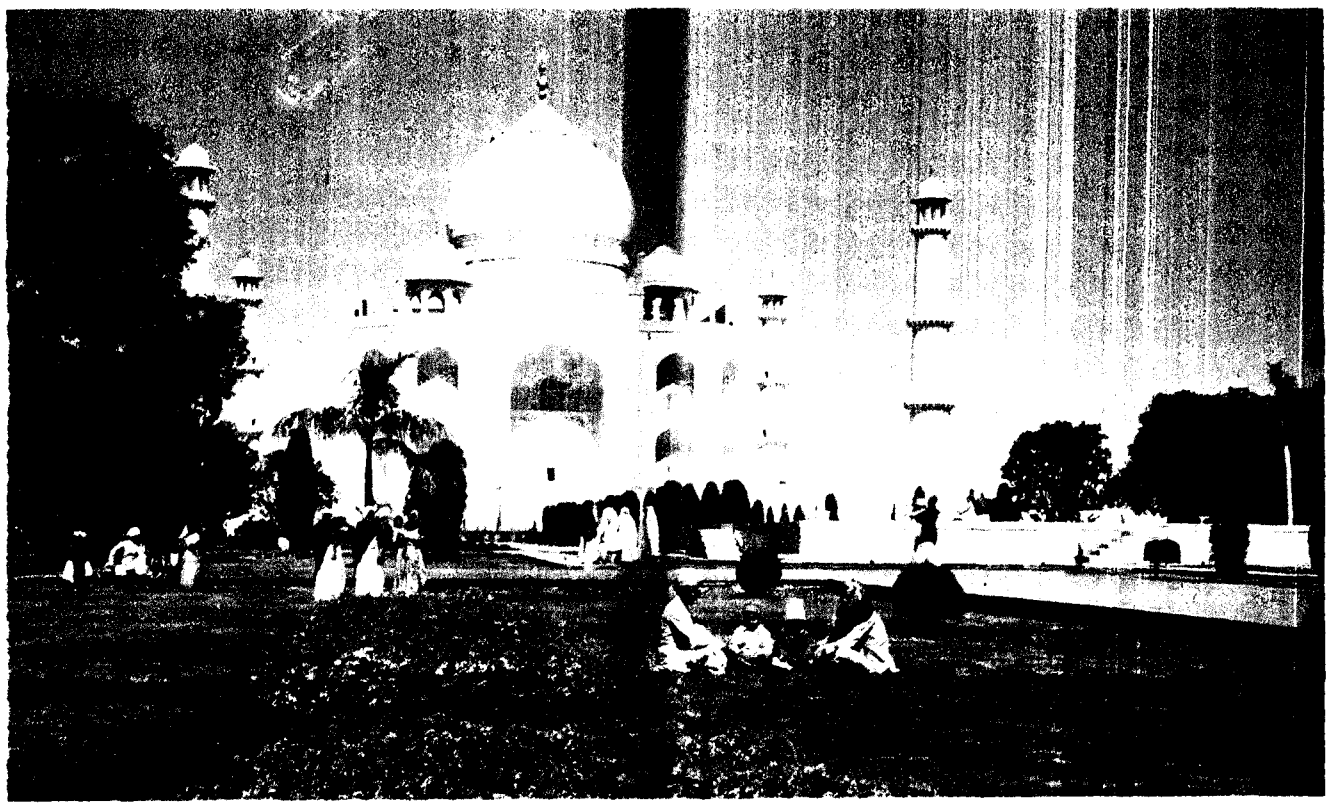
Bhakra Dam, 680 feet high, will be built on Sutlej River for irrigation, electric power

perhaps the lesson of China, and now of India, is that we ought to write off Asia, before we have sent more billions down the drain along with those billions spent already, before more thousands of American lives are lost on the mainland of Asia, before more of our hopes are dashed against the rocks of what many people believe is an impossible task. I firmly believe that there are things that can be done with a reasonable prospect of turning this tide.

Our course, in general, seems to me plain: to encourage and aid Nehru and his people in the development of a modern nation. This is a long-range course, quite apart from providing grain to avert a terrible famine, something we have always done in the past, without question, without strings and without haggling over the terms of our charity.

Notwithstanding the delays in Congress, it may still be possible to get our surplus grain to the people of India in time to save countless human lives. There may still be time, therefore, to save for us that world-wide good name as a compassionate nation which

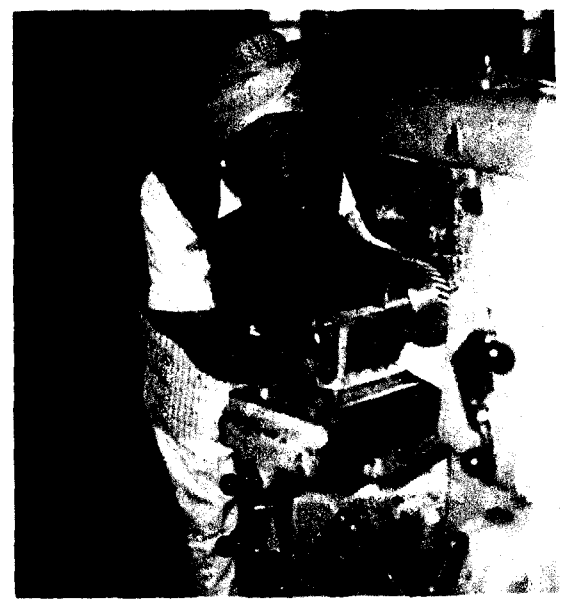
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S



Building of Taj Mahal, at Agra, started in 1632, was completed by 20,000 men in 20 years

Street vendor outside the Temple of Salim Christi offers his wares to people of Agra

Visitors to Delhi exhibit look at relief map showing country's problems and opportunities



A Hindu studies lathe operation in school for young refugees in village of Nilokheri

Collier's for June 23, 1951

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Herbert Hoover so firmly established a generation ago. There may be time for our grain to keep open the door to closer ties in the future between the United States and India. But grain alone will not provide a foundation for our long-term relations with India nor solve the economic problems of India.

It seems to me that America, directly or through the United Nations, should be prepared to offer the Indians machinery, engineers, agricultural experts and seeds, physicians and medical supplies. We should offer to train annually hundreds of her ablest young people, partly in India, partly in America—many more than heretofore. American industry should offer to help set up and operate Indian plants at cost, for temporary periods agreed upon in advance. If we do such things as these we should have the right to expect that our experts and managers would be welcomed as friendly neighbors, not merely tolerated.

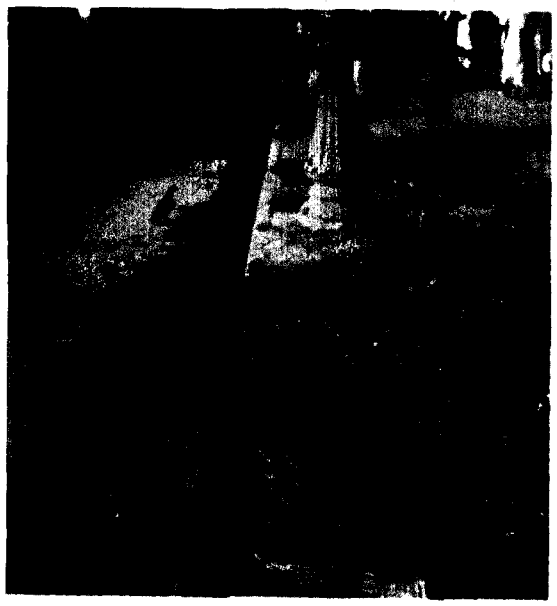
This program need not and should not involve expenditures on a huge scale, such as the European *(Continued on page 42)*

Indian workmen place explosives to blast a tunnel needed in the Bhakra Dam project

David E. Lilienthal, U.S. power developer, with Indian engineer at site for Nangal Dam

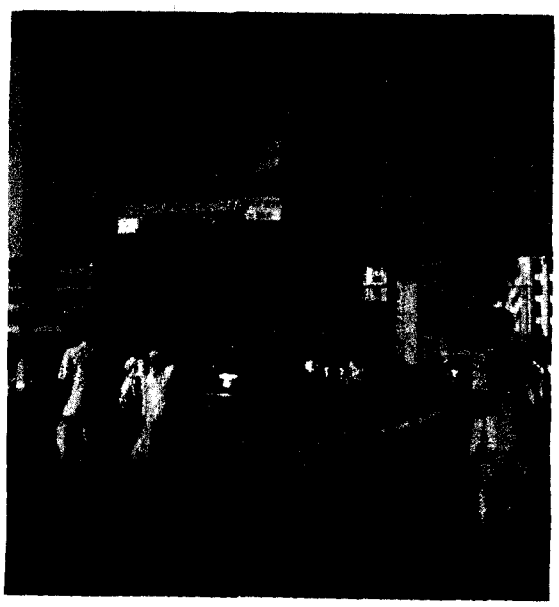
BY BILL STAPLETON

Playgrounds are rare in India, but these youngsters in Calcutta manage to have fun



Camels and U.S. machinery draw contrasts in India. New equipment excites the natives

Near a U.S. machine doing labor of 650 men, women carry pans of cement for dam project



Despite extreme poverty, India is making progress: new buildings go up in Calcutta

Indian workman at the Tata steelworks. India has abundance of raw materials for steel

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G.B. SHAW'S

Besides writing, Tunney and Shaw met each other as often as they could in Europe. The Irish writer called Tunney one of his few real friends

Shaw loved to tell of his own youthful bouts against a poet with short reach

A 20-year exchange, covering everything from Joe Louis to H. G. Wells, helped build a lasting friendship between playwright and prize fighter

By GENE TUNNEY

Biographies of George Bernard Shaw have been written and many more will be written. Future biographers, in their quest for letters that throw light on the great playwright's warm friendships, will find that there were few such.

Superficial students of Shaw's character have written him off as a man who had no warmth in his nature—as a cold intellectual who was incapable of feeling genuine affection for a friend. Others have said that if he possessed that capacity he carefully concealed it, perhaps through the fear that if he, the devastating satirist, were found guilty of warm, human impulses he would destroy the trademarked picture of himself as a disemboweler of pretentious phonies. Shaw considered this trademark a valuable asset.

In 1928, Shaw met prize fighter Gene Tunney, who had just retired undefeated as world heavyweight champion and was visiting in Europe. The acquaintance between the literary-minded boxer and the ring-minded playwright developed into a lasting friendship, and the two men exchanged a number of letters during the years that followed. Shaw's part in this correspondence—reprinted here by permission of his executors in Britain, the Public Trustee and the Society of Authors—is significant because it provides one of the few proofs extant that Shaw was not a "cold fish." Early in the accompanying article—for instance, in Shaw's letter to Tunney of May 30, 1929—there is conclusive evidence of this.

One of the most amusing aspects of the Shaw-Tunney relationship was the fact that Tunney was not enthusiastic about Shaw's prize-fight novel, Cashel Byron's Profession, and said so; at the same time, Shaw was not exactly wild about Tunney's book, A Man Must Fight (originally published in Collier's), and also made his views clear. Neither especially liked what the other had written about the prize ring, but it did not affect their friendship in the slightest.

Shaw, an old fight fan, loved to discuss the sport with Tunney. The playwright delighted in telling how, as a young man, he had done some boxing

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Letters to GENE TUNNEY

himself. His favorite opponent was an undersized poet who never could get near him because of Shaw's adroit use of the left jab (and because, Shaw was frank enough to say, the other man's arms were so short).

The writer was pleased to hear from the heavyweight champion that his use of the left jab, as he described it to Tunney, was instinctively correct and amounted to good boxing. The two enjoyed many a laugh over Shaw's comment that but for his silly preoccupation with the theater he might have had a successful career as a pugilist.

Shakespeare was another of their favorite conversational themes. Tunney—who genuinely loves the Bard, and is able to quote him fully and accurately—tells an amusing story about how Shaw outpointed him in a Shakespeare-quoting bout. The rounds were even until they reached The Tempest. The onetime boxer insisted that the passage beginning "Full fathom five thy father lies" was from Ariel's first song; G.B.S. contended it was from Ariel's second song. The playwright produced a Shakespeare concordance and proved he was right, adding that Tunney might be able to lick him, but he couldn't outquote him.

Tunney would be the last man in the world to say so, but those who knew them both say one of Shaw's reasons for liking Tunney was that the former pugilist was a pleasant relief from professional bookmen. Shaw disliked people who read books from a sense of duty. If Tunney enjoyed a book, he read it through; if he didn't, he threw it aside. Furthermore, when he hadn't read a certain book, he freely admitted it. Both traits appealed to Shaw, who contended that no man can read them all, and that only fools claim they have read books which they haven't.

Shaw was as unorthodox in his friendships as he was in his thinking and writing. For instance, although H. G. Wells was a friend of his—one of the few close friends he had in the literary world—not even Wells enjoyed Shaw's confidence to the extent that a New York businessman, Curtis P. Freshel, did. Over a period of 40 years, Freshel received more than 200 letters from G.B.S., some of them of a highly personal nature (and all of them comprising a most precious collection today). The editors of Collier's recently asked Freshel if he could throw additional light on how G.B.S. really felt about Tunney. Was it an honest-to-goodness feeling of friendship for the former heavyweight champion, or was it a relationship that Tunney had permitted himself to take more seriously than he should have?

Freshel settled the question quickly by producing a letter he had received from Shaw almost five years ago, in which the great man of letters had said:

". . . I have not been given to close personal friendships, as you know, and Gene Tunney is among the very few for whom I have established a warm affection. I enjoy his company as I have that of few men." THE EDITORS

* * *

THE *British have a high regard for athletes, as I discovered on my 1928 visit. In London, Sir Harry Preston, who acted as a sort of unofficial host for sporting England, had arranged a dinner for me. Of the 40 guests who had been invited, about half were members of the nobility—including the then Prince of Wales (who couldn't make it, but sent his equerry, Sir Godfrey Thomas)—and the rest were people of the arts.*

Among those who had been invited was George Bernard Shaw; that beguiled me particularly. I had seen and read Shaw's plays, and I knew of his interest in boxing. He had sparred a good deal in his youth, and certainly few eminent men of letters could approach his knowledge of the ring. Furthermore, we had once before exchanged comments in a way that greatly stimulated my desire to meet him. In a newspaper interview I had expressed a low opinion of his novel about a prize fighter, Cashel Byron's Profession; when another reporter passed my words on to Shaw, he remarked: "If Tunney said those things, he must have good taste. I'd like to meet the young man."

Unfortunately, we could not meet at Sir Harry's dinner. Shaw was on the Riviera and was unable to attend. However, he sent a message, which I received at the dinner, expressing his regret. This started our correspondence; I replied in a letter and received one in return:

31st August 1928

Dear Mr. Tunney

On Tuesday next I leave this address and change to Hotel La Residence, Geneva, Switzerland. I shall stay there until the middle of the month. I must return home about the 15th.

If you are still on this side of the Atlantic then, give me a hail, and I will fix up a meeting if you are not by that time tired of literary people.

Not a word of this to any living soul or we shall be dogged by cameras, microphones, and journalists. I take it that we are both desirous of complete privacy.

You might drop me a line to Geneva as to your movements.

I do not know where you are, so am addressing this to the American Express Co., which is usually a sure fire for visitors from America.

As it happened, I was unable to join G.B.S. and Mrs. Shaw on the Continent, nor was I able to remain in Britain to await their return. However, Mrs. Tunney and I did go back to England in December of that year. We had been staying at a lovely resort island in the Adriatic named Brioni, and from there I wrote to Shaw that I planned a trip to Britain to present a trophy to the British Royal Marines on behalf of the United States Marine Corps. On our arrival in England, we found a note from Mrs. Shaw advising us of a luncheon she had arranged for us the following day.

It was at this luncheon that we met for the first time. The luncheon was an extremely pleasant one, and in the course of it we described Brioni to the Shaws with considerable enthusiasm. Later, they made a few inquiries of their own, and wrote to Brioni for reservations; when we returned from a Mediterranean trip we discovered, to our surprise, that they were registered at the hotel.

We also found, on our arrival, that an enterprising distiller in Zara had sent me a case of cordials. Practical jokes have always been a failing of mine, and the cordials provoked me to play a trick on G.B.S. Knowing him to be a confirmed teetotaler, I sent the case of cordials to him under an assumed name, just to see what he would reply. With it, I enclosed a note in broken English, professing my great devotion and expressing doubt at the reports that so great a man abstained from alcoholic beverages. Because it seemed more appropriate to the comedy, and since I was certain that Shaw wouldn't check. I pretended the case contained fine wine. This was Shaw's response:

24th April 1929

Dear Sir

I appreciate your kind intention in sending me a case of wine; but I must return it unopened, as I drink nothing but water.

May I add that as I am here on a holiday I prefer to leave my public character behind me, and to be treated as far as possible as a quite private and unknown individual.

The Shaws and the Tunneys had some weeks together at Brioni, much to the gratification of the Tunneys, at least.

The one bad feature was that my wife fell ill. The Shaws were frequent visitors during this period, and she was recovering by the time they left. However, a short while afterward she had a relapse, about which the Shaws learned from exaggerated newspaper reports.

HARRY DEVLIN

". . . Just as one prayer meeting is very like another, one fight is very like another . . ."

30th May 1929

My Dear Gene

We got a fright about you on the way from Spalato to Venice. Just before we left Pola the captain said—quoting an Italian paper—that Mrs. Tunney had had a relapse. We both felt that we must jump off at Brioni, to offer moral support if nothing more solidly useful. But the captain then added that in the masterly hands of the Italian doctors from Trieste and Rovigno a complete cure had been effected and an "out of danger" bulletin issued.

On this we decided to continue our voyage; but as there was on board, bound for Brioni, a pleasant old bird named Sinton, who slaps the whole world on the back and fears not any man, I gave him a card for you, knowing that he would slap you on the back anyhow and introduce himself as Sinclair Lewis's Dodsworth . . .

On the Morosini an Italian colonel was so interested in you that I told him in my best Italian that the secret of success as a pugilist is—on your authority—to be afraid of being hit on the head. He and the whole captain's table—we were at dinner—immediately explained to me most kindly that my Italian was not correct, as I said exactly the reverse of what I meant, which was of course, that the heroic Tunney was totally indifferent to the most terrific punches on his frontispizio. However, on my declining to accept this construction, and pointing out to the colonel that if you were hit on the head you were knocked out, whereas if you hit the other fellow on the head you were victorious, he became thoughtful and said that this had not occurred to him before, and that it was true and original!

The Danieli is palatial but frightfully exposed to noise. After three nights of it we can sleep through anything.

We shall stay another week anyhow.

Our love to Polly.

In 1930, I had occasion to renew my correspondence with G.B.S. Some motion picture people in Hollywood wanted me to make a film; they suggested a picture version of Cashel Byron's Profession. I had little desire to do it, but felt I ought to transmit the proposal to the author. The reply was most interesting, since it included Shaw's own critical opinion of the characters in the book, as well as the surprising information that at one time he had played with the idea of writing a film expressly for me. (Continued on page 51)

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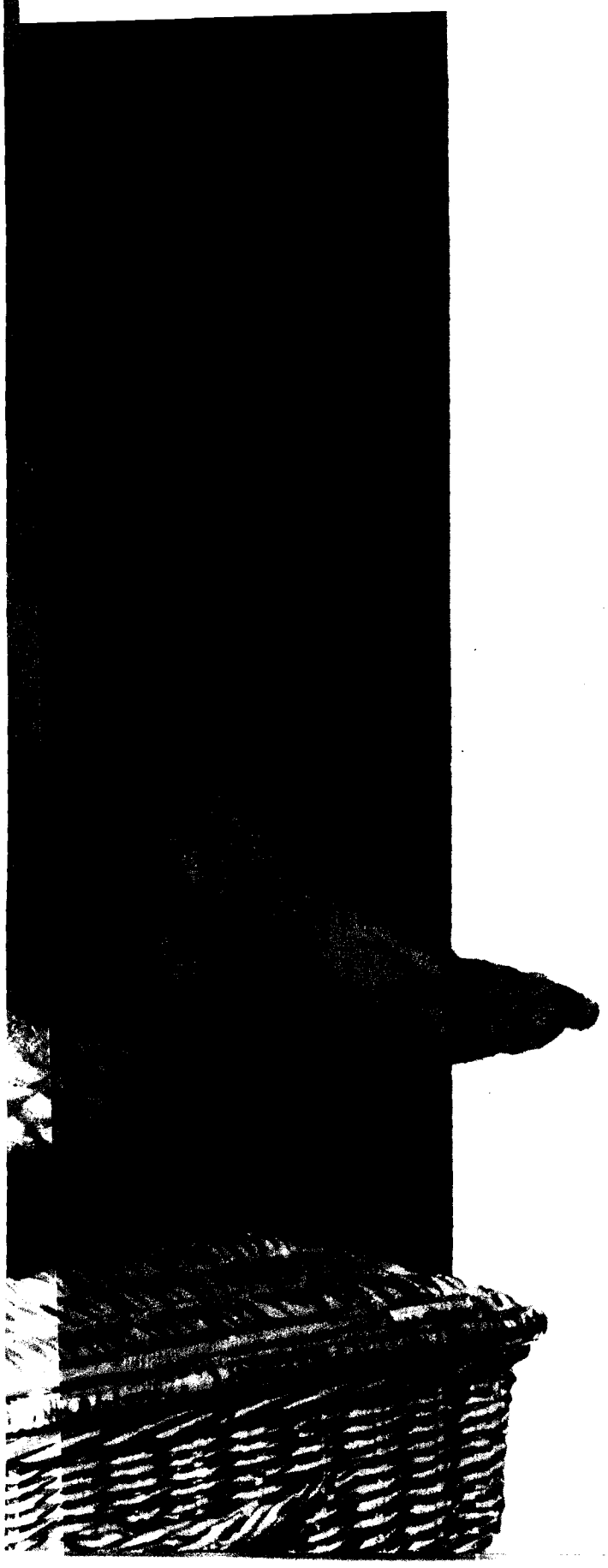
Mainly About Caroline

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

Caroline was charming; she couldn't help attracting men. And Sara couldn't understand that a woman's life is not over at thirty-two



THE pool of the Mirador Hotel in Acapulco was hollowed out of the rocks that rose steeply from the ocean; there was only the railing of the pool between Caroline, lying outstretched in the sun, and the serene and very blue Pacific, which noisily hurtled and sucked against the cliffs below. Caroline had red hair pinned Grecian fashion on top of her head, and long, tanned legs. She wore something made of bright cotton, wrapped around her like a sarong, and about her neck was a string of white shells. John Farr, who had never seen either the Pacific or Caroline before, stopped on the steps to the pool and stared; the ocean was impressive, but Caroline was lovely.

She grew aware of his stare and glanced up; she smiled at him and gestured at the ocean. "You must be seeing it for the first time," she said in a light, sleepy voice that was characteristic of her. "You only see it that way once."

He said, "But that's the way I'm going to remember it."

She looked away, still smiling. "Come and sit here with us." He noticed then that there was someone next to her, a girl who lay with her face hidden in the padded beach mat. "I'm Caroline Patton, and this is my daughter, Sara."

"Your daughter," he repeated, trying to keep the astonishment out of his voice.

Sara lifted her head. "Surprised?" she said, and her eyes were hostile. She was seventeen, but with her mussed brown bangs she looked fifteen. She buried her face again in the cushion.

Caroline said, "You'll have to excuse my rude child. I think you're very nice to be surprised."

He came down the rest of the steps, dropped his towel near her and sat on it. "I'm John Farr," he said, and wished his name could have meant something to her. Perhaps because it was all happening so quickly, none of it seemed the least credible, not the wide ocean erupting into white spray on the rocks below, not all the little red-roofed bungalows climbing up the green cliffs like a painted backdrop, not even the way the blue tapes of Caroline's cork sandals wound between her toes and crossed over her ankles.

Only two weeks ago he had opened a letter which congratulated him on starting the fall term as a full professor. He was thirty-two years old, and Colton College had a considerable reputation in New England, which made the professorship quite an achievement. It called for a reward, something like deep-sea fishing in Acapulco, a trip he had been trying to justify for a long time. He had checked his bank balance and found he could swing it; he'd bought five new tires and a seersucker suit, loaded his tackle in the back of the car and headed for Mexico.

Time was concentrated; the next week was equivalent to a month, because they were together almost constantly

Somewhere along the twisting mountain road between Mexico City and Acapulco the sense of fantasy had come over him. Colton College and the professorship seemed immeasurably remote and improbable down here where thatched bamboo huts and tall banana palms and long-legged white birds wading in shallow green rivers all wavered in front of his eyes in a mist of perspiration. The road dropped out of the mountains toward the sea, and the heat grew increasingly intense; he had tried to imagine the Pacific and a cool swim, and failing, he'd taken off his shirt and undershirt and driven that way into Acapulco. He'd paused in his room only long enough to get into his swimming trunks, and then he'd set out to find the pool.

And he had found Caroline Patton, who could have been created in some cold-blooded New Englander's dream of the tropics, who made the sense of fantasy complete. She couldn't be as visionary as she had first appeared to him. He looked again, and she was.

She had taken off her sunglasses, and he could see how her eyes matched the tortoise-shell color of the rims. She studied him thoughtfully. "I'm making guesses about you," she said idly. "You do some kind of research. Statistical. Or scientific."

"I'm a—" He flushed over the word "professor." "I teach. English."

"I wasn't so far off," she said.

"Not as far off as I was," he said. "I mean about your daughter."

SARA sat up abruptly. She pulled off her crumpled T-shirt and walked to the edge of the pool, graceful, but with a young sharpness about her. "You're further off than you think," she said. "I have a sister and a brother, too. A *half* sister. And a *half* brother. My mother's had three husbands. So far." She dived into the water, spattering him with tepid drops.

He looked at Caroline bewilderedly; she had grown very pale. He felt unaccountably angry. "It's none of my business, of course, but *should* you let her say things like that?"

She tried to smile and then gave it up, her lower lip caught between her teeth. "What she said was the truth," she said, not looking at him.

He faltered. "Even so. It was pretty fresh."

This time she succeeded in smiling. "You're very nice," she said slowly, "but you don't understand. You see, she disapproves of me. She's old enough to disapprove; she's still not old enough to be kind." *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

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WEATHER and YOU... or Why

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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POON Rhymes with JUNE

By JACQUELINE BERKE
and VIVIAN WILSON

If you want to know how you'll feel tomorrow, consult the weather report. The storm clouds influence everything you do. Yes, everything

People are at their physical and sexual peak in June

THE temperature and humidity are rising, the barometer is falling and the Coast Guard has posted small craft storm warnings," drones the flat voice of the weather announcer. "The outlook is for increased nervousness, melancholia, nightmares, domestic squabbles, good fishing, runaway horses and increased conception of male children and twins."

You have never heard a weather report like that, but someday you may. For scientific evidence accumulated over half a century shows that meteorological conditions play a far greater role in the affairs of man than most of us realize.

A Yale professor discovers that more children are conceived in May and June than at any other time, and that these children appear unusually bright and long-lived. An Italian researcher reports that hot weather and the incidence of crime run almost precisely parallel. A scientist at the University of Illinois develops a close tie between humidity and the vagaries of human behavior. A doctor on the staff of the University of Cincinnati performs experiments demonstrating an indisputable relationship between temperature and judgment, and a Chicago physician points to a definite connection between sudden weather changes and the severity of many illnesses.

"There are patients," says another Chicago doctor, allergy specialist John Peters, "who, without their knowledge, exactly follow the barometric pressure."

But you don't have to be sick to be manipulated by the weather. Take the storm forecast above. It is not an unusual storm warning in most sections of the United States—or elsewhere in the world's temperate zones. We've had a cool spell, then the temperature boils up 20 degrees in one day—a sudden change. Humidity climbs, the barometer plummets, winds increase almost to gale force. More sudden change. And sudden change alone can make you act up.

You are a reasonably healthy and normal person, but on this day you feel nervous, restless, and your temper is short. You complain about the toast at breakfast. You snap at your child for coming to the table without brushing his hair. He answers back and spills his milk. Your wife angrily sets down a plate too hard and cracks it. You leave the house wondering what got into your family this morning, but the same trend continues. You get into an argument with the bus driver, trip over your own umbrella. You conclude that you "got out of the wrong side of the bed" this morning, but plow into your work. It goes badly.

During the afternoon, your wife phones to tell you that her sister was just rushed to the hospital to have her baby; it had not been expected for another week. This call is followed by one from your friend Jim Jones, who says he can't make it for lunch the next day. His ulcer has kicked up and he's going home to bed. On the way home, you detour around a minor riot in front of a store where peaceful pickets have trudged for a week. Today there was a fight and the cops were called. You forget your umbrella on the bus.

Over the radio that evening you hear about two spectacular murders that occurred during the day. Your sleep that night is disturbed by nightmares. The next morning is hot and muggy. On the way to work you read in the paper about an unusual number of burglaries the night before. At lunch you have two cocktails—which you usually handle with ease—and feel tight as a tick. To this fact you later ascribe the serious mistake in judgment you make that afternoon. The heat hangs on, and the next day Aunt Agatha comes down with acute appendicitis. A prominent member of your club, who has been sick for some weeks, dies. Two days later a business acquaintance commits suicide.

It has been a bad week, and you are relieved when the rain comes. Your son, who has been a holy terror for a week, suddenly turns angelic, just when your wife thought she'd have an especially rough day with him confined to the house.

After two days of rain, the skies clear, the temperature and humidity drop, and the wind is a refreshing nine miles an hour. You feel good and work goes well.

Did the weather really bring about the troubles of that difficult week? There is much scientific evidence to show that it played a big part, to say the least. Of course, it did not make your sister-in-law pregnant or give Jim Jones his ulcer. Weather may trip the trigger of trouble, but the gun has to be loaded in the first place.

Hot weather breeds violence and crime. One New York survey showed hot days brings 69 per cent increase in assault and battery arrests

You know, of course, that the weather affects your moods and feelings. Like Charles Lamb, you may feel "a great deal taller" on a pleasant, sunshiny day. And on dull, bleak days you often feel depressed or irritable. These "off days" are likely to occur when the barometric pressure is falling. The barometer indicates the pressure exerted by the weight of the atmosphere on the earth's surface —and on you. It is invariably low before a storm breaks, when the winds are beginning to blow up, the temperature is shifting, the humidity increasing. These are the times when there are more fainting spells in the general population, more insomnia and general restlessness, more attempts at suicide, more industrial and traffic accidents.

The Bank of England once locked up its important files on oppressive, foggy days because errors by clerks were much more frequent on such days.

On "approaching storm" days, people tend to be on edge, irritable, nervous; children go on sudden rampages; animals fight among themselves. Dr. Clarence A. Mills, professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati, checked the records of a lost-and-found office and discovered that on such days more packages are left in busses and trolleys, and more gloves and umbrellas forgotten in movie houses. He cited the records of a city dog pound to show that there are more pick-ups before bad weather. Edwin Grant Dexter, professor of education and psychology at the University of Illinois, in a survey of prisons, reached the tentative conclusion that more rules are broken on low-pressure days.

In the schools, it's the same story. Dexter studied more than 2,000 children in public schools; their deportment records showed that they misbehaved most persistently on muggy days preceding a storm. In fact, when a chart of demerits was compared to a chart of pressure changes, they matched almost perfectly.

The principal of a large Quaker school in New York State spotted this weather anomaly even before scientific studies verified it—and, Dexter reports, he did something about it. He had a gouty foot whose painful messages predicted storms with some accuracy. Whenever his foot bothered him, the students did too; there was invariably an outbreak of mischief. At the first sign of pain, he dispatched notes to every instructor to double homework and increase the athletic period. Busy children, he calculated, would have no time to get into trouble, however restless they became.

Dexter, one of the pioneer explorers of weather's influence, substantiated the findings of the gouty foot around the turn of the century in his book Weather Influence. He showed that children behave best on cold, calm and clear days; that they misbehave when it is muggy, hot and windy. He found that girls were less affected by weather conditions than boys and hazarded *(Continued on page 62)*

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THY WILL BE DONE

By JACK SCHAEFER

He was convinced that he was only doing God's will. And I am not sure that any power on earth could have prevented what happened

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It was the middle of the afternoon when he returned from town, leading the oxen, and on the wagon was the long rectangular box

THREE days he was there on the rock ledge. I don't think he left it once. I couldn't be sure. I had things to do. But I could see him from my place and each time I looked he was there, a dark figure, immeasurably small against the cliff wall rising behind him.

Sometimes he was standing, head back and face up. Sometimes he was kneeling, head down and sunk into his shoulders. Sometimes he was sitting on one of the smaller stones.

Three days it was. And maybe three nights too. He was there when I went in at dusk and he was there when I came out in the early morning.

Once or twice I thought of going to him. But that would have accomplished nothing. I doubt whether he would even have noticed me. He was lost in an aloneness no one could penetrate. He was waiting for his God to get around to considering his case. . . .

Emmet Dutrow was his name. He was predominantly Dutch, the hard-shell kind, with a deep-burning religious conviction. He came from Pennsylvania, all the way to our new state of Wyoming with his heavy wide-bed wagon and yoke of oxen. He must have been months on the road, making twelve to twenty miles a day when the weather was good and little or none when it was bad. The wagon was filled with food and farm tools and a few pieces of stiff furniture beneath an old canvas. He walked. He must have walked the whole way, close by the heads of his oxen. And about ten paces behind walked his woman and his son Jess.

They camped the first night across the creek from my place. I saw him picketing the oxen for grazing and I saw the son building a fire and the woman getting her pans from where they hung under the rear axle of the wagon, and when my own chores were done and I was ready to go in for supper I went down to the creek and crossed the stones in the shallows and walked toward their fire. He stepped out from it to confront me, blocking my way. He was a big man, big and broad and bulky, made to seem bulkier by the queer clothes he wore. They were black, of some rough thick material—black pants and a loose-fitting black jacket and a black hat, shallow-crowned and stiff-brimmed. He had a square-trimmed beard that covered most of his face, and eyes sunk so deep in their sockets that you couldn't see the expression in them.

Behind him the other two kept by the fire, the woman shapeless in a dark linsey-woolsey dress and a close-fitting bonnet, the son almost as tall as his father and dressed like him except that he wore no hat.

I stopped. I couldn't have gone any farther without walking right into him. "Evening," I said.

"Good evening," he said. His voice was deep and rumbled in his throat with the self-conscious roll some preachers have in the pulpit. "Have you business with me?"

"There's a quarter of beef hanging in my springhouse," I said. "I thought maybe you'd appreciate some fresh meat."

"And the price?" he said.

"No price," I said. "I'm offering you some."

He stared at me. At least the shadowed sockets of his eyes were turned toward me. "I'll be bounden to no man," he said.

The son had edged out from the fire to look at me. He waved an arm at my place across the creek. "Say," he said. "Are those cattle of yours?"

"Jess!" The father's voice rolled at him like a whip uncoiling. The son flinched at the sound and stepped back by the fire. The father turned his head again to me. "Have you any further business?"

"No," I said. I turned away and went back across the creek on the stones and up the easy slope to my little frame ranch house.

THE next day he pegged his claim, about a third of a mile farther up the valley. The valley narrowed there and the spring floods of centuries ago had swept around the curve above and washed the rock formation bare, leaving a high cliff to mark where they had turned. His quarter section spanned the space from the cliff to the present-day creek. It was a fair choice on first appearances; good bottom land, well watered by a tributary stream wandering through, and there was a stand of cottonwoods back by the cliff. I had passed it up because I knew how the drifts would pile in below the cliff in winter. I was snug, with the bend in the valley and the hills behind protecting me. It was plain he didn't know this kind of country. He was right where the wind would hit him when the cold came dropping out of the mountains.

He was a hard worker and his son was, too. They were started on a cabin before the first morning was over, cutting and trimming logs and hauling them with the oxen. In two days they had the framework up and the walls shoulder-high, and then the rain started and the wind, one of our late spring storms that carried a lingering chill and drenched everything with a steady, lashing beat. I thought of them there, up and across the creek, with no roof yet and unable to keep a fire going in such weather, and I pulled on boots and a coat and an old hat and went over to their place.

It was nearly dark, but he and his son were still at work setting another log in place. They had taken pieces of the old canvas from the wagon and cut holes for their heads and pulled the pieces down over their shoulders. This made using their arms slow and awkward, but they were still working. He had run the wagon along one wall of the cabin and, with this covering one side *(Continued on page 65)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

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Away Out West in the

By RICHARD DONOVAN and DWIGHT WHITNEY

California is now our fourth-largest-producing state, with a crop that may top $300,000,000 in 1951. It's mainly due to a $7,600-a-year government expert who refuses offers that would make him millions

THE big man in the pin-stripe suit bustled into one of a number of frame buildings at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's cotton experimental farm, near Bakersfield, in the rich and booming San Joaquin Valley of California. It was a blistering, late-summer afternoon in 1947, the height of the growing season in this fourth largest cotton-producing region of the United States. The big man's face wore a look of benevolence as he gazed down upon a stocky, round-faced, khaki-clad civil servant who had risen politely from the desk.

"George," he boomed, "how would you like to make a million dollars next year?"

George J. Harrison, then a $6,200-a-year senior agronomist in charge of the farm, fingered his bald spot gingerly.

"You know more about raising cotton than any man alive," the big man persisted. "Now, suppose I put a million dollars in 10,000 acres and dig 60 or 70 wells for irrigation and we split the net fifty-fifty? Suppose we get two million back next year—and all you put in is your brains?" The big man slapped a huge palm on the desk. "How about it, boy?"

Harrison took out a ten-cent cigar and lighted it.

"Nope," he said.

Two weeks later, Harrison refused for the eighth time to become director of a large San Joaquin cotton co-operative. The same day, the Agriculture Department offered him a promotion from field research work to chair duty, shuffling papers as a district administrator. Harrison declined the promotion on the grounds that he was a scientist, nothing more. On a Bakersfield street some weeks later, a vice-president of a San Joaquin cotton-ginning corporation, which had been trying to get Harrison to manage one of its farms for 40 per cent of the net, spotted him climbing from his aging sedan.

"George," he said happily, "I got something so good I hate to tell you about it. Come on up to the office."

"I have to meet my wife," Harrison said.

"*Not now! Your wife can wait. Dammit, there's* a million dollars in this place!"

The vice-president peered intently at Harrison, saw that the answer was no, and after a moment said very solemnly:

"Tell me something, will yuh, George? What have you got that's so much better than a million dollars?"

George Harrison smiled but didn't bother to answer. Few people would understand about the things in his life that are worth more than a million dollars.

For instance, it is worth a great deal to him to be able to rise at 4:00 A.M. daily, six weeks out of every year, and tie up the flowers of 3,500 experimental cotton plants that might otherwise be cross-pollinated by wandering insects. The long years he has spent in his cramped basement laboratory, peering and poking at near-invisible cotton fibers to test their tensile strength, coarseness, moisture content, spinning and dyeing qualities, and general characteristics are worth another inestimable sum.

He finds no cause for complaint in the fact that he's had only 23 days' vacation in the last 17 years, nor is he upset by the abusive letters he gets regularly from the people he serves, or by the sight of dozens of San Joaquin growers building fortunes on new cotton strains he has developed. He doesn't mind the hundreds of field trips he has to make, sometimes in foggy drizzle, sometimes in 115-degree desert heat, to look at somebody's sick cotton. And he is well satisfied with the prospect of retiring at sixty (he is now fifty-six) on a $4,000-a-year pension, a good deal less than many growers make in a week.

All this, Harrison insists, is part of the kind of life money cannot buy.

"If I were in the big foot race for money," he says, "I wouldn't have a frame of mind for doing good work. It's all in what you want. I like the frame of mind. So the money profits have to go."

But there are other kinds of profits. In a recent newspaper poll of San Joaquin residents on the question, "Who are the 10 greatest living men?" for example, the name of George Harrison turned up almost as often as those of Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur, Pope Pius and Senator Taft. In puzzlement, the paper sent a reporter out among some of the two-car farmers in the lower valley to learn who Harrison was.

"You must be a stranger here, sonny," said one wizened grower, sizing the reporter up sourly. "George Harrison is the boss around here. He tells us what we ought to plant and we're smart enough to plant it, no questions asked. He don't own stick or stone himself, but a million acres of cotton depend on his say-so. If that don't answer the question, you can tell your newspaper that George Harrison gave us the best cotton in the U.S.A. and showed us how to raise more of it to the acre than any place in the world. That's who George Harrison is, sonny."

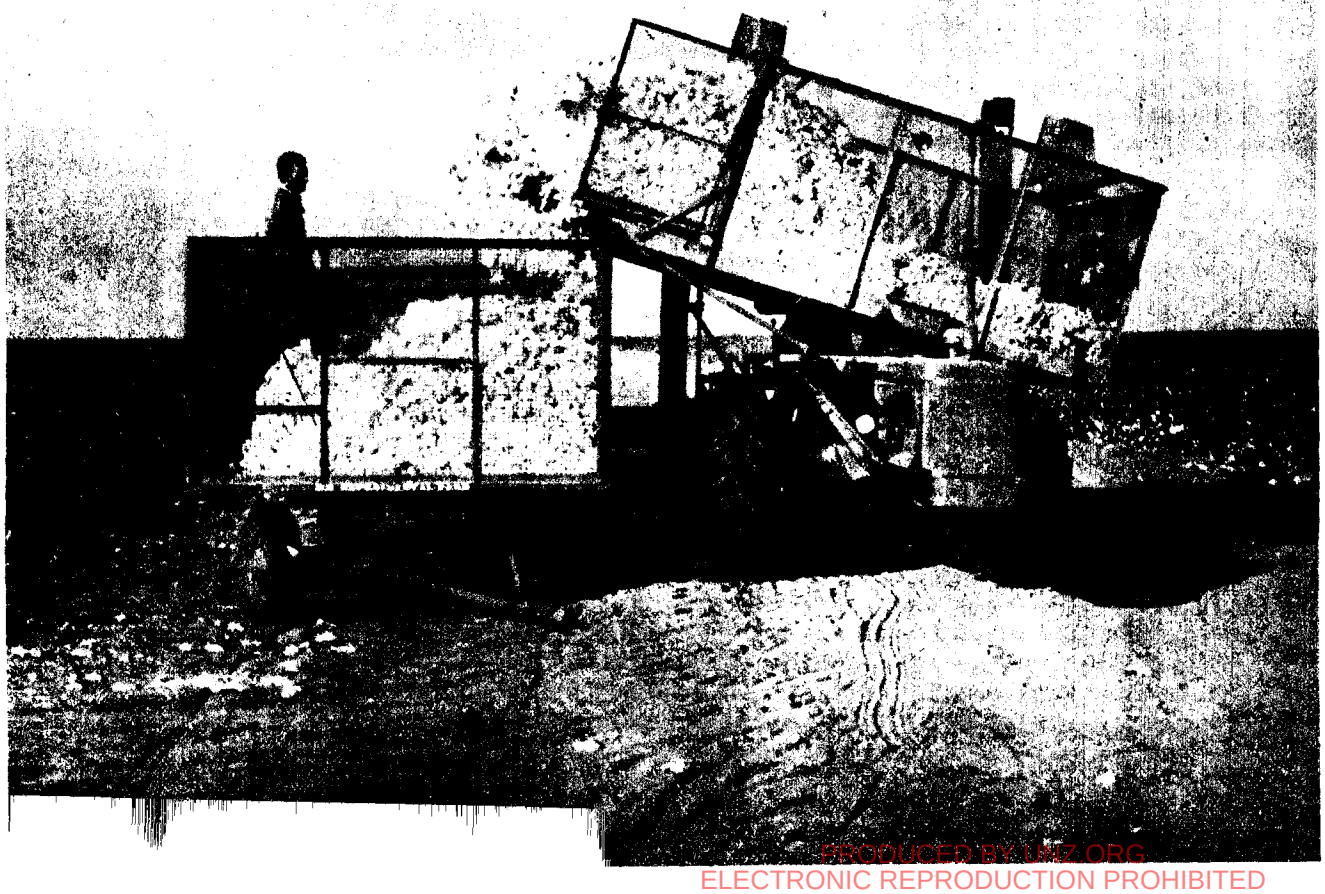
Vehement partisanship of this kind pops up all over the valley whenever the name of George Harrison is mentioned. Occasionally it leads to pardonable inaccuracies such as the above statement that California grows more cotton to the acre than any place in the world. Actually, Arizona, the national leader in pounds-per-acre production, led California by 649 to 634 pounds in 1949, and 825 to 805 in 1950 (but California produced more than twice as much cotton as Arizona last year). Arizona's edge in the pounds-per-acre department does not take any of the bloom from the San Joaquin's enthusiasm for Harrison, however.

The reason is that in 17 years of grinding labor Harrison has literally turned California cotton from a sickly agricultural side line into the most valuable field crop in the state. The yearly income of all San Joaquin cotton growers in 1934 was $20,600,000. By 1950 it had risen to almost $225,000,000, and it should top $300,000,000 this year, thanks largely to Harrison's development of new high-yield, high-quality strains of Acala cotton—the only kind of cotton that can be grown under California's unique one-variety law, passed to eliminate inferior strains.

At various times, Harrison has had to teach supposedly experienced farmers the very fundamentals of cotton growing—how *(Continued on page 47)*

There's no room in the San Joaquin Valley for the sentimental "one-man, one-mule" version of cotton raising. It is almost all mechanized. Here a picker is unloading its white cargo

U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE



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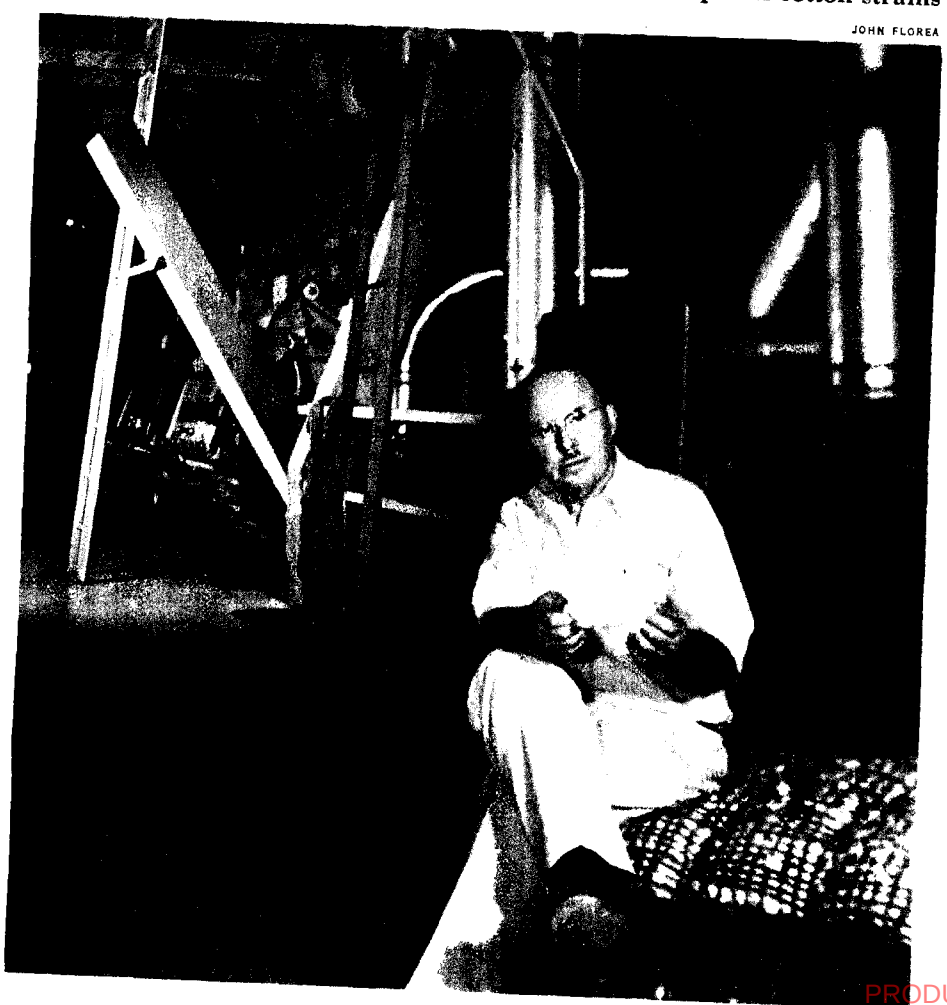
Land of Cotton

San Joaquin Valley ("Harrison's Cotton Patch") is flat as a floor, 240 miles long. Units here house U.S. Experimental Station near Shafter, Cal.

JOHN FLOREA

Grateful growers donated $36,000 for building and ginning equipment at the station, where George Harrison studies his special cotton strains

JOHN FLOREA



Gordon Smith, Shafter station's assistant manager, checks samples of plants constantly being developed to raise quality of valley cotton

STANLEY E. JONES

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UNCLE STINKY

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

He was the same age as me, and a real pain in the neck. I didn't see why my father had to make such a fuss over him, just because he was an orphan

IT WAS Friday and I was walking home with Scooter Pugh at noon, feeling like somebody died or something. I couldn't think of anything to say. Scooter couldn't think of anything to say, either—anyway, not anything worth saying.

"Why don't we slow up and walk with your Uncle Stinky?" he asked me, giving me a dirty grin. "Maybe I ought to ask him how it is, living in a big city."

"Knock it off," I said. Fletcher was walking along about a hundred feet behind us with his hands in his pockets and like he was looking for something on the sidewalk. That's how he always walked. It gave me a pain just watching him walk, that uncle of mine from Chicago.

"Don't remind me of him," I told Scooter. "You'll ruin my day." Heck fire, my day was already ruined. Everything was a mess.

"How do you and him get along around home?" Scooter asked me.

"We don't," I said. "I just ignore the drip." And then, because I wanted to change the subject, I said, "When you leaving, Scoot?" I'd asked him before and I knew when he was going. It was something to say.

"Tomorrow," he said.

I knew that all the time. "You sorry about moving?" I asked him. I figured he was, probably.

"Cripes, no," he said, looking at me. "Are you kidding? *Tickled to death to get outa this one-horse* town. Over there I can play some real baseball. Someday I might wind up with the Tulsa Oilers, even."

"I expect so," I said. I believed he could do it. He was hot.

"I kinda hate to leave you guys without a pitcher, though," he said. "I guess you won't have much of a team."

"You can say that again," I told him. I didn't consider he was bragging. That's how it was. Without Scooter to pitch, we might as well drop baseball. That's why I felt so low, mostly. That and Fletcher.

It was a warm sunshiny day with a few little white clouds loafing around in the blue sky, and the sidewalk was covered with the dried maple buds that looked like dead tadpoles, and the grass was green and the birds were singing all over the place. The birds felt good; they didn't have to worry about not having a pitcher. It was baseball weather, but there wasn't any use thinking about that.

"I guess my old man will pull down plenty dough working in that airplane factory," Scooter said. "I'm sure glad we're moving, boy."

I hated to hear him talk like that. A lot of the guys didn't much like Scooter, saying he was a loudmouth and a bully, but he was still the best athlete in the eighth grade. We were the battery—me catching and him pitching. That's how it had been the two summers he'd lived in Rock Creek. It wouldn't be that way any more.

"Oh-oh," Scooter said warningly, nudging me.

I looked up, and Fuzzy Jones was leaning against the big maple tree up by the lumberyard, watching us. I felt a kind of tightening up inside me, because Fuzzy was a tough kid and always doing stuff you ought to slug him for. But he wouldn't start anything by himself while Scooter was with me. I guess he was a little leery of tangling with Scooter. Anyway, he never started no trouble unless Alvin Anderson, his buddy, was around to help him out. I guess I knew I'd have to fight Fuzzy someday, or else backwater, and it worried me sometimes, like now. We kept walking, and he leaned against the tree, sucking on a cigarette and watching us in that tough way, and I thought: I just wish he'd go ahead and start it now, while Scooter is still here.

When we were about to pass him he spit through the gap in his teeth, hitting the sidewalk in front of us. It made the hair kind of stand up on the back of my neck. "Watch out, guy," I said, and I would of stopped, I guess, only Scooter kept going. So I gave Fuzzy a tough look and kept going, too. "We shoulda clobbered that jerk," I said.

"Cripes, man, not before lunch," Scooter said, grinning. "I'd hit him so hard it would spoil my appetite. He's all blow and no go, anyhow."

That's how Scooter was. I mean, nothing fazed him. He just had contempt for Fuzzy Jones. I don't know what was wrong with that Fuzzy and Alvin Anderson. Just crummy, I guess. Just bad apples. When we got to our house I turned in at the gate. "See you, Scooter," I said.

"If I don't see you first," he said.

I went in the house, and Dad was listening to the news on the radio. "Where's Fletch?" he asked me. I said, "He's coming, I guess."

"You too high and mighty to walk home with him?"

"He knows the route by now," I said. "He don't need no guide."

I went in the bathroom and washed my hands, and Fletcher was waiting to get in when I came out. We didn't look at each other. I was sick of looking at him, always having him around. Him and his curly yellow hair and pink face and long skinny arms and legs and his thick-rimmed spectacles. All day long in the same classroom. Some uncle, I thought. I went into the dining room and sat down at the table, and Mom brought in the food and put it on the table and smiled at me, and when Fletcher came in everybody sat down.

BEFORE he came, we always had lunch in the kitchen. What was he, some kind of big-shot company we had to entertain in the dining room? But I had more important things to think about—like Scooter moving tomorrow. I couldn't do anything about that. Like Fuzzy always looking at me, like knowing someday I would have to fight him or show yellow. I didn't know for sure whether I could do anything about that, either. I knew how it would be. Alvin Anderson tripping me from behind, shoving me, stuff like that. Maybe I could whip Fuzzy alone, but not both of them. All the guys would be saying, "All right now, fight clean, you guys. No dirty stuff." But let somebody start dirty stuff, and nobody would try to stop it. Nobody ever stopped Alvin from helping Fuzzy. They were scared to, I guess.

I guess the only guy around that wasn't scared of Fuzzy and Alvin was Scooter, and he was always telling me, "Ignore them bums, Joe. They're beneath your dignity, man." One reason I hated to see Scooter leave so bad was because I always figured he was what kept Fuzzy from calling me out. That's what I had to think about that Friday at lunch. Cripes.

"How's she going, Fletch?" Dad said. He always said that.

"Oh, all right, I guess." Fletcher always said *that* too.

I was eating black-eyed peas and pork chops and mashed potatoes and sliced tomatoes. Before Fletcher came we usually had sandwiches and milk and pie or something for lunch. I didn't mind having pork chops and stuff for lunch, but it kind of hacked me to know it was because of him. I overheard Dad tell Mom the day he brought Fletcher home that he wanted her to start serving big solid lunches, so we could put some meat and muscle on Fletcher's skinny frame. Well, he was too stuck up to eat black-eyed peas, in case anybody wanted to know. And he just sort of played with the rest of his food. He wouldn't get fat that way. If somebody had to come live with us, why couldn't it be Scooter? I thought.

Dad said something to Fletcher, and Fletcher said, "No, thanks, sir," and Dad said, "Knock off that sir routine, Fletch. Just call me Harry like everybody else does, hey?"

"I don't call you Harry," I said.

"You don't sir me either," Dad said. "Besides, Fletch is my brother-in-law, and brother-in-laws call each other by their first names."

FLETCHER looked embarrassed and he took off his glasses and began polishing them on the tablecloth, his face a little flushed.

Mom put down her fork and looked exasperated or something. "Oh, Fletcher!" she said. "Not on the tablecloth!"

"Stow it," Dad snapped, and Mom stared at him with her mouth open. "Won't hurt the tablecloth, Bessie," Dad said.

"I forgot," Fletcher mumbled. She had to get on him about that a couple times before. His ears looked pretty red about it.

"I'm sorry; it's all right," Mom said, looking like she wanted to cry. "I didn't mean to be sharp with you, dear."

Well, everything was peachy around there if you like those strained silences, which I don't. Back when it was just the three of us it was nice at meals.

It used to be Dad asked *me* how were things at school, and Mom was always cheerful and laughing. Not any more, boy. Cripes, I'd just as soon have carried my lunch to school in a sirup bucket.

"Say, Fletch," Dad said to his old buddy. "Do you like catfish?"

Fletcher brightened up some. "I like most kinds of fish."

"I noticed they got some dandies at the market," Dad said. "I'll have them send out a mess, and we'll have a bait of fried catfish with corn bread and buttermilk and green onions. How does it strike you?"

"That sounds pretty good," Fletcher kind of stammered.

"It's a deal," Dad said. "We feast tonight."

See how it was? I could of been the sponging kinfolks instead of Fletcher, the way Dad ignored me. They were real close friends, those two. Pals. They made me sick. "I hate buttermilk," I said.

Dad looked at me. "Who asked you, Joe?"

"Harry," Mom said in a strained voice, "for pity sakes . . ." She didn't finish it, just let it trail off, and went back to picking at her food. Boy, I hated the way it was with Mom *(Continued on page 69)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

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One of Arthur King's simplest creations is the Korean coral and Japanese baroque pearl bracelet and earring set modeled here by Katherine Cassidy. The pair cost about $400

Arthur King, jeweler in the rough, seeks ideas in "exploded" spool of silver wire

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Jewels in the Rough

AS ANY impatient husband knows, the quest of a woman for new baubles is as everlasting as the artist's search for new means of expression. With a hypersensitive eye to both these compulsions, a thirty-year-old New York artist named Arthur King combines them by translating the principles of modern abstract art into jewelry. The effects he achieves often are shocking, but King is a highly energetic craftsman who thrives on the strong reactions his work excites.

"If people hate my stuff, that's good," he says. "That means it's important. I only worry when they don't react at all." That seldom happens. For King's approach to jewelry is so radical it inspires horror or delight—but never indifference.

Calling himself "a sculptor in gold and silver," King attempts to make jewelry symbolize ideas instead of wealth. And because his personal values are somewhat on the eccentric side (he eats raw meat, conveys pleasure by howling uninhibitedly, and spends his vacations in the West Indies hunting for pirate gold), the resultant product is richly endowed with flavor.

King works with designs which are totally abstract. He takes roughhewn stones just as they come from the mines, sometimes flinging them into molten gold in the fashion of storybook angels hurling stars into the sky. Settings usually have the sole purpose of following the unorthodox contours of the gems he uses. If he must tamper with a stone of particularly unwieldy shape, he closes his eyes before hacking away.

"Nature spends millions of years developing the shape and form of a stone," he says. "Then a little man comes along and tries to improve it by disguising it. It's like repainting the Grand Canyon."

If King refuses to improve on nature, he has cashed in on it admirably. Former actor, painter, circus performer, hypnotist and "mostly vagabond," he decided to crash the jewelry business six years ago, in sudden aesthetic rebellion against traditional designs. Today, with two shops (one in shock-resistant Greenwich Village, the other on more excitable Lexington Avenue), he has seven employees, estimates his weekly gross approaches five figures and is kept increasingly busy wrapping raw hunks of stone in their impulsive cages.

Since most items are in the $50-$500 bracket, it still takes a respectable wallet to embrace these unique creations. But King insists that highly satisfactory counterparts can be made by anyone, using —for example—a piece of wire and a broken agate.

"But, please," he admonishes, "please, don't polish the agate!"

MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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"Rose tourmaline, caught in a cage," is jeweler King's name for this $85 earring. He buys his tourmaline from Brazil in bagfuls

"Trapped beryl" earring, modeled above by Georgia Landeau, costs $150, and shows King's theory of looping gold wire over top of ear

Wire sculpture enhances the rose quartz, amethyst and aquamarine stones. Three rings placed on one finger dramatize effect of gems

"Whipped Gold" is brooch made of beaten gold nugget and sells for $150. It may be worn as shown, as a pendant, or pinned directly to a neckline

"Rhythm" is what King calls this $400 gold and tourmaline arm bracelet. He insists it clutches "like a hand," thus appears to have "movement"

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Mask for Danger

By DONALD HAMILTON

Why should Young believe anything Elizabeth Wilson told him? She had killed one man and kidnaped another. Did he have any reason to believe she wouldn't kill him?

The Story: Late at night, LIEUTENANT DAVID YOUNG was hitchhiking south to Norfolk to report for active duty with the Navy. He'd had one war, and he wasn't happy about going back in for another.

Young never got to Norfolk. He picked up a ride with a man who introduced himself as LAWRENCE WILSON. Wilson was interested in boats, and showed Young a picture of a sailboat he'd designed for a girl called BUNNY. Young leaned forward to see it better, and then something struck him on the back of the head. He came to, much later, in a Maryland hospital, with his face and head in heavy bandages. He had been found in the wrecked car, dressed in Wilson's clothes. The nurses and doctors were calling him "Mr. Wilson." There were even flowers from Bunny. A DR. BOB HENSHAW came into the room, greeted him familiarly as "Larry," and had him carried to a car outside. The driver of the car was Wilson's wife, ELIZABETH, and she said, "I reckon you must feel like you're being kidnaped, Mr. Young."

He woke up next morning in Wilson's bedroom, overlooking Chesapeake Bay. Bunny, despite Elizabeth's protests, forced her way in to see him. Elizabeth stood behind her with a gun, and Young knew Bunny would be in danger if she revealed that she knew he wasn't Wilson. But she gave no sign. After she'd gone, Elizabeth told Young that Bunny's full name was BONITA DECKER, and that Wilson planned to marry her after he and Elizabeth were divorced.

Dr. Henshaw, who was obviously deeply involved with Elizabeth, told Young she hadn't seen Wilson since he was fired from his government job for security reasons a year before. He threatened to expose Young as a Navy deserter, and offered him money to go on masquerading as Wilson. "You must impersonate Mr. Wilson for a while," Henshaw said, "because he is dead."

II

YOU say Wilson's dead?" Young whispered. Dr. Henshaw looked at the doctor's black bag he was holding as if he had never seen it before and was mildly curious about what might be inside it. Then he set it gently back on the dresser and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, facing Young, who watched him from the bed.

"Mrs. Wilson called me," the doctor said, "late that night; the night her husband tried to kill you. When I arrived, she was close to hysterics. Wilson was lying in the front hall with a bullet through his head. I made certain of his condition; then I got her to tell me what had happened. Her husband had forced his way into the house with a wild story of running away from something and killing somebody. He was almost incoherent at first; then he had a drink or two and calmed down a little. He said that he had thrown his pursuers off the track; he had tricked them neatly; he had fixed it so everybody was going to think he was dead. But he had to have a place to hide out until he could leave the country. There was something he had to wait for, he told Elizabeth; she had to hide him until it came. He was abusive and threatening; if she didn't help him, if she let him be caught, he was going to see that she was dragged into whatever trouble came to him. She stood up to him. She said that since he was her husband she would not call the police, but that he had to leave. He struck her. She ran upstairs and got the gun and told him again to leave. He laughed at her and tried to take the gun away from her. The gun went off."

In Elizabeth's hand was the little pistol he had seen that morning. It was, presumably, the gun with which she had shot her husband

Henshaw walked abruptly across the room to the drawing board in the corner and stood for a moment staring down at the sketch the dead man had left there.

Presently he said, "Consider our position, Mr. Young. Think of the terrible ordeal Mrs. Wilson was facing. The police and newspapers— Here was a dead man at her feet to whom she owed nothing. As a husband he had treated her contemptibly, there was evidence to indicate that he had been disloyal to his country or he would not have been asked to resign his position with the Navy Department, and he was a self-confessed murderer. *And this man had just been bragging how cleverly he had used another man's body to fake his own 'death' in an automobile accident!* Can you blame us for taking the easy way out? I helped her dispose of her husband's body, Mr. Young. Not very ethical for a physician, I suppose, but sometimes the man takes precedence over the doctor.

"She waited here to hear from the state police about the 'accident.' When the telephone rang it was, instead, the Rogerstown Hospital calling to tell her that her 'husband' had been seriously injured, but was going to be all right." Henshaw laughed briefly. "You can imagine our feelings, Mr. Young! We had just disposed of the body of the real Larry Wilson. It was too late to retreat. All we could do was wait for some strange man to wake up in the hospital and arouse the police by giving his real name and accusing Larry of trying to kill him. When you didn't speak out, when it became apparent that you were keeping quiet for reasons of your own—"

Young started to protest, but checked himself.

"—we took the chance of bringing you here," the doctor said. "Larry had hoped to use you to prove that he was dead. We thought we could persuade you to help us prove that he was still alive."

"I see," Young whispered. "So you're offering me five thousand dollars to stay here and keep on making like Larry Wilson so nobody'll know he's been killed."

"Yes."

"And after a while, Mrs. Wilson's 'husband' just goes on a trip somewhere and doesn't come back."

"That's right."

"What if I say no?" Young whispered. "What if I don't want to spend the rest of my life waiting for somebody to tap me on the shoulder and take me back to answer a charge of deserting from the U.S. Navy? Right now, in spite of your fancy psychology, Doc, I'm just an officer with a good record who's a couple of days late in reporting for duty because he got smashed up in an accident. They're not going to send me to Portsmouth for that. But if I take your five thousand bucks and beat it for good—"

The doctor turned away from the drawing board and came back to the dresser; there was something annoying, Young thought, in the way the older man never seemed to stay still very long when you looked right at him. Now Henshaw stood by the dresser, nervously stuffing tobacco into an ancient pipe with a curved stem; abruptly he straightened up and shoved the pipe back into his coat pocket.

"I guess I'm not a very good conspirator, Mr. Young," he said. "This is pretty far out of my line. I confess it hasn't helped my digestion any." He looked at Young for a moment, as if he could read the younger man's expression through the mask of bandages. "I'm afraid you don't understand the situation clearly. You can't refuse to help us. I—I warned you I'd stop at nothing to protect Mrs. Wilson—"

"Go ahead and protect her, Doc," Young said. "Just call the shore patrol first and have them come and get me."

"Very few physicians like to be called Doc, Mr. Young," the doctor said quietly. "And if I call anybody, it will not be the shore patrol but the local police, to arrest you for murder."

Young pushed himself up in the bed.

"Don't be stubborn, Mr. Young," the doctor said. "Can't you see that I may have to make a choice between you and Mrs. Wilson? And do you really think I'd let her be arrested by the police when I can give them you?"

"But—"

"If I do, who's going to believe you when you accuse her?" the doctor asked softly. "You don't seem to realize your position, Mr. Young. You're the man who was found in Lawrence Wilson's wrecked car, wearing his clothes, with his watch on your wrist and his wallet in your pocket. There was quite a bit of money in the wallet, as I recall. Who's going to believe that Mr. Wilson, whose family has lived around here for generations, staged an unprovoked attack on a stranger he'd picked up along the road, changed clothes with this man, and then came running home to be shot to death by his own wife? Do you think the police will pay any attention to this crazy yarn, when the logical theory is that it was the hitchhiker—a man panic-stricken at the thought of being called back into the armed forces —who murdered Mr. Wilson for his car and clothes and money, and then, perhaps injured in the struggle, cracked up the car trying to get away? And then, waking up in the hospital to find himself identified as the man he'd killed, he didn't dare speak out."

After a moment Young whispered, "They'd want the body, Doc. To make it good, you'd have to give them the body. Not around here, where I couldn't possibly have hid it, but somewhere along the highway—"

Henshaw picked up his bag. "How do you know where I put the body, Mr. Young? And suppose it's never found—is that going to help you a great deal? Even if you're not convicted of murder, you'll still find yourself spending most of the remainder of your life in jail on lesser charges. Think it over, Mr. Young." He went out.

After the door had closed, Young stirred, pushing himself painfully along the bed to where he could look out through the open window at the foot of it. He crouched there, waiting. Presently the doctor came out the front door, almost directly below him, and walked down the brick steps to the parked car without haste: a stocky middle-aged man in a brown suit that needed pressing. He put the bag away into the rear of the car and stood for a moment deliberately *(Continued on page 36)*

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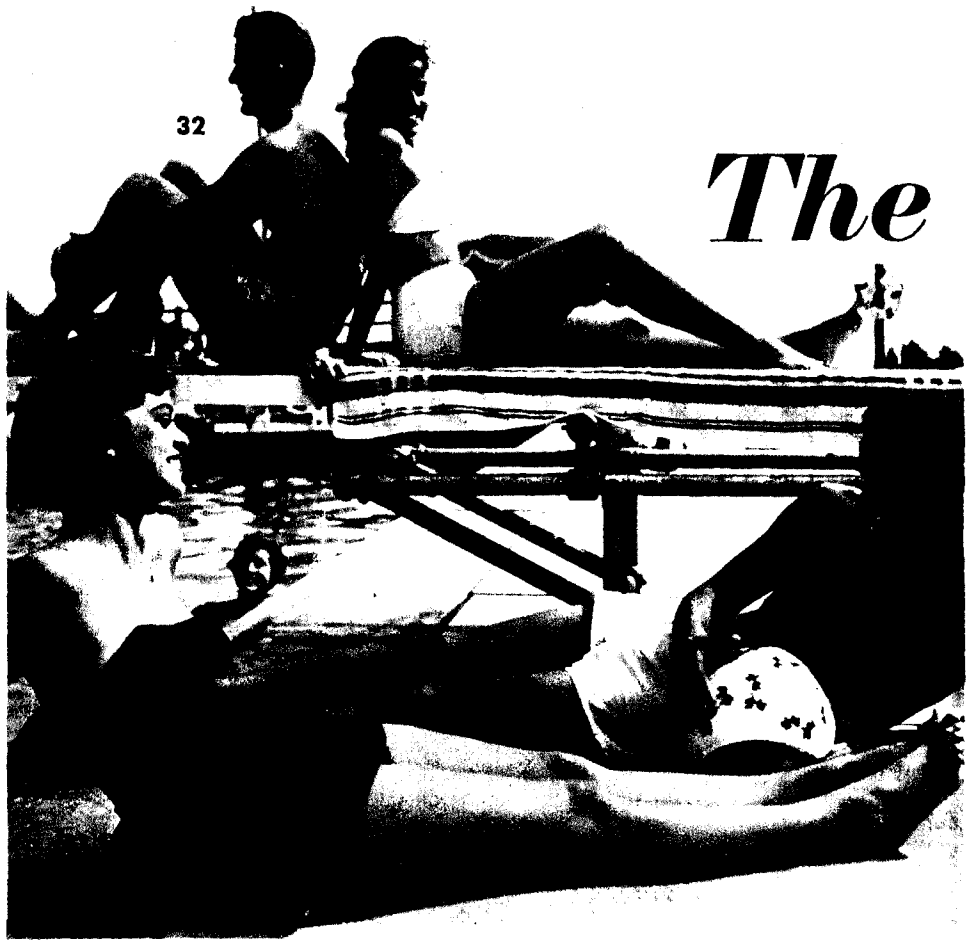
The Y·M·C·A·—A Century

Now 100 years old, the organization operates camps, gyms, colleges, playgrounds, fights juvenile crime. And of its 3,650,000 members, 300,000 are women

By JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS



Providing vacation spots for young adults as well as children is a major activity. This happy scene is at the Reading, Pa., Y center

Indian Guides leaders present a historical pageant for children at Y Camp Copneconic (Bread from Water). The camp is at Flint, Michigan

MOTORING through the Midwest a few months ago, a middle-aged businessman brightened visibly as the lights of Joliet, Illinois, loomed up on the highway. Rounding a corner a few minutes later, he was even happier to encounter the neon sign of the local Y.M.C.A. The day had been dry and dusty, and Y's the country over are famous for their showers.

The attractive, modern lobby of the building was deserted when he entered but, with the assurance of an old Y member, he shouldered his bag and headed upstairs.

A few seconds later he descended hastily, his face beet-red, and scuttled out on the sidewalk. He grabbed the arm of a local policeman.

"What goes on in this town?" he demanded. "That's the Y.M.C.A. over there and it's full of women!"

For nearly a century, while many other organizations yielded to the foot-in-the-door maneuverings of the ladies, the *Young Men's Christian Association*, by virtue of its very name, succeeded in remaining exclusively male. But the struggle, though prolonged, was not victorious. Several years ago, women were permitted to join. This year, celebrating its 100th anniversary in this country, the Y looked over its membership roster and discovered that of its 3,650,000 members and participants almost 300,000 are women.

Many of its activities are coeducational, and a few Y buildings have "ladies' day" once or twice a week when men are absolutely not admitted to the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association. In Joliet, Illinois, the women have a brand-new $300,000 building all their own. Next door is the older, less streamlined edifice still reserved for men. It is not yet referred to locally as the "men's branch."

The confusion in nomenclature resulting from the admission of females to membership doesn't bother anyone at the Y.M.C.A. Nor were they disturbed when the Young Women's Christian Association, their unaffiliated counterpart, announced that they were opening some of their clubs to men. Thus far, no extensive raiding has taken place on either side.

The Y.M.C.A.'s move, according to officials of the organization, was spurred partly from a genuine desire to share its enviable physical and cultural equipment with women in communities where separate and equal facilities did not exist. Another motive was the same one that impels movie houses to give away free dishes. Young men are fond of young women, the Y.M.C.A. has discovered. They are more pliable when the gentler sex is around and far more likely to be interested in programs stressing self-improvement and community service. And many leaders believe that a one-sex organization of youths and young adults cannot be fully effective in character education and development.

Eager to Sign Up New Members

In the century of brotherhood which the Y.M.C.A. is now celebrating in the U.S. and Canada, Y leaders have worked with the purposefulness of frontier missionaries. In the early days a few zealots even met trainloads of young men coming into the cities to seek their fortunes and signed them on the dotted line as fast as they could scribble. Some stood outside church doors and enthusiastically signed

The ol' tiled swimmin' hole is a feature of Y buildings the country over. Last year, in 600 of them, a half million were taught to swim

U.S. trains run on schedule because workers in Railroad Y's wake the crews in time to make trips. Here men rest at Y in Pennsylvania Station, New York City

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# of Fellowship

up the male members of entire congregations.

Today the Y.M.C.A. spreads itself over the sociological landscape like a benevolent octopus. The Y's red triangle trademark, symbolizing its three-fold effort to foster the growth of spirit, mind and body, is familiar in much of the world. Its 1,651 U.S. branches own buildings and equipment worth $260,000,000, spend a yearly budget totaling $102,000,000, have endowments amounting to $53,000,000 and are in the midst of a $50,000,000 building program.

Some 5,000 delegates made reservations to attend the Y centennial convention in Cleveland from June 21st to June 24th. They registered from every state in the U.S. and from 15 foreign countries.

Last year attendance at the 600 Y swimming pools and 825 gymnasiums totaled 31,000,000. Half a million were taught to swim. More than a million young people puzzling over religious, vocational or psychological problems received personal guidance. At Y cafeterias 38,226,000 meals were served. (Y.M.C.A. coffee is still five cents.)

Although over 98 per cent of its 300,000 workers are unpaid volunteers, the Y.M.C.A. payroll runs to $22,000,000 annually. The most influential professional is Eugene E. Barnett, a hearty six-foot Southerner, a veteran of 43 years' service in the Y and General Secretary of the National Council since 1941.

Yet, you can probably walk into your local Y.M.C.A., mention Barnett's name and receive only a blank stare in return. There is no big-name consciousness in the Y. Its associations operate independently, admonished but not controlled by their regionally elected national council. A local Y derives its income from dues, donations and, in many instances, shares in the community chest fund drive. The men who count in your neighborhood Y are the volunteer board members, composed of substantial citizens, and the secretary, a professional Y worker. Strength of character determines whether the secretary leads or is led by his board.

Strong-mindedness was a characteristic of Thomas V. Sullivan, who founded the first Y.M.C.A. in this country in Boston in December, 1851. An unusually devout retired sea captain, Sullivan used to row about Boston Harbor in a little cockleshell of a craft, standing upright on the thwarts to deliver brief sermons and stuff church literature into portholes. He called himself missionary-at-large for the port of Boston.

One day he read an article describing the welfare work being carried on in the London slums by the English Y.M.C.A., then seven years old. Impressed, he sold the idea to half a dozen old friends.

Realistic Christian Practice

By the end of the year the Boston Y had a formal constitution and had launched an ambitious program of social work. Its objective: to bring the benefits of Christian fellowship to the spirit, mind and body of American youth. Its technique: "Don't argue with a young man who has lost God. Take him out to supper."

In 1852, another Y.M.C.A. opened in Washington, D.C., and between them the two organizations soon spawned another dozen. Nine years later, just before the Civil War, there were 240 clubs with 14,000 members. Only 60 of the clubs, however, survived the first year of the Civil War. The New York City club in particular was hard hit. Its membership dropped 83 per cent, it was $2,400 in debt and the rent on its meeting place fell six months in arrears.

In this tattered condition the Y, when President Lincoln called for volunteers, limped forward. Carrying food, medicine and bandages, members followed the spirited and confident Union Army to Bull Run. A few days later they trailed its bruised remnants back again, ministering to the sick and the wounded as they walked along the roadsides. Sometimes the Christians, as they were called, took their sisters, wives or mothers along to help with the cooking. They set up 60 mobile field kitchens and dished out home-style meals to the grateful troops.

There was a brief clash with the top brass. The Christians insisted on feeding good hearty food to prisoners of war. The idea was unheard of. Prisoners were

(Continued on page 54)

Y members go in strong for basketball, and maybe one reason is that the game was invented by a Y college prof—James Naismith, in 1891

The Y.M.C.A., which pioneered organized camping, holds hikes to get boys out of the city. These are touring hills near Hollywood, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE AND SAM STEINBERG

Waltz scene in a spectacle presented by famed Pine Street Y for Negroes in St. Louis. Henry Armstrong, triple-title boxing champion, was developed at this Y

Y colleges number 25, have helped train many of organization's 4,200 paid aids. This is lab at Worcester Junior College in Massachusetts

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Anniversary

By DON STANFORD

MAURO SCALI

"Darling," he begged her, "you *must* tell me—what is the matter?"

TRUE, there are good marriages and bad marriages, monsieur. And true, it is often difficult for the casual observer to distinguish one from the other, even after many years. But that is the casual observer. To say that it is impossible for *anyone* to predict the future of a marriage that has endured for a single year only—that is rash. And it is incorrect.

For thirty years I have owned this restaurant and in that time I have observed a great many people. Sometimes they come and they are gay; they talk and they laugh together. And then they come again, and they are strangely silent. And, occasionally, one is able to tell that they will marry.

I will come to the point. I will prove the point.

The couple there, you see them? The young couple who scarcely taste the best dinner my kitchen affords, who have not touched the wine I selected for them? It is their first anniversary, but theirs is a marriage that will endure, a good marriage. I will swear to it. And how can I do this? You will see.

Only this morning the young man came to see me. I did not remember him, I confess—there are so many—but he called me by name and he seemed most upset, and naturally I was curious. And it was a small thing he asked of me, a matter of discretion. And, after thirty years here, have I not discretion to spare?

It appears that when this young man woke up yesterday morning he found that his wife was already dressed. She was wearing lipstick and her hair was neatly fixed. And she had placed a small table beside his bed, and decorated it with a vase of flowers. Then she kissed him and served his breakfast in bed.

It is clear to you that yesterday was an important day. It was clear to me, too. But to this bewildered young man, who does not have our experience and who confesses, further, that he does not think clearly in the early morning, it was merely puzzling.

"This is an occasion?" he asked his wife, and she smiled and bent and kissed him lightly; then she raised her eyebrows in innocent surprise and said, "Oh, no, darling, I just happened to wake up a little early, and I thought you might like breakfast in bed for a change."

You and I would not be taken in by so transparent a thing. But this young man is young and inexperienced. You will scarcely believe this, but he returned her smile and her kiss, he ate his breakfast and he dressed and went to work. And he thought no more about it! He worked, and he went home.

And he found his wife again dressed in her best. She had set the dinner table with candles and flowers and their finest linen and silver. And now the warning signs were too ominous for even this stupid young man to ignore. He thought, and then he remembered the awful truth: Their marriage was a year old today.

So, you see what a terrible situation this was. The young man loves his wife. He would not have had this happen for the world, but it happened. He had forgotten his first anniversary!

And, although he is young, one thing was clear to him: she must not know that he had forgotten! So, desperately, he played for time. He praised her appearance, he praised the dinner, he made animated conversation—while his mind raced frantically, searching for a way to save the situation.

But it was too late. Suddenly the little bride jumped up from the table, weeping. She ran to the bedroom and locked the door.

IT WAS nearly an hour before she would let him in, and in that hour he had aged, monsieur. He had matured. "Darling," he begged her, "you *must* tell me—what is the matter?" His tone was perfect—puzzled, distressed, without a hint of guilt.

And with hatred and tears, she said, "It is our anniversary, and you have forgotten!"

And then it was time for him to lie, and to lie with a skill beyond his years. He widened his eyes, and allowed the trace of a smile to play about his lips, and as she eluded his outstretched arms, he laughed softly and fondly. "My darling! My little fool!" he said tenderly. "You have made a mistake. Our anniversary is not tonight. It is tomorrow! How could I forget, when I have planned our anniversary dinner so carefully? At Lucien's. I never forgot the date for a moment. It is *tomorrow!*"

Alors! She must first prove him wrong, for she is a woman; she must next forgive him his honest error, for she is a woman in love. She showed him their marriage certificate and pointed to the date, and he was stricken with anguish. And she forgave, and all was well: They would celebrate their anniversary today.

So this morning he made the reservation, and I promised him she will never know it was not made weeks before. Eh? But I have not finished, monsieur. Love alone is as fragile as it is beautiful. I do not say that their marriage will endure solely because they are in love. It is wisdom that cements it, his and hers.

For she telephoned this afternoon. She had a question to ask, she said, and I prepared myself to lie well. And then she hesitated and she laughed, and she said that it was quite unimportant after all, she did not really wish to know. And then she hung up!

Voilà, monsieur! She will always wonder if he lied to her, but so long as she does not *know,* she will always be able to believe that perhaps he did *not* lie after all, that perhaps he made only a small, honest mistake. And it is this wisdom that guarantees the endurance of their love, and of their marriage.

So there you are. A marriage that is only one year old today, and yet already it can be said with certainty that it is a good marriage. You are convinced, monsieur? Good. Then we shall have a drink together, you and I! THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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PLEASANT PROSPECTS

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Mask for Danger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

searching his pockets for his keys. He looked, Young thought bitterly, exactly as a reputable physician should look who had nothing on his mind but the question of whether he should give his office a ring. His baldness was quite apparent from the upstairs window. Dr. Henshaw got into his car and drove away.

Young remained by the window, looking at the bright, calm, sunlit day outside. A small power yacht was anchored in the next cove up the river; and he could see a sail drifting out toward the Bay. A fisherman in an outboard motorboat was just entering the river. Young watched the boat approach, pass close to the dock below the house and the big white power cruiser moored there, and go on up the river.

Looking from the cruiser at the dock to the shining expanse of water beyond, he decided that he could make a reasonable guess as to what had happened to Lawrence Wilson's body. The thought did not make him feel any better. If the police were to arrest him for murder, they would do their searching along the highway where he had been that night, not around here; and he could imagine the horselaugh he would get if, with no evidence at all, he asked them to please try to prove him innocent by dragging the bottom of Chesapeake Bay.

TIRED of sitting up, he was starting to move away from the window when something stirred in the bushes directly below him. He leaned forward, pressing his face against the screen to look down, and saw the little red-haired girl called Bunny rise from where she had been crouching among the bushes.

He watched her push her way gingerly out of the thick border. She turned to glance up at the house and saw his bandaged face at the window. She stopped abruptly, standing there in plain sight on the lawn. He could see that she had got herself quite dirty, but it did not seem to distress her, if she was aware of it. Beyond a couple of slaps at her rumpled dress as she came out into the open, she gave no heed to her appearance. He wondered how much of the conversation she had been able to hear through the open window, and what it had meant to her.

Looking up at him, Bonita Decker put a finger to her lips in a plea for silence; a little taken aback, he nevertheless raised a reassuring hand in reply. Then she was running lightly out of sight around the corner of the house, and he was left asking himself why he should be waving encouragement to the girl friend of the man, now dead, who had tried to kill him; at a girl who knew quite well that he was not Lawrence Wilson and who could get him arrested for murder just by mentioning the fact to the police.

When he lay down to try to figure things out, the bed seemed to take off with him dizzily, and he did not have enough strength left to open his eyes and stop it. . . .

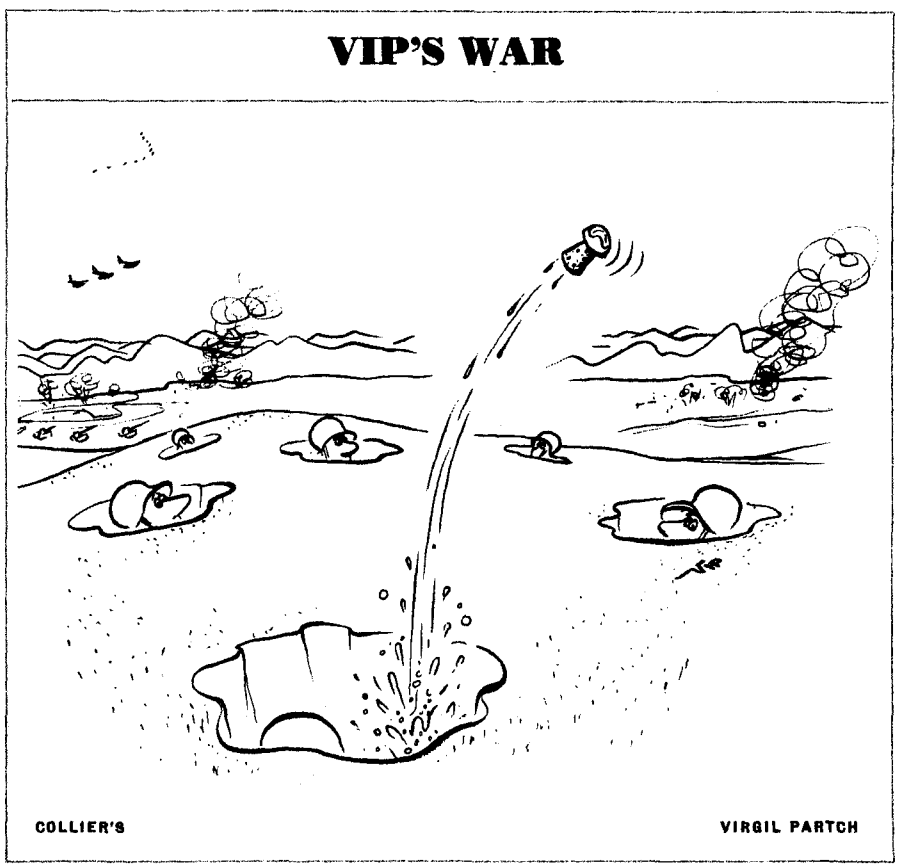
He woke up abruptly, conscious that several hours had passed. Something warned him that he was not alone in the room, and he started up in an obscure kind of panic, hardly knowing what it was he feared. Then he saw Elizabeth Wilson standing in the doorway. She looked as if she had been standing there for some time, watching him. She was holding his breakfast—you could probably call it lunch by now, he thought fuzzily—on a silver tray that looked like an heirloom.

"I declare, I thought you were going to sleep all day!" she said lightly. "I was getting real worried about you."

Young let himself sink back to the pillow. "I'll bet," he whispered.

She smiled and set the tray down on the dresser. He watched her pour a cup of coffee for him, her back to him. He discovered that you could not help but regard a girl in an altogether new way, once you learned that she had killed somebody. No matter what you had been assured about the innocent circumstances under which the act had been committed, you could not help wondering a little. You could not help speculating if, having done it once, she might not try it again sometime.

The slender girl at the dresser did not look like a murderess; nor did she show any signs of the emotional strains of the morning. Her shoulder-length dark hair was smoothly brushed now, her face carefully made up; and instead of the pink satin dressing gown and slippers she was now wearing a simple, printed cotton dress that looked vaguely expensive, as if it had been designed for a Florida beach resort rather than a Maryland kitchen. He watched her come across the room toward him. Balancing the coffee cup in one hand, she used the other to help him sit up and to arrange



the pillows behind him. Then she placed the cup in his hands.

He looked up at her. "Don't I get cream and sugar?"

She smiled. "Why, you know you always drink your coffee black—Larry."

"What else do I always do?"

He had meant the question to be sarcastic, but she seemed to take it quite seriously, and sat down on the edge of the bed to think it over before answering.

"Why, you smoke cigarettes and sometimes a pipe, honey," she said carefully. "You're not supposed to have anything to drink yet—doctor's orders—but you do drink, Heaven knows, and if there's a choice you prefer bourbon. When you've had a few drinks, you think it's real funny to talk a kind of burlesque Navy slang that you picked up at the Bureau: the floor is the deck and the walls are bulkheads and the stairs are ladders—" She shivered a little and was silent. After a moment she got up and walked back to the dresser to fuss with the things on the tray. "I declare, I didn't know it was going to feel so gruesome, talking about— You know he's dead? Bob told you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"You will help us, won't you, honey?"

"Have I got a choice?"

The girl turned quickly to look at him.

Young whispered, "The only choice Henshaw offered me was between five thousand dollars and the electric chair, if you can call that a choice, Mrs. Wilson."

"But I'd think you'd *want* to help!" she cried in quick surprise. "I shouldn't think you'd care to see—see *anybody* punished for—I mean, after what *he* did to you!"

Automatically, Young's hand went up to touch his bandaged face. He took it down again, considering his answer carefully before he spoke, a little startled by her assumption that, because her husband had beat him up badly, he would be ready to condone—and even become an accomplice to—anything anybody wanted to do to the guy. His anger against Lawrence Wilson seemed to have got lost in a tangle of confused emotions, and he wanted no part of a vengeance that was going to get him into any more trouble.

On the other hand, he reminded himself, Wilson was already dead—there was nothing to be done about that now—and this seemed hardly the time to try to sell the young woman who had killed him on the virtues of Christian charity.

He whispered, "All right, Mrs. Wilson—"

"You're supposed to call me Liz."

"What?"

"Liz. That's what he called me."

"All right, Liz," he said, feeling vaguely uncomfortable in the knowledge that he was probably going to trick her if he could.

HE DOZED most of the afternoon, then lay awhile letting thoughts go through his mind at random. It occurred to him that his situation, so far as escape was concerned, might not be quite as hopeless as the doctor, for obvious reasons, had tried to make it seem. For one thing, in order to have him arrested for murder these people would have to take the tremendous gamble of calling attention to the very fact they had so far done their best to conceal: the fact that Lawrence Wilson had actually been killed. There was a good chance that they were bluffing when they threatened to do this. If he escaped, there was a possibility that they might not have the nerve to call the police at all, unless he managed it so clumsily that they had no choice.

For another thing, if he did escape, and managed to check in voluntarily at Norfolk Navy Yard with some plausible story to explain his condition and his delay in reporting, they would have lost their strongest weapon against him if it did come to a trial: that he was, or could be made to look like, a deserter from the Navy. To charge a nameless fugitive with murder was one thing; to try to do the same to an officer on active duty with the Navy was something else again. It was kind of ironic, Young reflected wryly, that the service about which he had had nightmares for five years should suddenly have come to represent a sort of sanctuary.

He heard the rattle of dishes on a tray, and Elizabeth Wilson's footsteps on the stairs; and he pretended to be asleep.

SHE paused in the doorway. When he stirred drowsily and pushed himself up from the pillow, she came into the room and set the tray on the dresser.

"I declare, I seem to spend all my time feeding you," she said, smiling at him. "It seems like I hardly have time to get the lunch dishes stacked before I've got to start making dinner!"

"I'd feel sorry as hell about the work I'm causing you, Mrs. Wilson—if somebody had asked you to bring me here."

She glanced at him quickly. What she could see of his expression apparently reassured her that he was joking; and she laughed and went to the window to draw the blinds against the direct rays of the late-afternoon sun. "I wasn't complaining, honey," she said. "I reckon you won't believe this, but it's kind of nice to have—to have somebody in the house again. I—" She checked herself abruptly, watching something outside. Young saw her hands close tightly on the window sill; but when she spoke, her voice was only mildly perturbed. "Now what do you reckon *she* thinks she's doing out there at this hour?"

He sat up and moved gingerly across the bed and went to the window to look. Out toward the Bay a sailboat was heading toward them before the wind on a course that would soon bring it into the mouth of the river below them. Something about it seemed familiar; and Young recalled the picture Lawrence Wilson had shown him, just before knocking him out, of the sloop he had designed for the girl called Bunny. The guess was confirmed when the boat came close enough for him to see that the solitary figure in the cockpit had red hair.

Bonita Decker held her course clear across the river mouth to the near shore before she put her helm over for the upriver run. Young found himself a little disappointed in the appearance of her boat: somehow he had expected her to be a competent sailor in spite of her sex and diminutive size, but the decks of the little sloop were strewn with an unseamanlike amount of gear, giving it a sloppy look.

As she sailed past the big power cruiser moored to the Wilson dock, the red-haired girl looked up at the house above. She must have seen the two of them watching her from the window, because she waved to them cheerfully. Young waved back, and frowned as she drew away, wondering what kind of a game she was playing and wondering why, knowing him not to be Lawrence Wilson, she had not told the police. He became aware that Elizabeth Wilson was staring at him.

"Well, you're real friendly with the child!"

He said sharply, "What was I supposed to do when she waved—stick out my tongue at her? I'm supposed to be her pal Larry Wilson, aren't I?"

"Oh." She studied his bandaged features a moment longer, clearly dissatisfied. "I sure wish I could see your face, honey. I've got a sneaking feeling you're being awfully clever about something."

"About what?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind!" she said, turning away. "I reckon you got a right to be clever if you want. Everybody else is being so awfully damn' clever!" She shivered, and said in

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an altogether different tone, "Well, you'd better get at your dinner before it's ruined."

He looked at the river for a moment longer: it seemed very peaceful. Aboard the little cruiser anchored in the cove, a plump, middle-aged gentleman in gaudy swimming trunks was doing some painting to the muted sounds of a portable radio. And somewhere hidden in this pleasant view, Young reflected, probably out toward the Bay, where the water was deeper, was the gradually decomposing body of a man who had been dead about three days now. Or perhaps they had buried him ashore, but it seemed unlikely with all that water handy. He found himself hoping rather callously that they had done a good job; it would not do him any good for Wilson to come drifting ashore now.

IT WAS difficult for him to keep the situation clearly in mind when he turned to look at the girl across the room. There was something treacherous about deceiving a person whose food you were going to eat, particularly a pretty girl, even one you had no reason to trust and were a little afraid of. It was clearly out of the question, he reminded himself, for him to warn Elizabeth Wilson about Bonita Decker and discuss the problem with her, even if he wanted to give up whatever advantage he might gain from keeping the knowledge to himself. This girl had killed once—whether by accident or design did not really matter any longer—and she might be willing to kill again to keep her crime a secret. He could not risk handing out information that just might get somebody murdered, merely to satisfy his sense of sportsmanship.

Nevertheless, he did not like the feeling of being drawn ever more deeply into an intrigue he did not understand. It disturbed him to be forced to shield Bonita Decker without having any idea why she had not yet denounced him as an impostor. The kid might just be waiting until she learned enough to make things really tough for them; on the other hand, she could be keeping quiet because she had, herself, been in some way guiltily involved in Lawrence Wilson's activities; she might even be considering using her information for some form of blackmail. It wasn't reassuring to find yourself having to take sides with somebody you knew nothing about.

Elizabeth Wilson was waiting for him to come away from the window. She helped him to rearrange the pillows behind him, and put a plate into his hands. She seemed to have nothing to say, and he ate in silence.

At last he said casually, "That's a nice-looking boat. Where does she keep it?"

"Mistral?" Elizabeth glanced at him. "Oh, they have a place up the river, just this side of the highway bridge. She keeps the boat anchored—moored, I guess is the word—in a cove up there. Larry used to keep Amberjack at a mooring, too, but he wasn't around to set it out this spring."

"Amberjack?"

"That's our boat. The motorboat down at the dock." She seemed suddenly glad to be talking, and sat down on the edge of the bed, facing him. "I don't know much about boats myself, but it seemed silly to have one and leave it sitting up on dry land all summer, even if Larry wasn't here. So I had the people at the yacht yard fix it up this spring and bring it around. Bob—Dr. Henshaw's been trying to teach me how to run it, but I declare it's such a big old thing and I'm just a landlubber at heart."

"Henshaw's a pretty good sailor?"

"Everybody around here sails a little, honey. Bob's not what Larry and that girl would call a real salty character, but he can take a boat out and bring it back again."

"The doc is a local product, then?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "The Henshaws are one of the old families around here, just like the Wilsons and the Deckers; but they lost their money in the depression. I reckon Bob had a pretty bad time putting himself through medical school and getting started in practice, although he's doing all right now. Maybe that's why . . ."

"Why what?"

"Why he likes me. He knows what it feels like to've been poor, once." She looked up abruptly. "Honey, you're asking an awful lot of questions!"

"Have you any objections? If I'm to be your husband I ought to know something about the neighborhood. Or would you rather I tried to play the routine by ear?"

She smiled quickly. "Oh, I haven't any secrets!" she murmured. "Anybody around here will tell you all about me. But I don't really think we're going to have much trouble with visitors. Larry's relatives haven't been in this house for years. When he wanted to see them he went out and left me home; that's the way they feel about me. And after what happened in Washington, *he* didn't have many friends left who'd take a chance of coming around to see him. People are pretty careful not to get themselves mixed up in *that* kind of trouble."

Young said, "That redheaded kid didn't act very careful this morning when she came barging in here."

"Well, that's kind of different, isn't it? Next time, I simply won't let her in; that's reasonable enough, under the circumstances. I don't really *have* to entertain my husband's girl friends in my own home."

Young said, "He designed that boat for her, didn't he?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"He told me," Young said. "As a matter of fact, he was showing me a picture of it when he slugged me; it's in his wallet. She was in the snapshot and he mentioned her name; that's how I recognized her."

ELIZABETH smiled wryly. "Oh, I wondered about that. I don't reckon he had any snapshots of *me* he showed to strangers. That boat business was the last straw," she said after a little pause. "After he—wasn't working in Washington any longer, he right away started talking about going in for yacht designing professionally; he'd been doing it as a hobby for a long time. Bonita talked her folks into letting her have a boat as a kind of premature graduation present; she actually didn't graduate until this spring. Of course, I'd been told she'd had a crush on him since high school.

"Anyway, they got the boat built over at Sandrow's Yard in record time; and you'd have thought there wasn't a man over there could drive a nail straight if they weren't watching. I never got so sick of anything in my life, honey, as I did of that boat while it was being built; but it got worse after they got the thing in the water. Larry said he was very anxious for it to do well in the Bay races, because a designer gets a lot of business from a fast boat. They were out there all last summer, day and night, tuning up and practicing when they weren't racing. At least," she said deliberately, "that's what they *said* they were doing."

Young looked up, vaguely shocked. "Hell, she's just a kid!"

"Honey, she's not *that* young. Those redheads always look kind of immature. I told you she graduated from college this spring." Elizabeth moved her shoulders briefly. "Anyway, I reckon that's what hurt, in a way. I mean, I'd long since stopped, well, letting myself be affected by what Larry—I mean, we hadn't got along for years. I wouldn't really have minded losing my husband to a *woman*, honey. But to a nasty child and a sailboat!"

She got up and took his empty plate back to the tray. Presently she came back with a small glass bowl of gelatin dessert colored bright red. He poked at it with the spoon she gave him and watched it jiggle.

"I hate to get personal," he said, "but shouldn't I know why you and your husband didn't get along, Mrs. Wilson?" She did not answer at once, and he asked, "Did it have anything to do with the reasons why he lost his job at the Navy Department? And just why did he lose it? Let's get a little specific. Was he a Communist?"

She looked at him quickly. "Honey, I don't know," she said. "Honest, I don't know. Somebody must have thought he was, or they wouldn't have asked for his resignation, but—"

"What about this job of his? Did he need it? This place and that station wagon you were driving and the boat down there—You don't buy forty-foot yachts on the average government salary."

"No, he didn't really *need* it. Larry has—*had* a good income of his own. But he went to work there during the early days of the war and liked it and just stayed on when they asked him to. He said that having money wasn't any reason for just sitting on your can all day; that's the way he put it."

Young said, "So he kept on working at a government job he didn't really need; and you began to suspect he had reasons he wasn't mentioning. That's why—"

"Yes," she said. "About two years after we were married, I asked about some things I'd noticed. That was in 1947. He laughed at me. He said—he said it would be kind of a joke on me, wouldn't it, if the man I'd married for his money turned out to be a—" She turned quickly away and walked around the bed to the window. She stood there looking out. "That's the closest he ever came to admitting it; and I never could be real sure that he hadn't just said it as a cruel joke. I never asked again. I reckon I didn't want to know."

After a while, Young asked, "Did you?"

"What?" She did not turn to look at him.

"Did you marry him for his money?"

"I suppose so," she said. She turned at last, with a small, helpless gesture of her hand. "It didn't seem so wicked at the time. When you haven't had any all your life, money's kind of important. Everybody else was making something out of the war! I didn't see why I shouldn't!" Suddenly her voice was shrill. "You don't understand, do you? I declare, a man can do anything he likes in this world, but just let a girl try to get a nice home and a little security—"

"I didn't say anything," Young protested.

"And you'd better keep right on not saying anything!" she cried fiercely. "Is marrying a man for his money any worse than marrying him for his medals and gold braid, like all the other girls in Washington were doing? And where do you get that high-and-mighty tone, anyway, Lieutenant Young? I declare, you're a fine one to sneer at somebody's wanting money, with what you're getting for helping us, Lieutenant! I reckon you don't have much room to criticize anybody, honey, hiding there from the Navy in my husband's pajamas! For five thousand dollars."

Shocked by the resentful outburst which he seemed to have caused without quite knowing how, he watched her come forward to snatch the empty bowl away from him; she set it on the tray with a crash and picked up the tray and marched out, the usual easy grace of her walk turned into something much more provocative and flamboyant by her anger.

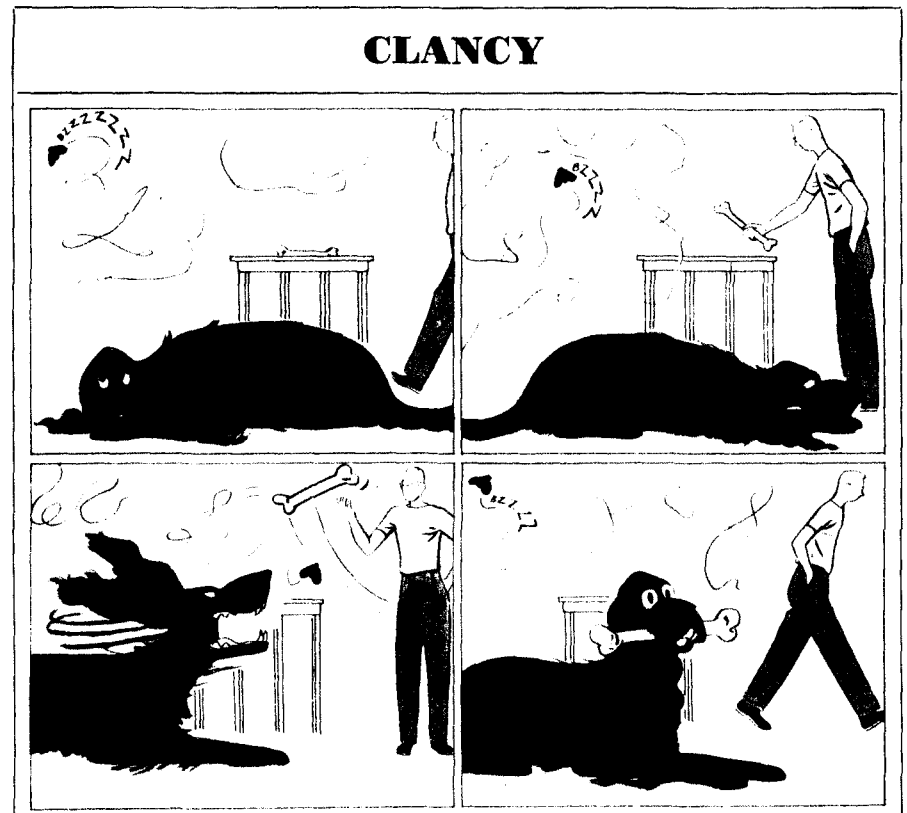
AFTER a while he shook his head minutely at some half-formed thought. He could hear her downstairs now, stacking dishes with noisy carelessness. He got out of bed and crossed to the closet in the corner, opened the door and studied the clothes hanging inside. There were not many of them, and he was reminded again that Lawrence Wilson had not spent his last days at home. There were just a few clothes the dead man had left behind when, after first resigning his job with the Navy at the request of his superiors, he had finally moved out of his house at his wife's bidding.

Young could not help a small stirring of sympathy for this doomed man who had apparently sacrificed his career and his home to a dark cause that, perversely, had attracted him; and who in the end, desperate enough to attempt murder to escape the mess into which his misguided activities had led him, had lost his own life instead, perhaps accidentally, perhaps not, at the hands of the wife who hated him.

Yet when you came right down to it, Young reflected, an unhappy marriage wasn't really sufficient grounds for committing treason; and he, of all people, had reason to know that Larry Wilson had been capable of some pretty unscrupulous actions himself. Nevertheless, it seemed a little like rubbing it in to try the guy's clothes on, now that he was dead; and Young found that there was no pleasure in discovering that they fitted, and that there were shoes on the floor that he could wear, and socks and underwear in the drawers of the dresser. He had clothes, and it should not be too difficult to locate the keys of the station wagon; but there was no pleasure in the thought of escape.

He would be running away again, he realized, just as, after the war, he had run from the Navy and his own fears, trying to leave them behind instead of facing them. He would have settled nothing when he left here; he would have learned nothing; and even if he got clear and no effort was ever made to bring him back, he would spend the rest of his life wondering uneasily what had happened here, and if it might not yet catch up to him, in some way, someday.

Listen, he told himself; listen, bud, you don't owe Wilson a thing except a kick in



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the teeth. But he knew that it was not Lawrence Wilson that mattered; the man was dead, beyond the reach of either revenge or justice. But these people here were getting away with something, and he, David Young, was going to let them do it. By sneaking off he would be making a deal with them, trading his silence for theirs.

He shook his head irritably as he closed the drawers and the closet door and got back into bed to wait for darkness. You and Dick Tracy, he told himself sarcastically; leave it alone, stupid. The guy is dead. All you want is out.

THE noise seemed to come from a long way off, and he listened to it, vaguely annoyed by it, for what seemed like a long time before he realized that he was making it. Then he had to fight his way upward through heavy layers of sleep before he could take control of himself and stop it. He lay afterward, wet with perspiration, waiting for the pounding of his heart to subside. The damp bandages felt like a trap clamped about his head and face.

Except for the dim rectangle of the window, the room was quite dark now, and the night was filled with small hostile sounds. He remembered that before he fell asleep he had been planning to escape; but he knew that he did not have the courage to leave the shelter of the bed. He felt lost and lonely and frightened. There seemed to be no hope for anyone in the world, least of all for him.

Gradually he became aware that the little noises that seemed to surround him in the darkness were not wholly imaginary: somebody was moving about somewhere in the house, and there were people outside as well. After a while he made himself sit up cautiously, then moved silently across the bed to the window. It was a clear night outside, with enough light for him to make out the graveled drive, a dim circle against the darker grass of the lawn that reached to the still darker trees and bushes of the hillside. Seen through the trees, the river had a dark sheen like polished metal. A yellow light burned near the masthead of the small yacht anchored in the nearby cove.

As Young watched, this light shifted through a brief arc as the boat rolled slightly to the weight of a person climbing aboard. He heard the distant clatter of oars being stowed, the rattle of oarlocks being removed from their sockets; and the yacht rocked again as a second person joined the first aboard. Young could see the little dinghy now, drifting back on the tide to lie astern; but the canopy over the larger vessel's cockpit cast an impenetrable shadow, and he could not make out what the people aboard were doing. If they were having a final drink after a gay evening ashore, or merely preparing to turn in for the night, they were doing so in the dark; not even a match flared in the cockpit, and the cabin ports and windows forward remained unlighted.

Instead, the ceiling light of his room came on over his head, without warning, shockingly bright. He threw himself around, half blinded by the sudden glare, to squint in the direction of the door. Elizabeth Wilson was standing there, with the imperfectly assembled look of a girl suddenly aroused from a sound sleep; barefooted, her dark hair untidy, her pink satin dressing gown open to show an elaborate, fragile, somewhat rumpled nightgown that had never been intended to be worn before strangers. In her hand was the little pistol he had seen before; the gun with which she had threatened Bonita Decker that morning; presumably the gun with which she had shot her husband.

"Honey," she gasped, "honey, do you know you just scared me out of my wits? What in the world were you screaming about, anyway? I declare I thought somebody was in here murdering you!"

He watched her without speaking, keeping an eye on the gun until, following the direction of his gaze to the weapon she glanced at him quickly, and laid it aside on the dresser, turning again to face him with a movement that was just a little too innocently casual, considering the way she was dressed. He realized, a little startled, that she was quite aware of the visual opportunities afforded by the open robe and the thin gown with its strategic panels of expensive lace: there was something self-conscious and posey in the way she stood there, letting him look.

He asked, "Did you think that was good or bad?"

"What?"

He said, "Did you approve of somebody's murdering me, Mrs. Wilson?"

She laughed. "Honey, if I'd approved I'd have stayed in bed and let them finish the job, wouldn't I?"

"Who?" he asked.

"What?"

"Who'd you have let finish the job? Who did you think might be trying to kill me?"

She made a baffled little gesture. "Honey, I was just making a joke! I didn't *really* think—"

"Oh," he said flatly.

Color came into her face as she realized that he had been misunderstanding her deliberately. They watched each other warily; and he did not let his eyes waver. Instinct warned him that she was displaying herself to him for a reason which, somehow, he did not think was the one that would naturally come to mind, if only because in the bandages he was hardly an appetizing prospect for seduction. Whatever her motives, he was damned if he was going to squirm like a schoolboy because a female for whom he had little enough respect anyway wanted to parade herself before him in a peekaboo nightie. After all, he was twenty-nine years old.

She laughed abruptly. "I declare, I'm hardly decent!" she said, and turning away from him, she adjusted the long, shining dressing gown more neatly about her and drew it modestly closed to the throat. "What were you looking at, honey?" she asked, and laughed again. "I mean, out there!"

He said, with careful respect, "I heard somebody messing around with a boat. I guess it was just the crew of that little put-put in the cove coming back aboard."

"Oh, there's always somebody anchoring in there," she said. "Sometimes they drink and play the radio till all hours of the morning. Heavens, I look like a sheep dog with all this hair!" she said, examining herself in the mirror. "And I don't reckon I'll get to town to have it cut for weeks yet. Do you think you'd like it real short, honey? It's cute like that, but I always think a girl looks more feminine—" She glanced at him and laughed. "Honey, I know you don't give a damn about my hair. I was just talking." She yawned and picked up the gun and put it into her pocket. "Well, if you think you can get back to sleep again— I've got a sleeping pill that Bob left for you that I clean forgot to give you. You'd better take it now."

WHEN she had gone, he moved quietly back to the window. There was no longer a light in the cove. The little cruiser had gone. Straining his eyes toward the Bay, he thought he could make out the receding shape of a boat against the dark horizon, but it was too far out for him to be certain. The fact that no lights showed out there did not, of course, signify that the vessel was running without them; unlike the riding light which by law had to be visible from any direction, a small boat's running lights would show only from ahead, and the boat was going away from him. Having displayed the proper light at anchor, it was probable that the crew was doing the same under way, like honest yachtsmen.

Young reminded himself that he had, after all, nothing against the missing boat's crew except that they seemed to have a fondness for sitting in the dark and a queer idea of what was a suitable time to get under way. The plump, aging individual he had seen aboard that afternoon, with paintbrush and gaudy swimming trunks, had certainly looked like exactly the kind of retired character who was apt to buy himself a little yacht to spend his summers on, feeling adventurous as hell. Anyway, it was none of his business.

He got into bed and lay quietly until Elizabeth returned. When she came in, she had put on slippers and combed her hair, tying a pink ribbon about it so that, in the long satin robe, she had a dressed-up, little-girlish look, although the robe made no secret of the fact that she was not a little girl at all. It also revealed that she had left the gun somewhere: it was no longer in her pocket. She was carrying two cups, a teapot and a glass of water on a small tray. She set the tray on the dresser and brought the glass to him, with a gelatin capsule.

"I made you some cocoa, but you'd better take this first, honey," she said. She stood by with the glass while he took the pill from her, put his hand to his mouth, and gulped; then she gave him the water.

"I hope you like marshmallows in your cocoa," she said, smiling.

"Love them," he said, and watched her go back to fill the cups. The capsule of sedative was like a guilty conscience in his hand. He had palmed it quite instinctively; the idea coming to him in the moment he was raising his hand to his mouth. Everything that had come before had happened naturally and with a certain inevitability; you could get yourself into all kinds of trouble without moving a muscle. Escaping from it, on the other hand, was neither natural nor inevitable; it was something you had to plan and carry out deliberately.

SHE brought him his cocoa and sat on the bed with hers, pushing her marshmallow about with a spoon as it melted.

"I reckon you must have had a real bad time in the war, honey," she said, "to be still dreaming about it like that. Couldn't the Navy doctors help you?"

He glanced at her, feeling an uneasy respect for her intuition. "The hell with the doctors!" he said. "What was I going to tell a doctor? That I was scared sick of going back to sea? That the smell of fuel oil or gasoline made me want to lose my lunch? Hell," he said, "I didn't need a specialist to tell me I was yellow."

"But a psychiatrist might have—"

He said irritably, "Damn it, I wasn't psycho, I was just plain scared, and I knew it, and I knew what I was scared of. There wasn't any point in making a public exhibition of it. I figured I could stick it out till the war was over; and then I'd do like the sailor in the story— But your husband probably told you that one, if he worked in the Navy Department."

She smiled rather wistfully. "Larry didn't tell me many jokes, honey."

"Well," Young said, "this sailor kept a fifty-pound anchor with his gear. Everywhere he went, he lugged this damn' anchor with him, got into all kinds of trouble because of it, but he managed to hang onto it. He wouldn't tell anybody why he had it, until the day he got his final discharge. Then he put the papers in his pocket and swung the anchor up on his shoulder and said, 'Well, boys, this is the day I've been waiting for. Now I'm going to start walking. I'm going to keep right on walking inland with this here anchor until I'm so far from that lousy damn' ocean that some yokel taps me on the shoulder and asks, "Hey, Mac, where you going with that damn' pickax?" That's the place I'm looking for!' "

He did not dare to look at her as she laughed; his bandaged face was a help but he did not want her to see his eyes. He laughed also, checked himself, and, bringing up a hand as if to clutch at his bruised chest in pain, knocked over his cup so that the hot contents spilled over his pajamas and the sheets of the bed. Elizabeth jumped to her feet.

"Hell!" he said. "Did it get on you?"

"No, I'm all right. Are you? Did you burn yourself?"

He said, "I just shouldn't laugh at my corny jokes, I guess." He was standing up now, helplessly. "God, what a mess!"

"It's all right, honey," she said. "I'll get

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you some clean sheets; it's about time I made your bed up fresh anyway. I think there's another pair of Larry's pajamas in the bottom drawer. Can you—can you change all right by yourself?"

"I'm a great big boy, nursie," he said. "I can change my own pants—"

"Don't be silly," she said. "There's plenty more cocoa. Let me know when it's safe to come back in."

She gathered up the stained sheets cautiously and left him. He unfastened the pajamas and stepped out of them, using the dry portions to wipe the chocolate off his body. Then, naked, he took the little capsule from the pocket of the pajama jacket and, separating the two halves of it, poured the powdery contents into the cup she had left standing on the dresser. He swallowed the gelatin as he stirred the powder cautiously into the chocolate, trying to make no sound with the spoon. He could hear her coming back down the hall. "Hold it," he called. "Which drawer did you say?"

"The bottom one, honey."

"Okay, I've got them." Bending over was more of a chore than he had expected, and it took him a moment to catch his breath before he could struggle into the clean pajamas. "All clear."

She came in immediately, as if she had been waiting just outside. He forced himself not to look at the cup on the dresser. She made the bed and he got into it. He found that he was suddenly a little dizzy. It was difficult to breathe, and he could not watch her as she carried his cup across the room to refill it and brought both cups back. He could never recall, later, what they talked about for the following half hour. Then she was gone with the empty cups, pausing at the door to smile at him before she pressed the switch and left him in darkness.

He heard her go downstairs and heard her come back up. She was in the bathroom for a long time, washing her face and brushing her teeth. Then she came down the hall toward him; he heard the faint clicking as she opened his door gently and looked in. He let his breath come evenly, as if he were asleep, and she tiptoed away, leaving the door ajar. He opened his eyes, and he could see the light from her door, also open, reflected along the hallway toward him. She was in her room, brushing her hair; and he could hear the little electric crackle as the brush pulled away at the end of each stroke. It seemed as if she would brush her hair until dawn came. Suddenly the light vanished from the hallway, and he heard her bedsprings creak and she was silent.

HE GAVE her what he estimated to be a full half hour. It could have been any length of time: he had no watch. When he couldn't stand the waiting any longer, he got out of bed cautiously and dressed himself in the dark. Lawrence Wilson's clothes fit him loosely, even to the shoes; Wilson had clearly been a somewhat larger man. The extra size in the hat was just enough to accommodate the bandages.

He looked at himself in the mirror in the darkness; he was something to make women faint and strong men's blood run cold: the white bandages ghostlike beneath the hat's shadow. You and the Invisible Man, he thought. He wanted to laugh hysterically, and his body felt light as he moved into the hall. Now the gun, he thought; the gun and the keys to the car. Clothes, protection and transportation, and I hope to God she stays asleep.

She slept on her stomach, her face buried in the pillow, and on either side of her head her fingers had dug strongly into the sheet and mattress, as if the big double bed in which she lay were a precarious berth to which she had to cling desperately, even in sleep. He could see a bare shoulder and the rumpled lace of her nightgown; and he could see a corner of the butt of her little automatic, half hidden beneath the pillow. He stood in the doorway for some time, waiting. During that time her breathing remained even and steady and quite audible. Then she stirred and seemed to gasp for air with a little whimper, and pushed her face deeper into the pillow and, breathing more softly, went on sleeping.

There was enough light in the room from the two large windows for him to see that the room was done predominantly in pink, and that its owner was not a tidy person. The satin dressing gown she had been wearing lay half on the stool of the vanity table and half on the floor; and there seemed to be underwear and stockings on most of the other pieces of furniture in the room, including the bed in which she was sleeping. There was also clothing on the floor that he could not make out clearly.

On the dressing table, out of place among the bottles and jars, lay a long, gleaming, cylindrical object that could be nothing but a flashlight of unladylike proportions. He looked at it for a moment, frowning in the darkness, and glanced at the girl in the bed, and moved across the room to get it. She did not stir.

WITH the flashlight in his hand, he moved slowly toward the bed. The girl did not move, not even when he slipped the pistol from beneath her pillow. Stepping back, he lowered the heavy flashlight and breathed again, wondering if he would really have hit her with it if she had moved.

He looked at the light in his hand, frowning; it did not seem like the kind of thing a girl would habitually keep on her dressing table. He turned it on, pointing it away from the bed. The powerful beam shone on the clothes on the floor: a thin white blouse and a pair of dark slacks.

Near the door, where they had landed as the girl, coming hurriedly into the room, had kicked them off, lay a pair of dark shoes that looked like ballet slippers. The nearest one was wet and sandy near the toe, as if, on the beach in the dark perhaps, she had stepped too close to the water's edge. He remembered the way she had displayed herself in her nightgown—not wantonly, he understood now, but just to make certain he realized that she was all dressed for bed and therefore could not possibly have been running around outside where people were messing around with boats.

You and Sherlock Holmes! he told himself admiringly. You and Philo Vance. You ought to go on television. Get the lead out, stupid. Get moving. You want to be long gone by daylight!

After a search of the bedroom, he went downstairs and found the car keys lying on the telephone table in the lower hall. With them jingling softly in his pocket, and the big flashlight in one hand and the little gun in the other, he crossed the hall to the front door. His weakness was beginning to tell on him; the first feeling of airy lightness was gone and his legs were heavy; he had to watch where he put his feet so he would not stumble. He eased the front door open and stepped out.

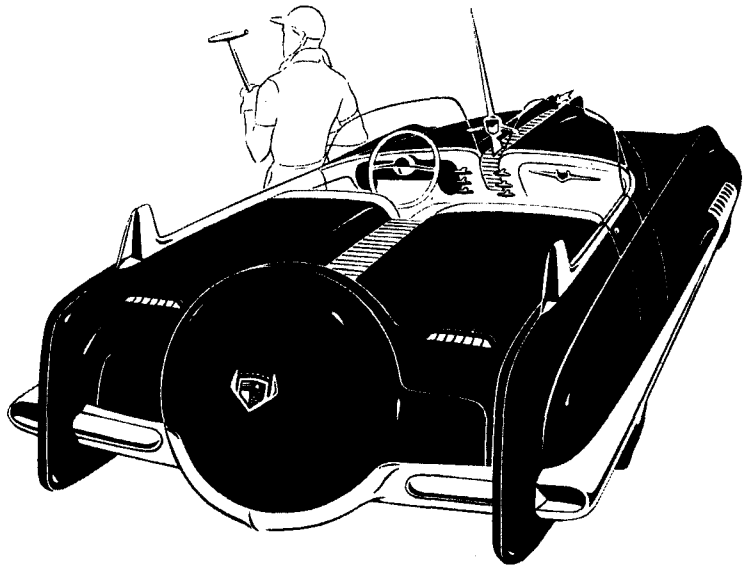
"Well, did you get your patient back to sleep, Elizabeth?" somebody whispered. "I must say it took you long enough! I've been wait—"

He was not aware of pressing the switch on the flashlight but the beam shot out across the lawn and swung in the direction of the voice. Then the night seemed to erupt with a bellowing noise, the sound of a heavy gun fired at close range. Something smashed the flashlight from his hand, not only taking it away from him but demolishing it in the process, and numbing his arm to the shoulder. There seemed to be an endless shower of broken glass.

He was not aware of ducking, but he was on his knees in the doorway. He had wrenched his chest in falling, and the agony of it joined with the pain in his arm. A man was running away from him across the lawn—a big man with a revolver in one hand; a man wearing a light hat and a pale gabardine topcoat that looked horribly familiar—and after a while he realized what was so horrible about it: the man he was looking at, the man who had just shot a flashlight out of his hand, was dead.

(To be continued next week)

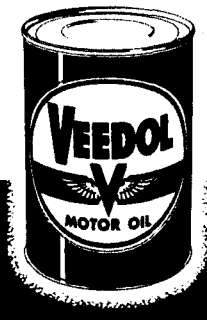
Custom Two-Place Competition Car designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL *"Dream Car" Salon*



FOUND

WHEREVER FINE CARS

TRAVEL



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Are We Losing India?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Marshall Plan, so long as the air is so unclear as to India's direction and her prospects.

But to do nothing, to pursue a general policy of fence-sitting on our part, an attitude of "wait and see," will increase the risk of failure, might even ensure that failure.

The outcome hinges largely upon the man who is today the undisputed leader of the people of India, the most populous non-Communist country on earth. Because of the pivotal position of India, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has become one of the four or five most important persons in the world.

I went to India because I wanted to see this man against the background of his own country. What kind of man is he? What are his hopes? His fears? His plans? I went into great cities and remote villages, saw ancient customs and primitive tools side by side with the most modern machinery and laboratories. I spent a week as a guest of Nehru in his official residence in New Delhi.

Nehru's family consists of his strikingly handsome daughter, Indra Gandhi, and her husband Firoz Gandhi, a young newspaper publisher and member of the Indian Parliament. The huge, impersonal drawing room in which Nehru and I often sat after dinner had been designed and built by British governors; it was still as English as if it had been in Surrey. Even many of the personal touches were English, notably two large pictures, propped up on the grand piano, of Lord Mountbatten, last viceroy of India, and Lady Mountbatten, inscribed in warm personal terms to the Cambridge-trained Indian who had spent most of his life getting them out of India.

The habits of the family are simple, the food served is continental. His study, at home, resembles that of an American college president. He showed me one of his most prized possessions—the gift of an American friend. It was a life cast in bronze of Abraham Lincoln's right hand. "See how strong the fingers, and yet how sensitive," he said very quietly.

* * *

We discussed many things, late at night, or under the trees in the garden of the Residence. These talks soon made it plain to me that Nehru is no mystic, but a longheaded politician. His diction is graceful, his knowledge of art, letters and philosophy is very great. His stock in trade is not philosophy and introspection; it is an understanding of the materials with which a political leader must work—the powerful waves of emotion, custom, tradition and aspiration that are boiling and churning in the people of that changing part of the world.

These forces are the tools of his trade as a public leader, and that trade he knows well. He is a practical man, though he moves in a setting far different from our own. He seemed to me less concerned with speculations about "the Oriental mind" than with how to fill the chronically empty Oriental stomach. His hard-boiled handling of Communists in India shows that he faces practical political situations with a toughness quite unmystical. The Parliament of India has recently enacted a "Preventive Detention" law that provides drastic legal measures for the jailing of subversives, and many are now in jail.

"If one is a prophet, like Gandhi," he told me, "he can take the long view, the view that truth is truth and that with this there can be no compromise whatever. But a statesman or a political leader must decide things from day to day. He must try to keep the absolute truth in mind, but he finds he must often compromise in order to make decisions, many decisions, that must be made. The danger is, of course, that in this process he will gradually drift away from the truth. Above all, a political leader—if he wants to continue to be in a position to influence events—must *understand* the forces with which he is dealing—whether he agrees with those forces is another matter."

I said to Mr. Nehru that the people of the United States were going through the always painful process of trying to make up our collective mind about something we hadn't given much thought to for a long time, that is, what should our role in Asia be?

Since an American private citizen should not discuss particular issues of his country's foreign policy with the officials of another nation, Mr. Nehru's talks with me had to deal with background rather than directly with specific issues. This inhibition was actually helpful, for it focused the Prime Minister's words on what he called "the deeper basis for understanding," which is what is most needed "if there is to be co-operation, and it is vitally important that there be co-operation. And not merely a superficial kind, dealing with grants and loans and such matters."

What I hoped he could give me, I said, would be perspective that would enable me and other Americans better to understand Asia and India, so we could decide what we thought our own course ought to be.

* * *

He agreed; he said that understanding "on either side" was what was most needed. "It so often happens in public affairs that people set out to answer specific questions without having enough knowledge and enough understanding even to frame the question they are setting out to answer.

"Now you ask me about Asia. Asia is a big word. Even India is often too big a unit to talk about intelligently or to understand. Nevertheless, there is, I think, in the process of development what I might call 'the Asian outlook.' Unless you understand this Asian outlook—you may not agree with it—but unless you understand this psychological background which Asians share and which today serves as a bond between them, Asia cannot be understood and India cannot be understood.

"At the time of the Middle Ages, and even later during the Renaissance in Europe, Asia was a sophisticated land. Everywhere there were great visible evidences of power and glory in the way of life, in the temples and court life and so on. But Asia was actually decadent. Decay had set in. The process took two or three hundred years to become fully evident, but it was there. The energy and enterprise had gone out of Asia. But in Europe at that same time there were great marks of vitality, a sense of adventure, a dynamic spirit. The reasons were not always good ones—the lust for gold, for trade—but there were energy and enterprise nonetheless. Europe's energy drove her to India, to China, to all parts of Asia where men traded. They became rich.

"During the long years before the Europeans came to Asia there had been strong links between the parts of Asia. In those far-off times India and China were close together. China came to India for its religion, for Buddhism. Caravan routes tied together China and India and other Asian countries, tied them together by the bonds of trade and religion and culture.

"When England took control of India, she took steps to break up India's ties with other parts of Asia, as well as to develop antagonisms within India. Europe used the industrial revolution further to insulate the parts of Asia one from another, to make Asia dependent upon Europe. India was prevented from importing machinery, making her dependent upon England for manufactured goods; China had much the same experience.

"Now independence has finally come for India. An upsurge of independence, of nationalism, has swept China, Burma, Indochina and elsewhere. Out of this long, long common experience the bonds that once held India and China together again emerge more clearly than for hundreds of years.

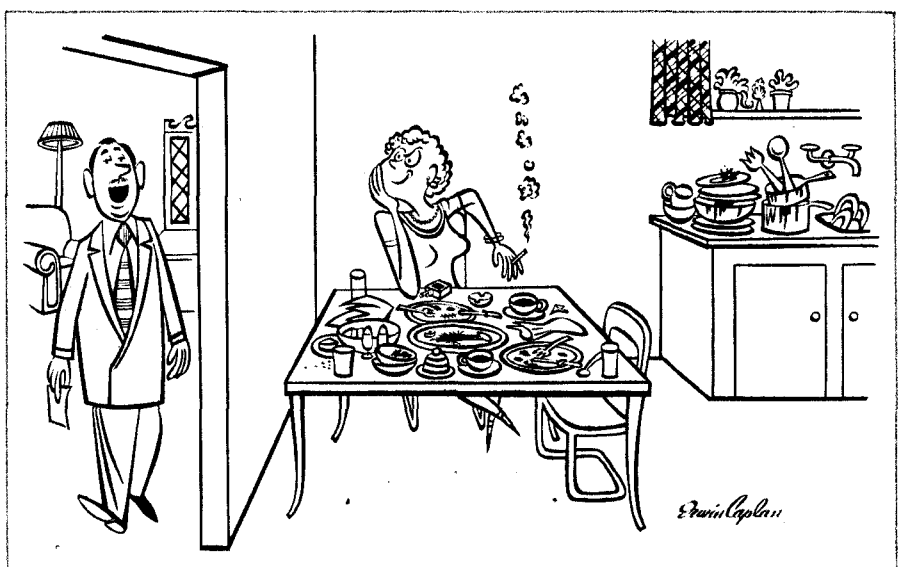
"Not because of common belief in Communism—not at all; the ties I speak of go back hundreds of years. First, there is the tie of a common memory. The memory, shared by India and China of domination by outside powers, of long domination and rule and exploitation by Europeans, their traders and their troops.

"And the second tie is fear, a common fear that exploitation and foreign domination may come back. With this goes a sensitivity and a suspicion about anything that even looks like a return of foreign domination."

I broke in to say that I could see no chance whatever that foreign domination would return.

"I grant you this sensitivity is often not fully justified by the facts," he said, "but it is there, just the same, rooted in this long history." This Asian outlook, Mr. Nehru said, is usually referred to as a spirit of nationalism. He was candid in saying that he did not consider nationalism by itself an admirable thing; it only depends on how it functions.

"India and China," he said, "have a still



COLLIER'S

"Well, I finally got the bank account balanced. Anything left for me to help you with in the kitchen?"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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further bond of common experience. Both suffered from feudal land systems which oppressed the small man and enriched the great landlord. The Chinese Communists and Chiang Kai-shek both promised they would change this. The Communists proceeded to do something about it. Chiang did nothing effective. We in India are moving to get rid of feudal landholding, and this is a further tie with China. But in India the process is slower than in China, for here the landlords are compensated, paid for their holdings, according to our new laws.

"There are times when India is not in agreement with other governments concerning Asia. We venture to think that perhaps those of us in India, or those of us in some other parts of Asia, may conceivably have a somewhat better understanding, not of the economic problems or the political, but certainly of those general problems of the mind and spirit and heart that trouble Asia and which ultimately are going to govern the actions of Asia. In Asia masses are in movement. This is not an external movement. Minds are in movement. They are changing and shaking and I do not know where it will land us.

"It is more difficult, as of today at least, for India to understand America than to understand England and Europe. India feels herself closer to Europe than to America.

"There are many reasons for this, some of them obvious. Indian relations to England are part of this, of course; London has been the center of many things for us. Many Indians were educated in England; the proportion going to America for education is far greater now, but in my generation it was England."

* * *

I asked if this breach might not be narrowed and understanding made much more possible for this reason: America's greatness is largely built upon her technical and scientific leadership, her genius in industrial and development matters. Since this is the direction toward which the new India aspires, and is the trend in the whole of Asia for that matter, won't this common interest help us to comprehend each other?

"I certainly hope so," Mr. Nehru said, "but in any event the relations between America and India—or Asia for that matter—won't remain static. Either we grow closer together or farther apart, and rather rapidly.

"But when there is disagreement between those of us in Asia and you in America, remember this: The people of Asia do not bend easily. They are accustomed to disaster, invasions, floods, famine, discrimination from the outside, exploitation, recriminations, blows, indignities, threats, prison—they have had these things and more, for hundreds and thousands of years. And they are still here. There must be something very strong here, something very vital, or they would not have survived all those things. This sense of having endured causes India to be not too much upset by angry reaction to her course.

"And what is true of India, in this particular respect, is true of China. They too have suffered many, many disasters.

"China today might be defeated by force of arms. But 450,000,000 Chinese cannot be subdued by winning a war against them, or by visiting military punishment on them. They can be won over; but they will never be won over by force, no matter how great the military victory.

"Gandhi taught the people of India a very important thing, important so far as relations with America are concerned. He was just a frail old man—the wind could blow him away. No spellbinder; he talked in short sentences, and very simply. But he taught the people of India not to be frightened, not to fear. He said: 'What have you to fear? That you will go to prison? That is nothing to be afraid of. Many people have gone to prison, many people have lived in prison almost as long as out of it.' He said, 'You must not surrender to fear, for this weakens you. You must resist evil, face it and resist it, and this strengthens you.'

"And so when Americans seem to us to become almost hysterical with fears and crises, this does not greatly impress the Indian people. America must really understand this if it seeks to understand India—or Asia."

I said that if we appeared to India to be fearful, or dominated by fear, or as he said, "hysterical," it was because we had become persuaded by the course of events that Russia intended to rob the world by force of liberties without which we, at least, could not live.

He looked skeptical at this flat assertion, so I continued at some length.

"The rulers of Russia," I concluded, "have made it clear to us that they are not liberators from tyranny but a new set of tyrants; out to do the free world in, by ugly deceitful methods, and by force—by war—if necessary. Our fears may seem great, but they are real and no sudden thing."

"Yes, what you say is obvious," he said. "But that does not justify the hysterical attitude in America that your own country is actually in physical danger from Russia.

"One should remember this about Russia, that there was a sort of serfdom. Then they set out to change the country.

"The Russians did give economic improvement, but the individual is crushed; in other words there has been economic improvement, but no political improvement. It makes our Indian Communists angry when I call them reactionary, but it is true.

"My own conviction is this: that there can be no real improvement except through the individual, through a further development of the individual. With this must go economic improvement as well. But economic improvement is not the end purpose. The end purpose is a better man."

* * *

From these talks, from talks with Nehru's fellow Cabinet members and associates, and from my visits in various parts of India I gained one strong clear impression about Nehru: that he is symbolic of India itself as this new republic sets out on the troubled waters of independence.

Nehru is symbolic of India in this: that he is not one man but two. One Nehru is deep in the long past. Then there is the other Nehru. This Nehru lives in the future. This side of Nehru—and of India—sees that only in science, technology, industry, modern methods of agriculture, modern forms of organization and management can India become strong enough to preserve her internal unity, or protect her hard-won independence against conquest or domination by any foreign power.

Nehru himself, I think, is predominantly a modern man. This modern man in him sees that this is not the age of the spinning wheel, but of science and of industry.

Nehru speaks a good deal about science. But he does more than talk. He has done effective things to make India the center on the continent of Asia of science and the scientific outlook. How important science seems to him is attested by the fact that (until a few months ago) the Prime Minister was also Minister for Scientific Research. He probably knows as much about science, sees more scientists, takes a more active part in the establishment and conduct of laboratories and knows more about engineering projects than any political leader in the world.

One of his very first steps, as the head of a brand-new nation, was to lay plans for 11 new national scientific laboratories. That was less than four years ago. Seven of these today are built, equipped and in operation. This is what, under Nehru's prodding and insistence, India has done since 1947.

There is certainly nothing "mystically Oriental" nor anti-American about this huge technical undertaking. On the contrary. When I walked into the spick-and-span new Physical Laboratory at New Delhi (designed, by the way, along the lines of the Bell Laboratories of our own A.T.&T.), the first thing I saw was a plaque, carved into the stone of the spacious lobby, reading in large letters:

DO IT NOW!
I AM NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES FOR DELAYS.
I AM INTERESTED ONLY IN THINGS DONE.
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

If an American had placed such a slogan over the portals of his business we would say with admiration that "he's a go-getter." I wouldn't describe Nehru as a "go-getter," but he certainly has the impatience and tireless energy we like to call "American," even to the detail of going up stairs (and down!) two steps at a time.

The picture of India that we in America have had, over a long period of time, is that of an exotic land—snake charmers, fakirs, rope tricks—and of a brooding people with an aversion for the machinery and technology that have transformed our own country and western Europe. But that kind of observation misses completely the really significant thing about India and about Nehru: the drive to make India a modern nation.

Nehru is firmly committed to a vast program for the engineering development of the river valleys in India. His is a 15-year program designed to transform the face of India through irrigation and flood control, open up now sparsely settled areas, double or treble food production and by use of the millions upon millions of kilowatts of hydroelectrical energy under development, produce a revolution in the manner of life. How far and how fast Nehru's program actually can go will be determined not so much by engineering limitations as by India's future relations with America and upon India's ability to raise capital.

India is poverty-stricken, but not poor. India does have the potential riches of great rivers, minerals in great variety (including iron ore, limestone and coal, the basis for steel), land that responds to irrigation and improved farming methods, and a trainable people. She has resources that modern technical skills and democratic principles can transform into productive wealth.

* * *

Take power, for example. The amount of electric power per person is a reliable measure of the productivity of a country, and of its standard of living. Today India's use of power, per capita, is pitiably low. All over India, however, there are important undeveloped water-power resources. I flew over the most dramatic "water-power site" in the world, the Himalaya Mountains that form the northern border of India. We circled over the site of a projected dam on the Kosi River, which when built will be the highest in the world. The Kosi, a wild elephant of a river, plunges out of the highest mountains onto a plain that is now a barren waste.

Someday a series of dams on the Kosi will control that river, and thereby create a new civilization of farms and factories where today there is nothing.

Then we flew, at over 20,000 feet, to within a few miles of Mount Everest. It takes little imagination to see the "gold" in those mountains—fabulous amounts of energy now unused that can someday make India one of the centers of technical civilization of the world. The grandeur of the summit of Mount Everest, seen at very close range, is awe-inspiring indeed; the bright prospect for the future of the Indian people that the slopes of the Himalayas present is equally inspiring.

What about food resources? India, as everyone knows, does not raise enough food to feed her people properly. And yet in the very states of Bihar and Orissa where famine and mass starvation today casts its terrible shadow of death, I saw the huge Hirakud project under construction that can completely change that picture in the near future. Upon its completion, the Hirakud project will make this now impoverished and famine-ridden region one of the most productive of northeastern India. A few elementary changes in farming practices, such as the use of improved kinds of seed, can multiply the level and quality of food production by several times. Electric power, mineral resources, scientific and technical training and the encouragement of savings and capital investment will mean more industry, large and small.

If the leading figures of India, or the people themselves, were antagonistic to change, and especially to modern machinery, then the picture would indeed be a dismal one. But I found just the contrary to be the case, in my own travels through India.

Not even in America have I seen more pride over the "bigness" of machinery, more gentlemanly bragging; a Euclid "loader"—a great American earth mover—I was told with pride by Indian engineers, was doing the work of 650 men. These huge American machines are operated by men many of whom a year before had no experience with machinery. And in sight of such giant machinery, women (many of them pitifully undernourished for such heavy work) would carry 60 pounds of gravel or rock in headbaskets up a plank to a concrete mixer, trailing their long saris and occasionally stopping to tend to a few-months-old child.

But there is another Nehru. The other Nehru is emotionally rooted in the past, skeptical of the deeper values modern life can create. He recalls the glories of an-

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S "Your new shoes are killin' me too, Bessie!" REAMER KELLER

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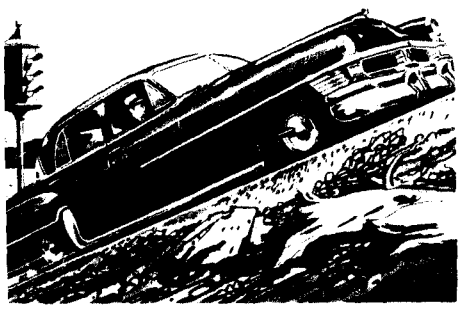

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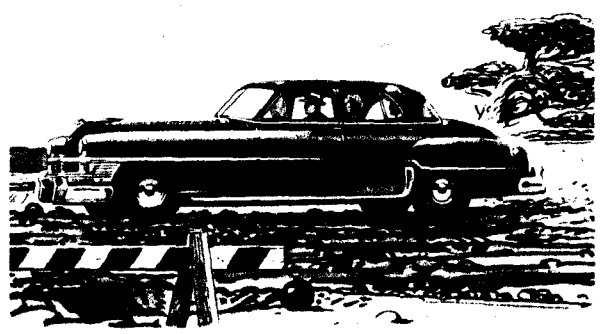

2 ORIFLOW . . . *new shock-absorbing power to give double the smoothness of the best ride you ever had.*

3 HYDRAGUIDE . . . *first power steering in any passenger car, does four-fifths of the steering work for you!*

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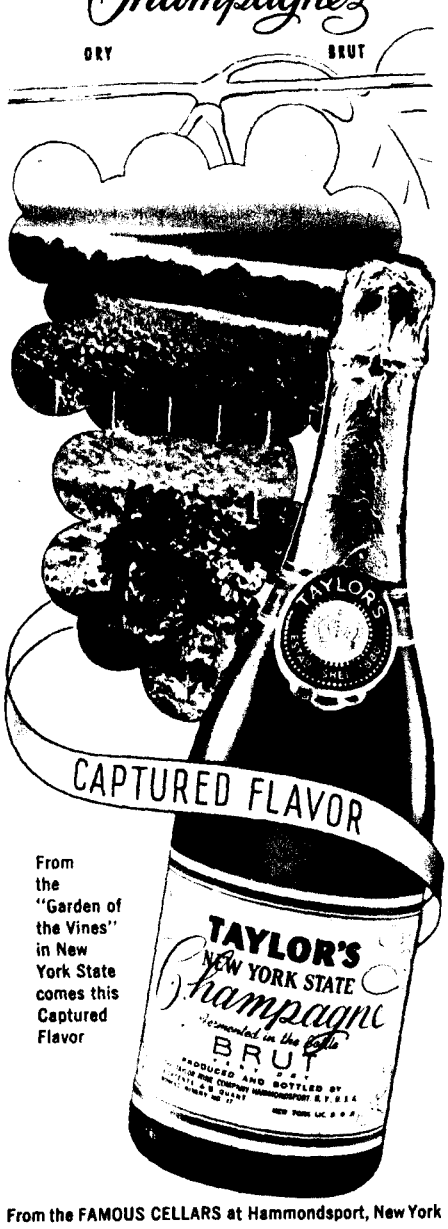

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cient India, when no country surpassed her civilization. And so he is torn between today and yesterday, between the past and the future.

How much of this conflict is conviction and how much of it is Nehru's keen political sense manifesting itself unconsciously, I was not able to judge. That he is very sensitive to the feeling of the people is clear. Most of his important statements of policy he deliberately makes in extemporaneous speeches before throngs of his own people. He told me that he has great difficulty in expressing himself except before such gatherings—the crowds sometimes run to 100,000 people.

When he speaks to these crowds, he says he feels an intimacy and a warmth he finds impossible elsewhere. Not that he thinks they understand all, or at times perhaps any, of what he is saying. But he feels that they like him, and they respond to the fact that it is to them that he prefers to express his ideas, even when, as often happens, he scolds and upbraids them.

Nehru, the political leader, is the man looking backward, preoccupied with past injuries at the hands of "white imperialism," with fears and excessive sensitiveness about the motives of America and all outsiders.

The man who looks backward is the man listening intently to the pulse of a people (most of whom are always hungry, many of whom are half starving by our standards) who, as Nehru put it, are "tormented" because in other parts of the world people no more gifted and intelligent went ahead with the industrial revolution, whereas they did not.

The "torment" of mind is the internal strain of a spirit divided, pulling this way and that, wanting the things of the future, but clinging with intense emotion to the past. The cry of "Asia for the Asians" which one hears everywhere in India, and which slogan the Communists have taken over, is a clever way of rallying this reactionary impulse, this backward-looking, past-loving part of the Indians' loyalty. Nehru's great job is to bring them along to a modern India.

* * *

This is *quite* a job! Everywhere I saw tangible evidence of how tough it is. I saw men operating pneumatic drills in the rock of a damsite who were so slight and undernourished that it took three of them to hold a single drill in the drill hole. (But they held it.)

In a remote rural area I visited a hospital headed by a brilliant young woman physician, and observed that there were only two nurses, untrained country girls. The doctor told me that until recent years only a few women entered the professions or did any work outside the home, so strong was the prejudice against a change in woman's ancient status.

Nursing itself (associated in the public mind with midwifery, a function long restricted to the untouchable caste) was considered degrading. Castes now are outlawed and this prejudice too is changing. In Delhi, for example, I had pointed out to me a postgraduate nursing school.

I visited a vocational training school where boys were learning trades. I was told how uphill a task it is to break down the prejudice against working with the hands among great sectors of Indians. But it *is* breaking down: over the entrance to this school there was a sign in large letters: WORK IS WORSHIP.

The job Nehru and his people face is indeed a tough one.

How does Nehru "stack up" on the half dozen or so simple questions about him that the average conscientious American citizen might have in his mind?

Is Nehru a Communist, or if not a Communist, is he more on that side than on ours?

He is certainly no Communist; he is the chief target of abuse by Indian Communists and by the Kremlin. He doesn't want the United Nations or America to get into a drawn-out war in China; he wants to confine the Korean issue to a local war and get it stopped before it turns into a full-scale world-wide war. If there is a war he thinks all of India's hopes for the future are sunk; to prevent this he thinks the best bet is to deal with the Red China regime, apparently on the ground that it is the regime that now in fact rules China.

* * *

In my mind there is no doubt that Nehru is essentially committed to the free world, by conviction, by training and background, by habit of mind, and by community of spirit. I cannot conceive of Nehru—the man with convictions so strong that he spent years in jail to rid his country of control by Britain—ever yielding to domination or dictation from the Kremlin, from the Communist regime in China, or, for that matter, from any American administration.

Is he with us? Can we go along with a man who takes such a critical attitude toward our government's policy in Asia?

This is hardly the acid test since there are also a good many patriotic Americans who don't agree with our Asian policy.

Does he "like" us?

Liking or not liking should have little bearing on what we ought to do and with whom we ought to stand. There has been too much of this kind of sensitivity on both sides. The real question is whether our purposes and goals and Nehru's, and those of the India he stands for, are basically along the same road; whether the self-interest of the people of India and our own self-interest *in fundamentals* are roughly parallel. Today I think they are.

Will Nehru continue as the leader of India? There will probably be an election late in 1951. The prospect is that the Congress party will remain the majority party and that Nehru will continue to head that party and continue as the Constitutional First Minister.

Suppose his party falls, and he with it? Then what? If he falls, I believe it will be evidence that the new India is a hope dissolved, that the political structure of the country is cracking up into many divisions; that the fires of antiforeign and anti-American and anti-Moslem feeling will be fanned by extremists, and that we would witness the beginnings of a Communist India and the end of any hope for us in the whole mainland of Asia.

Such setbacks could happen if Nehru fails in his big task of leadership. But they are not inevitable. We cannot prevent their happening, but we can help. Nehru represents democracy's best hope (though not insurance) against another major reversal for democracy in Asia.

There are two supreme tests of Nehru's leadership in India. One is his success or failure in this great effort to set India's feet on the road toward becoming a modern nation. This is a task of fabulous difficulty, but not an impossible one by any means. But it cannot succeed *in time* without outside help, chiefly from America.

A case can certainly be made for the proposition that from the American point of view all of Asia is hopeless—India included—for as far in the future as anyone now living can foresee. The dark and discouraging portents are all about you as you visit India. People multiplying faster than the supply of food or shelter or clothing is increasing. An actual decline in the standard of living. Disease and unbelievable filth in every nook and cranny of the country I visited. Ignorance, illiteracy, superstitions and political instability. Shocking discrepancies between the very rich and powerful and the millions and millions of poor and destitute.

This discouraging side of the picture is a familiar story to us in the United States. It is summed up in the phrase of a sympathetic American—"India is a mess."

I was not blind to the dark side, but in spite of it I came away from India with a feeling of hopefulness. That hopefulness springs from those things I saw in India upon which she can build a great future. This will take time, but the concrete results can appear in less than a decade, and a great transformation is attainable in 50 years of hard, purposeful work.

Let me set down, by way of summary, the chief basis for my own sense of hopefulness.

First is the bare fact that the new Republic of India has survived. This in itself is an achievement, in light of the tribulations of every sort that descended upon the new nation from the hour of its birth in 1947. This huge nation, divided into hundreds of states and provinces for centuries, held together only by British arms but with no actual experience in responsibility, suddenly had its independence. Chaos and disintegration were predicted; many people thought the British would be asked to resume control within two years. The country was cut into three geographical parts overnight—by the partition of Pakistan, which itself became two sections—the most sudden and severe instance of political vivisection I know anything about. Still India survived the shock.

A state of almost-war with Pakistan, droughts, floods, earthquakes of unusual severity, a severe crop failure, and efforts of Communist infiltration—here was an accumulation of troubles that would have tried the stability and endurance and skill of a seasoned government. But they did not carry the new nation down. To meet all of these troubles no rash, ill-considered steps were taken toward the extreme left or extreme right; there was no appeasing or trifling with Communist forces within India, no alliance with the Communist regime of China.

Second in importance, on the hopeful side, is the emphasis upon developing the human and natural assets of India. I have referred particularly to the series of new National Laboratories, and the launching of vast new projects for the development of the water resources of the rivers of India. More important than the tangible things—the laboratories and scientific equipment, the great irrigation and power dams rising in the valleys, the huge water tunnels through the mountains—is the recognition that India needs the great lever of science and technical skills.

The central political fact about India is that her people *expect* progress along these very lines. And the great political question mark is whether they will refuse to "wait" for the results of Nehru's essentially democratic methods because they are beguiled by Communist promises of a quick, violent short cut.

Third among hopeful signs is the importance that is attached to doing the big job of building India through India's own efforts. I found no one who thought the task could be done from the top, or by outside forces. True, if carried to extremes this attitude can become—and in many cases has unfortunately been translated into —antiforeign "India First" reactionary sentiment. But the wholesome aspect of this feeling of self-reliance outweighs the evil. These are a people with pride. Not once in our talks did Nehru or any other Indians ever urge American aid.

* * *

India has made a beginning. It is a good one. It will turn sour, however, in any narrow parochial antiforeign atmosphere of "Asia for the Asians." For that implies that India votes for the past.

We cannot ask for and would never receive India's promise always to agree with our government on every important issue that arises in Asia. All we want is a good working relation with a vast and struggling young nation. But we are not in the position of a suppliant, begging for India's favor. America can survive if it must without India, or without Asia, for that matter.

We need to know which India is on top: the old or the new.

I believe the new India is on top, with a fair chance to stay there. We could not cooperate with the old India even if we wanted to. We can work with the new. I think we should. I believe we will. THE END

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Away Out West in the Land of Cotton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

to irrigate fields, for instance, so that crops could be harvested before the early winter rains; how to rotate cotton with such crops as alfalfa, barley, flax and wheat to keep fields from wearing out in three to ten years; how to use new fertilizers and how to fight lethal soil organisms, like wilt, which rots plant stems, or pests, like the aphis fly, which is the sorrow of all specialized farming.

To get farmers to listen to him at all, Harrison has had first to convince them he was not just an outrider of Washington bureaucracy sent to socialize them one and all, but a farmer.

Absorbing a Useful Lesson

Harrison has had to hammer on the fact that good farming methods, and nothing else, make for good yield. This lesson San Joaquin farmers have learned so well that they now average over a bale and a half per acre—almost three times the national average of 269 pounds. Beyond all this, Harrison had to start from scratch with the temperamental Acala cotton, a strain peculiarly adapted to the desert climate of the San Joaquin, and breed out all the imperfections that once made it a "discount cotton" which domestic mills would not buy, and which for years had to be sold to the Japanese.

Harrison's contributions in farming technique, public relations and science were best described a while ago by a Fresno cotton broker, an industry statistician with a cold eye for profits.

"George Harrison," this gentleman said, "is worth just about $20 a bale to every cotton grower in this state."

Since the San Joaquin will produce around 2,000,000 bales of cotton this year, Harrison's grand worth to the industry would seem to exceed $40,000,000 a year. Harrison's salary this year will be $7,600, before taxes.

The San Joaquin, or Harrison's Cotton Patch, is a 240-mile-long trough cutting down through the middle of California from Stockton on the north to the Tehachapi Mountains in the south, and running east to west, flat as a floor, from the towering Sierra Nevadas to the low, rolling Coast Range. By far the largest valley in the West, it is an intensely cultivated, lush and beautiful checkerboard of grain and vegetable fields and orchards and cotton farms.

Seventy-five years ago the valley was a waterless waste of greasewood and sagebrush. The unknown factor in this unlovely land was that it contained 36 per cent of the state's irrigable land and was rich enough to grow fungus on your finger, if you happened to stick it in ground that had known the taste of water. Water was the key. When it was finally imported, through irrigation canals, fed by the Sierra snowshed, or brought up through wells from the water table underlying the valley floor, it was promptly discovered that just about any kind of vegetable life, from turnips to sweet marjoram, would grow there. Between 1880 and 1928, this discovery was put to spectacular use throughout the long valley.

Cottonwise, the valley is split into two parts—the east side, where 60 acres is the average farm size and which has plentiful, easily accessible water; and the west side which, if the water table keeps dropping at its present rate of eight feet a year, may find itself without any at all. The west side, where 2,000 acres is the operable minimum, is the stronghold of the big operators, who have to be big to afford to sink wells 2,000 feet to water. The east side is the stronghold of the conservatives whose well-water supply is near the surface and is constantly replenished by the Sierra watershed. The east side wells are supplemented by rivers and canals, and ultimately by the Friant-Kern Canal, part of the huge Central Valley Project now under construction.

East or west, large or small, California cotton farmers are a highly mechanized lot. Once a visitor from a more conventional farming area took one look at a typical San Joaquin layout and exclaimed: "This isn't farming. It's Rube Goldberg."

Neither Harrison nor mechanization has succeeded in making California the nation's top cotton producer, of course. West Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas, in that order, all surpass it. The reason is that these states have many more acres of land suitable for cotton growing. If all the cotton land in California were to be utilized, the total would not exceed 2,000,000 acres —or about one third the land planted to cotton in west Texas last year. California's strength, as has been said, lies in the three-to-one edge it holds over the other large cotton-producing states in bale-per-acre production.

Despite its blessings, natural and man-made, it seemed that the San Joaquin would never be good for anything that day in 1934 when George Harrison first arrived there. As he drove out from the flat little town of Shafter, two miles south of the experimental farm where he was to take over his assignment as agronomist in charge, a dust storm blackened the skies. Silt drifted high against the fences in the hot wind.

The fields Harrison could see were withered from a winter that had produced just 1.4 inches of rain, the smallest fall in 20 years. Drought was not the only problem. Migrant workers wandered the valley with little hope of work or food or shelter. The going wage for field hands was 20 cents an hour (currently, it is 80 cents), and shack towns were thick along the streams and irrigation ditches. Irrigated land, which is now worth as much as $1,000 an acre, was being offered for $135, with no takers.

Cotton was even worse off. It was selling for ten cents a pound because the Acala strain, originally a good cotton, had deteriorated so badly in the hands of local growers that it could not compete on the domestic market with strains grown elsewhere in the United States. Harrison's orders from Washington were to do something about California cotton, and do it fast before the growers got so mad they started reaching for their rifles.

Harrison didn't know where or how to begin the rescue operation. After he had been at the experimental farm a few days, he put out a few feelers.

"Those fellows wouldn't even talk to me," Harrison recalls. "I walked into a State rights attitude and it set me off balance. I was supposed to co-operate. But who with? And what on?"

Once during his first weeks at the farm Harrison quietly suggested to a group of growers that they were overirrigating their cotton. Too much water produces a larger plant, but has no effect on the number or size of the cotton bolls. Next day, he received a toy watering can with the crudely lettered message, "For *Not* Watering Government Cotton."

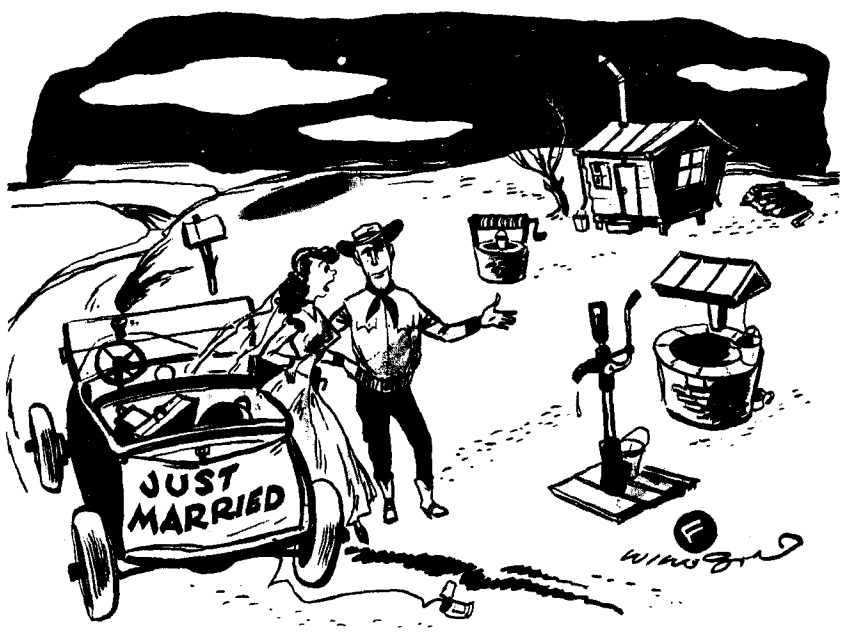
Harrison decided to hole in at the farm and review the situation. He began by taking stock of himself.

Hardships of His Boyhood

He was a Texas farm boy, born on a cotton farm near Corpus Christi. One of seven children, he put on his first pair of shoes at thirteen. He remembers that, at fourteen, a horse bolted on him, upsetting the family wagon and spilling a 100-pound sack of flour he was bringing back from town. The family went without bread for a long time. His early education, such as it was, was self-administered. But when he finally caught up with formal schooling, he hustled through high school in Corpus Christi in three and a half years, and East Texas State Teachers College in three. While at college he took the lone agricultural course, which was so rudimentary that it offered nothing he did not know already.

Harrison was quiet, studious and precise. After college he tried various jobs—hardware salesman, general handy man and migrant worker in the wheat fields from Texas to Nebraska. An aviation cadet at Kelly Field in World War I, he cracked up a Jenny on his first take-off and spent 10 weeks in a hospital. Out of the Army in 1919, and down to his last 90 cents, he landed a job as an assistant agronomist at the Agriculture Department's Cotton Field Station near Phoenix.

The man in charge of the station at that time was Dr. Thomas H. Kearney, a nationally known agronomist. Under Kearney, Harrison learned quickly and eventually helped him make substantial improvements in the Arizona cotton strain. Harrison also received at least one good lesson in farmer temperament in Arizona. Once, when local cotton men thought the station had given them some phony information, they called an indignation meeting. Harrison, who had broken both arches in a freak field accident, showed up on crutches. Hobbling to his seat in the packed hall, he was astonished to hear the farmers planning to run him out of town on a rail,



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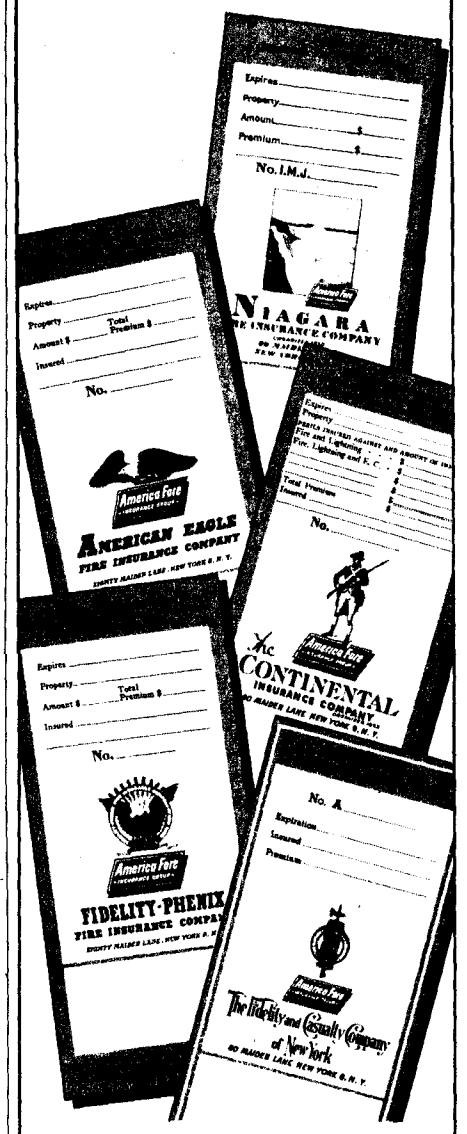

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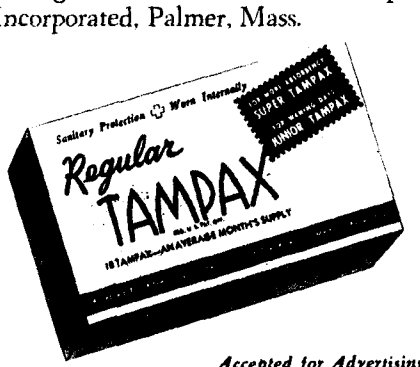

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and for one of the few times in his life, Harrison lost his head.

"Come and get me, boys!" he yelled, rising up and waving one of his crutches wildly aloft. "You'll never have a better opportunity, now I can't run. But I want to tell you this. The first man that gets in range—I'll clip his melon off with this instrument and send it rolling down the aisle."

Nobody got in range.

Harrison remembered this incident with particular vividness as he closeted himself in the San Joaquin experimental farm to think things over. It was clear he would have to win the growers' confidence before he could force a superior cotton on them. But how to get a superior cotton? Acala cotton, which grows best in the San Joaquin's alkaline soil, was a strain new to Harrison. He understood something of its history, of course—how it had been discovered in 1906 growing wild in the doorway of a Mexican hut in the town of Jacala near Mexico City, and how it had been brought to Texas and then New Mexico and finally California. He also knew that Acala was the courtesan of cottons, a plant with a large, lush blossom that attracted every pollen-carrying insect for miles around. Acala had been tried with indifferent success in many places in the Southwest.

For a solid year Harrison studied and experimented with Acala in his makeshift laboratory, and took occasional field trips to add to his knowledge of San Joaquin soil conditions and its irrigation, ginning and farming methods. He poked around the fields, stood around listening to trade talk, visited the gins and compresses. In Harrison's mind the cotton future of the San Joaquin was slowly taking shape.

At a Growers' Mass Meeting

In 1935, when he knew about what he wanted to do, he called a mass meeting of growers in a Bakersfield hotel. Twelve growers appeared, all impatient to learn what could be done to pull them out of the hole. The first thing they learned was that Harrison is a slow and thorough man. He reminded them that there had been a national prejudice against Acala since it was first grown in the Imperial Valley, a couple of hundred miles south of the San Joaquin, in the early 1900s. The prejudice was partly justified, he said, because Acala was a gross, weak-fibered strain that did not spin or dye well, and was full of fuzzy imperfections cotton men call neps. The fault with Acala lay in the cotton itself, Harrison declared, and that's what he meant to get at. Interest at the meeting picked up at once.

"In 15 years," he said, "or 10 if I'm very lucky, I'll have a cotton for you that will give greater yield, and that you can sell at premium prices. That's all I can say."

Harrison's punch line drew a long, strained silence. Then the reaction set in: "I've got a family to feed, Mister. What am I supposed to do for 15 years—feed them government bulletins?"

Harrison came away from the meeting feeling as though he had been processed by a cotton gin. What he did not guess was that his dry forthrightness had impressed his audience. The farmers were inclined to trust a man who didn't put on, or talk too much, and certainly Harrison was that man. He looked plain and sincere; the word spread that he knew his stuff. From there on George Harrison's fortunes in the San Joaquin took a turn for the better.

Back at the experimental farm, he set patiently to work. The scene of his labors was a group of gray buildings on 80 of the best and most meticulously cultivated acres in the valley. This prize tract was leased to the Agriculture Department for a dollar a year by the Kern County Board of Supervisors.

Harrison's work was highly complex. While he was wrestling with weighty botanical problems, and making no progress that the farmers could see, California was experiencing the first of its war-cotton booms, based mostly on demand from Japan, which was busy turning out uniforms for its Greater East Asia army. In 1936, production almost doubled over the previous year, and in 1937 it hit a high of 738,000 bales, more than triple the 1935 production. While the boom was on, the farmers tolerated, and were even friendly with, George Harrison, but in 1938 the government slapped on crop control and local cotton acreage was cut in half. With this profit-shearing restriction in force, the farmers began to look sourly at Harrison once more. They also began to fidget for him to do something.

Harrison lost count of the letters in which he was called a "busybody" or a "crackpot." Once he had to laugh at a farm wife who described him to his face as a "radical." Nevertheless, he was making progress. By 1941 he was ready to deliver an interim cotton called Acala P-18 that had higher quality, fewer neps, a bigger boll, more storm resistance and less susceptibility to disease than any previous Acala strain. P-18 was an immediate success and did much to alter the growers' opinion of Harrison.

After Pearl Harbor, war demand, which had almost doubled prices over the 1934 level, also caused acreage restrictions to be removed. All the San Joaquin needed to get rich in the boom, apparently, was a good cotton, and it existed in P-18. But the war boom that brought prosperity also brought a critical labor shortage, and the cotton growers, who had never imagined opportunities so great as those that now faced them, could not expand their operations because most of the field hands had disappeared into the shipyards.

In small-town hotel lobbies, around the gins and bars and even in front of the churches, wherever cotton men gathered, laments that the best years of their lives were going for nothing burdened the air. After the war, they complained, the demand for cotton would evaporate, casting the whole valley into a depression as grisly as the last one. That, they said, was surely what was going to happen.

Fortunately, the growers did not foresee the future any more clearly than they had the wartime labor shortage. Through 1946 and 1947, world demand for quality cotton like P-18 remained very near war levels, and prices, freed of controls, soared higher than they had during the war. And to insure that prices would remain high, the Agriculture Department, so long considered by the growers as part straw boss, part clown and part giveaway program, jacked the whole structure up with a lofty cotton parity price of 30 cents a pound. Also, through 1949, the department refrained from reinstituting cotton acreage control.

Clearly, this, and not the war period, was the golden age of California cotton.

Largely on the strength of Harrison's P-18 Acala and Harrison's farming advice, California rose to a position of importance among the cotton states. In 1947, 804,000 acres of the San Joaquin were planted to cotton and a yield of 960,000 bales (or 572 pounds per acre, compared with the national average of 312) was harvested. The gross take was $157,000,000. The next year, production jumped all around and gross profits rose to $180,000,000. In 1949, the San Joaquin land planted to cotton was expanded to 960,000 acres from which growers harvested 634 pounds per acre. They made over $200,000,000 gross.

An Old Promise Is Fulfilled

George Harrison, whose fame was growing faster than the cotton, was still grinding away at Acala to keep the promise he had made the growers 15 years before. In late 1948, in a new strain he called Acala 4-42, he had a cotton that would bring greater yield and could be sold at premium prices.

Acala 4-42 was as superior to Acala P-18 as P-18 had been to the previous Acala strain. This news, dull as it might be to the outside world, was pure catnip to the growers, and they waited with a kind of awe for Harrison to break the news officially that 4-42 was ready for planting.

The great moment came at a January, 1949, meeting of key cotton growers in a hotel in the little San Joaquin farm town of Tulare. This was the day for which Harrison had worn out his eyes over fibragraphs; for which he had turned down more than 50 offers to make him a sure-fire millionaire overnight; for which he had given up most of his social life, outside of a few nights every month to play poker; for which he had suffered abuse from growers and had worked from 4:00 A.M. until dark in the experimental fields nearly every day for 15 summers—the day for which he had pointed ever since he came to the San Joaquin.

Clouds hung low over the valley as he drove toward Tulare, but he paid little attention. He was thinking that if he handled himself right in the next few hours, all of the 12,000 cotton farmers in the valley would switch from an established high-yield cottonseed, P-18, to the yet untried 4-42, on nothing but his say-so. A thing like that, a mass switch from a known to an unknown, rarely if ever had happened in the history of American agriculture.

If the new seed didn't turn out to be all he said it was, he would jeopardize the welfare of every grower in the valley, and also the billion-dollar industry which depended on them—the ginners, cotton-oil millers, co-operatives, brokers, merchants and manufacturers, to say nothing of the man on the street whose income depended on the

SISTER

"Well, you wouldn't want me to get married without a train!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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the pick of all 3

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"It's obvious to a TV engineer that Spartons are built to highest performance standards. The engineering extras show up in basic design, component parts, Sparton power and reception." (Signed) Joseph Bratko, TV Service Engineer, Chicago.

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"A decorator appreciates the flexibility of Sparton's smart styling. Sparton's rich-grained veneers, well-balanced lines and fine hardware accessories are adaptable to traditional, contemporary or modern furniture." (Signed) Kathleen White, Kathy White Interiors, Cleveland.

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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

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A MASTER STRATEGIST, CHARLES DILLON ("CASEY") STENGEL HAS KNOW-HOW AND THEN SOME! HE IS ROUNDING OUT **41 YEARS IN BASEBALL...21 AS AN ACTIVE PLAYER**

BASEBALL CALLED IT A MIRACLE WHEN MANAGER STENGEL OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES SPARKED "A BUNCH OF CRIPPLES" TO THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1949. HIS BRILLIANT REPEAT IN 1950 WAS ANOTHER STUNNING UPSET!

I'VE USED THE **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED** SINCE IT FIRST CAME OUT. IT'S FAR AND AWAY THE SLICKEST-SHAVING RAZOR... AND THE HANDIEST... I'VE EVER OWNED

Casey Stengel

Gillette SUPER-SPEED RAZOR $1.00

HERE'S THE RAZOR THAT SKIMS OFF TOUGH BEARD QUICKLY AND EASILY... THE MODERN **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED!** YOU ENJOY **INSTANT** BLADE CHANGING, REAL SHAVING **COMFORT** AND DOUBLE-EDGE **ECONOMY**...IMPORTANT BENEFITS COMBINED **ONLY** IN THE GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR. ASK FOR ONE!

ZIP! Blade hooks on ...drops in place PRESTO!

FOR THE BEST-LOOKING SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE . . . USE

Gillette Blue Blades

● See how easy and refreshing shaving can be. Get acquainted with super-keen Gillette Blue Blades in the modern Dispenser that feeds them out unwrapped and has a built-in compartment for the safe, permanent disposal of your used blades.

10 BLADES 49¢ 20 BLADES 98¢

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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valley's prosperity. If the new seed did turn out well, it would bring the San Joaquin prosperity it had never known. Harrison knew it would succeed, but he had to convince the growers.

When Harrison pulled into Tulare it was raining. Wet gusts flattened his hat around his ears as he plodded up to the hotel. In the lobby the clerk told him there was a cotton men's luncheon all right, but that nobody named Harrison was listed among the guests. Harrison started down a hall looking for the dining room. Lost after a couple of turnings, he knocked on a door and was faced by a disheveled woman in a bathrobe.

"Get this back Friday!" the woman snapped, shoving a bundle of dirty laundry into Harrison's arms.

Eventually he found the dining room. When he rose to read his speech, the leaders of the California cotton industry put down their coffee cups and sat back. They had known about Acala 4-42 for months. But what would Harrison say about it? They braced themselves for the flow of superlatives an occasion of this significance seemed to demand. But the rain and the clerk and the laundry had taken the superlatives out of Harrison.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've got a new kind of cottonseed here I think you ought to try next year. It's called Acala 4-42. It's a good cotton."

Then he sat down.

Recalling that terse announcement later, one grower said: "The thing to remember is that George said 4-42 *was* good seed. He didn't say, 'I *think* it's a good seed,' or that 'it *ought to* be good,' he said it *was* good. For George to come flat out like that really sold the meeting. Those growers decided to change almost before George had time to sit down."

When the decision to change over was made, Harrison sat back to watch 4-42 grow with feelings of deep satisfaction. One thing worried him—he felt the growers expected the new seed to turn out a magic cotton that could be grown with little effort on their part. To combat this, Harrison got around the valley as much as possible, warning the growers against easing up. Everywhere he stopped, people seemed to know his name and have a warm handshake for him. At least that was the situation during the early part of the growing season.

Accused of Crackpot Policy

But in July, when it was observed that the new seed wasn't coming up as fast as had the old P-18, Harrison thought he noticed a kind of coolness toward him among the growers. In midseason, when 4-42 continued to lag, he could feel the old, unreasonable grower hostility rising. Later still he was forced to conclude that he really hadn't understood these people he was trying to benefit. All around the San Joaquin, farmers suddenly began to accuse him of steering them off on a crackpot course which would ruin the cotton industry in California. He got a new batch of hate-mail, more vehement this time, and grim bands of farmers dropped around to warn him that the new seed had better produce pretty soon. Not until September, when 4-42 began to turn out a record crop, did the growers calm down.

"It's a good thing that cotton came up when it did, George," one grower informed Harrison later. "It's just possible you mighta been hung."

At the moment all that is forgotten by everybody, including Harrison. For with cotton selling at a pegged price of 46 cents a pound, the San Joaquin is enjoying a cotton boom of a size no one had foreseen, and the whole valley is enjoying corollary benefits—new homes, cars, bicycles for the children; new shops, markets and theaters in the towns.

The reasons for the boom are plain. In 1949, Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan had fears that the 30-cent parity price might bring on a cotton surplus, so he put acreage controls back on for the growing year 1950. The return of controls caused many U.S. cotton farmers to plant other crops, and at the same time the cotton fields of the South were ravaged by boll weevils. The coincidence of these events brought in one of the smallest cotton crops since 1876 and threatened a second great national cotton shortage in a decade—just at the time when the Korean war was driving the demand for cotton through the roof.

In the greatest haste, Secretary Brannan asked all the cotton farmers in the land to increase their acreage from 18,600,000 in 1950 to 28,500,000 in 1951 and save the shirt on the nation's back. Increasing acreage in California meant raising the amount of land planted to cotton to the unprecedented total of 1,250,000 acres. As a result of this expansion, California should produce nearly 2,000,000 bales of cotton this year; it should gross over $300,000,000 and experience a boom to make old-timers forget the days of forty-nine.

For Those with Know-How Only

With all this excitement on the loose, people as far away as Brooklyn have felt the urge to get into the California cotton-growing act. Urges of this kind should be suppressed at once unless the individuals involved have $100,000 or so to invest, or long records as master cotton growers.

The cost of developed "ditchwater land" now runs as high as $1,000 an acre. Raw desert, under which there may or may not be water, sells for from $100 to $250 an acre. The cost of a well and turbine pump averages $30,000, and it takes one well and pump to service every 160 acres. Then there are the operation costs which can run well over $50,000 a year for a 500-acre farm. As for the prospects of inexperienced cotton hands getting loans from one of the big ginning, milling or cotton brokerage companies that have set many ex-ranch foremen and ex-Okies up as cotton landowners, they do not exist.

Almost all the new cotton growers, who will swell the state total from 12,000 to 15,000 this year, will come from the ranks of established local citrus or vegetable farmers. For them, as for the old growers, George Harrison is busy planning an opulent future.

He has already improved his 4-42 strain by breeding into it a new resistance to wilt. Coming up are two of his new Acala strains, Acala Hopi, which is said to rival Egyptian cotton in quality and better it in yield, and a triple hybrid Acala (as yet unnamed) that is supposed to be as good as the British West Indies' sea-island cotton, said to be one of the best long staple types in the world. He is also looking ahead toward the day all cotton farming in the valley will be mechanized, and is trying to breed a plant adapted to the iron picker.

Harrison is so busy, in fact, he hardly has time to turn down all the people who want to help him make a million dollars. "Come back and see me after I'm sixty," he says. When Harrison turns sixty, in August of 1954, he plans to take it easy on his pension for a while.

"One thing I've got a kind of an itch for is to get myself elected to Congress. I could do it from here. Only reason I'd like to is I've had to take so many directives from Washington I'd like to get back there and start giving a few. Just orneriness, you might say."

If he doesn't start politicking, Harrison may take a fling at growing cotton for profit.

No matter what he does—and however resolutely he may try to avoid it—George Harrison is bound to wind up with an unwelcome load of cash.

"Off and on," said one official of a San Joaquin cotton association recently, "the growers have tried to set George up with an annuity, but he always balked. Well, now the boys are getting up a $100,000 pot they mean to saddle him with the day he retires. This time he'll stay saddled—the stubborn old goat. The boys will see to that."

THE END

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G. B. Shaw's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

My dear Gene

The Cashel Byron proposals are only blind snatches at your publicity and mine by people who don't know the book and couldn't judge it if they did. There is not a single really likeable character in it: Cashel, though honest and supercompetent professionally, is selfish and limited; the lady is a prig and a bluestocking; his relations with his egotistical actress-mother are odious; the other girl is humiliated by her poverty and has to marry a man she doesn't respect; and the only real hero in the plot is the footman Bashville: in fact I made him the titular hero when I had to dramatize the novel in a burlesque to keep Corbett's travesty out of London.

In the Corbett version, which I never read and never saw, Cashel was played off —so I was told—as the Long Lost Heir of a noble family. That is just the sort of game they would have to play with C.B.'s P. to make it what they call sympathetic; but the result would not be a success; or, if it were, it would be so unlike the book that they might just as well change the names as well as the natures of the characters and put it up as a new and original scenario by young Kipling Snooks.

They would spoil it by putting a championship fight into it. Now you are one of the few men on earth who cannot be filmed in a sham fight, because you have been filmed in no less than three real ones of the first order; and a stage one after that would be unbearable.

At Brioni I amused myself one evening by inventing quite an amusing boxing film for you; but it was a movie; and since then the advent of the talkies has upset everything. I could not produce genuine American dialogue even if I had time, which will not occur for many months, as I am worked to distraction preparing a complete collected edition of my works for America, and when that is through a new play to succeed The Apple Cart is pressingly wanted . . .

I think Charlotte has written to Polly. Whether or no, give her my love; and come, both of you, to see us when you next land on these shores, first thing.

Not long after that, I got into the book-writing field myself, with the story of my ring career, A Man Must Fight. The publishers, Houghton Mifflin, sold European rights to Jonathan Cape in London. The British firm thought—and rightly—that a preface by George Bernard Shaw would be a remarkable asset, and persuaded me to query him about it. His reply was a masterpiece, both for the finesse with which he rejected a request that was really too much, and for the shrewd criticism of my book. The letter is a classic of its kind.

My dear Gene,

I have read the book. Have you ever read the autobiographies of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, and Samuel Wesley, the founder of the Methodists . . . They are very remarkable books about very remarkable men (especially George, who was a magnificent fellow); and as such they must be read. But there is one difficulty about reading them without skipping. The daily work of George and Samuel was to sail into every town they met on their journeys and literally raise hell (and incidentally heaven) in it. George sometimes tried to pass peacefully through; but it was no use: before he could get away the church bells were sure to ring; and then, as he says, "they struck on my heart"; and back he went to "the steeple house" all out, and let them have it all in. Even Charles II saw as plainly as Cromwell that in some sort the spirit of God was in the man.

Wesley left the steeple house alone, but

COLLIER'S "Hey, Miss, you dropped your handkerchief . . . Oh, it isn't a handkerchief!" SIDNEY HOFF

TOUGH...but oh so gentle

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING
GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

Using too much oil? Chances are, your piston rings are worn-out and they're not only wasting oil—they're wasting power and causing needless engine wear.

Fortunately, worn-out piston rings can be replaced easily and economically, but the more you delay the more you pay.

At the first sign of oil-pumping, replace your rings with Hastings piston rings. They are engineered for replacement service exclusively. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance.

It's the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

Keep your car out of the DANGER ZONE

Ask your motor service man for a Danger Zone check-up. Write for the free Hastings Danger Zone Booklet which shows you how to save money on engine repairs. Dept. C, Hastings Manufacturing Co., Hastings, Michigan. Hastings Ltd., Toronto.

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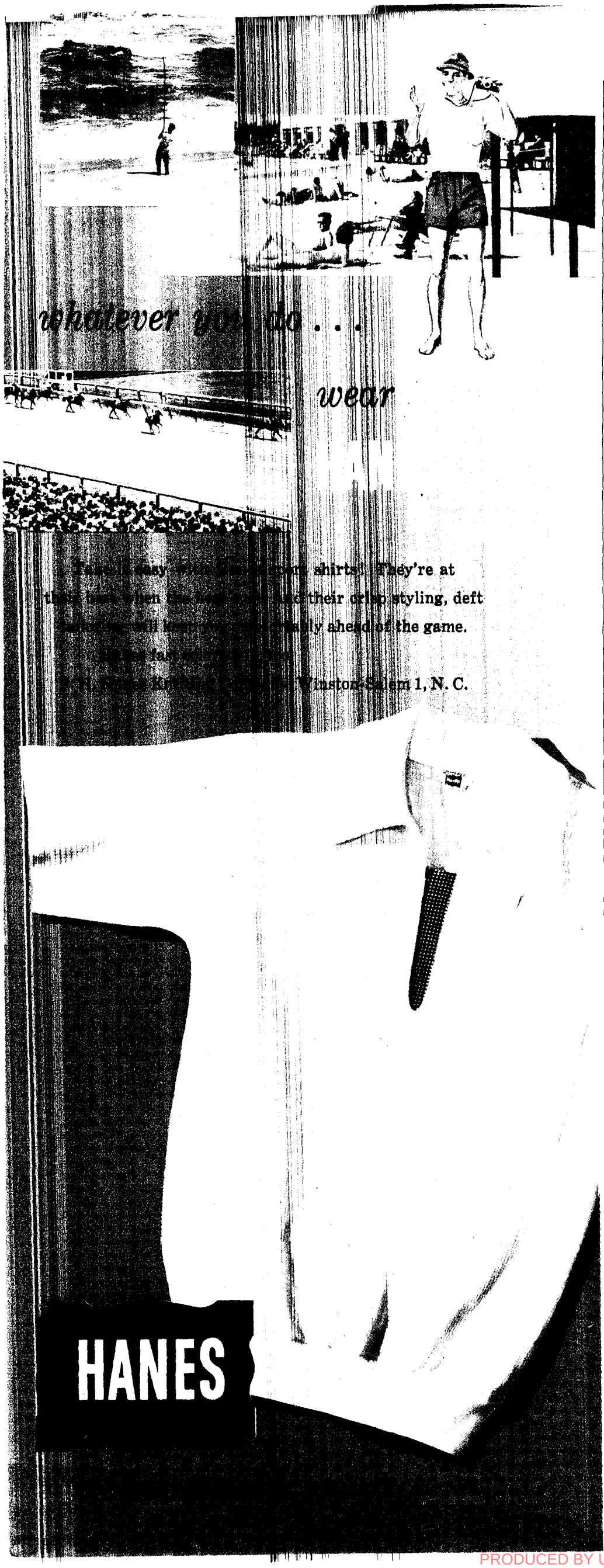

took on everyone outside it, from drunken bullies and blackguards to Beau Brummel, one down and t'other come on, in his fights for salvation. So far, it is all very exciting.

But you are finally forced to confess that the sameness of their experiences makes you feel after a while that you are not getting any further. Only a small percentage of the meetings differ from the rest by some exceptional incident or the appearance of some interesting historical character. You brighten up when Fox is imprisoned, and are relieved when he discovers osteopathy by resetting a broken neck in America and thereby restoring a dead planter to life. Wesley becomes so unreadable that you skip to Beau Brummel.

Now you may ask what the devil all this has to do with your biography. Well, just as one prayer meeting is very like another, one fight is very like another. Just as at a certain point in Wesley's biography I wanted to skip to Beau Brummel, there was a point in yours at which I wanted to skip to Dempsey.

Your appalling industry as a boxer involved an unconscionable number of fights with opponents who never succeeded in making themselves interesting to the general public as Carpentier did and as Dempsey did mainly by beating Carpentier.

And you greatly underrate the interest taken in Carpentier. You see him only when he was like a pithed cockerel after he made the fatal mistake of clinching with Dempsey in the very first exchange and being rabbit punched. If he had studied Dempsey and fought him as you fought him he would probably have beaten him easily on points and possibly knocked him out, although his terrible right hand punch may not have been what it once was. Up to the moment when you knocked him out, he seemed to be putting up a much better fight against you than Dempsey did (though I suspect the film I saw was cut), though he was obviously not up to your weight and reach. You do not see him as Europe saw him; and you even speak of him as "the little Frenchman" though he was quite big enough for anybody and was very well built for boxing.

Now as you know most about it, I have no doubt that your values as between Carpentier, Dempsey, and the less popular boxers who gave you more trouble, are quite right *for the moments at which you fought them*. By all appearances Dempsey was overtrained when he first met you, and just right when he met Carpentier. Carpentier had married and gone comparatively soft when he met Dempsey, and seemed like a light weight giving an Exhibition spar against you, just as Dempsey with his fiddling and feinting looked like a schoolboy fooling with an instructor. But you know—in fact you say so in the book—what an amazing difference there is between the figure cut by one and the same boxer when he has his opponent easily in hand and when it is the other way about. Your valuation of C and D is not the same as that of the public that remembers their victories.

All you know about them is that you took their measure and wiped the floor with them. You came, you saw, you overcame. By doing so you inevitably belittled them, and have taken less credit for your victories than a completely objective historian would give you.

This is the only criticism I have to make: and it is in the nature of the case and could not have been avoided. The book will also suffer a little in general readability from being less an autobiography than a professional record.

Charlotte, who is much interested in you, and not in the least interested in boxing, declares that she cannot understand a word of it, and, I suspect, deplores your mispent and violent youth. But at your age an autobiography is impossible: there are too many of your contemporaries alive.

By the way, I should get a lawyer friend if you have one, to read the MS carefully for libels. You are rich enough to be a mark . . .

As to a preface, whenever a publisher suggests that, sock him in the solar plexus. Of course he wants to trap my circulation on top of yours: but when you want a publisher for your next book on the strength of this one, they will all declare that your first book does not count as it was the Shaw preface that sold it. It is the greatest insult an author can be offered to send for another author to help. Your publicity is greater than mine—you may remember that at Brioni, when I was talking to Richard Strauss, nobody troubled about us until you joined us; and then the cameras came with a rush—but if a publisher intimated to me that he would not touch a book of mine unless it had a preface by Gene Tunney, I should summon the last scraps of my failing strength and jump on him until we both were dead . . .

I must stop now: the village post is departing. Our love to Polly.

This letter resulted in still further correspondence. The publishers heard that Shaw had written to me about my book, and they wanted to use his letter in connection with their promotion. I turned them down. However, they went to the master himself. What he told them is stated at the end of a post card pertaining to that now-famous event, George Bernard Shaw's visit to America.

12th Dec. 1932

We start for our cruise around the globe on the 15th. It is now the night of the 12th; and I have about three months work to get through before we embark. We shall just touch San Francisco, where W. R. Hearst will fly me to Los Angeles with a night at his ranch on the way. Then through the canal to the Atlantic, where we touch New York at noon on the 11th April and recoil at noon next day. I shall no doubt have to allow myself to be exploited a bit during that 24 hours, if only to insult America in a broadcast. I have told Cape he may use anything he likes of mine, subject to your consent, for publicity. It's bringing coals to Newcastle; but I have no objection on earth: my reservation was as to a preface, for the reasons given.

Our love to both of you. Is Polly quite well again?

Mrs. Tunney and I made it a practice to see Mr. and Mrs. Shaw every time we went to Europe. If they were in London, they would arrange a luncheon for us.

In this way, we met great and fascinating personalities of the literary, theatrical and art world—including such famous writers as H. G. Wells and Max Beerbohm, and painters like Sir John Lavery and John Collier.

In August, 1936, we wrote that we were planning such a trip, and asked the Shaws if they could find time to see us. In a few weeks we received a post card with a glum-looking picture of G.B.S. on one side and Shaw's reply on the other:

Malvern, 5th Sept. 1936

We shall be wandering in Wales until the 25th or thereabouts. Is there any chance of your coming back through London instead of sailing from Cherbourgh? We should like exceedingly to see you again. Just look at my disappointed expression! Send a line to 4 Whitehall Court S.W. 1 when you arrive. My secretary (Miss Patch) will send it on and do anything you want during your stay.

Following this meeting with the Shaws, the letters grew fewer. For one thing, I came to know how much correspondence he had to take care of personally, and I sympathized with his burden. I never wrote a letter to Shaw that he did not answer, and eventually I began to feel that I had no right to intrude on his time.

Also, World War II began shortly after this visit; I became a United States naval officer, and knowing Shaw's pacifist views, I was reluctant to write him then.

For some years, there were no further

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letters. Then, in 1946, I heard from him again quite suddenly.

4th December 1946

My dear Gene,

I have just picked up your address from a letter you wrote to the Bakon Yeast Man, Curt Freshel, about H. G. Wells; and I feel I must give you a hail to shew that I have not forgotten our old happy contacts.

As I am abominably old, having overstayed my reasonable time so long as to have passed my 90th birthday, you may write me off as a deader. I have only some scraps of wit left and shall soon forget the alphabet and the multiplication table and be unable to walk more than a hundred yards without two sticks. Still I am alive enough to drop you a line.

Charlotte died in 1943. Among her portraits of famous friends was yours. I hear that you and your lady are prosperous and well, and have three sons and a daughter. Keep them off the stage and out of the ring if you can.

I have just received a most barbarously written biography of (Harry) Greb, which describes him vividly as the foulest fighter on earth, who instructed you so thoroughly in all the tricks of the trade that he never afterwards had a chance against you. All his opponents seem to have liked him, though he never fought them fairly.

Is Joe Louis the wonder they say he is?

I tried to see H. G. Wells in his last year; but his baroness put me off every time. We were very good friends: he had Greb's art of keeping all of them though in controversy or under criticism he made Greb appear an angel in comparison. On paper he died in despair; but I cannot believe that his gaiety ever deserted him.

He and I ended as Great Men, and you began as one. Have you found congenial work?

But I must stop asking questions, as you must not bother to answer until you have nothing better to do; and meanwhile I shall take silence to be a friendly wave of the hand.

I saw G.B.S. just once more before his death. Toward the end, he felt his great age keenly. He sent me a brief note upon my arrival in London, appended to a printed sheet of instructions telling how to get to his home at Ayot St. Lawrence.

My dear Gene

I see you have landed. I am such a pitiable old crock of 92 that it would be almost kinder of you not to see me; but I shall be glad to see you any day at 4 or later. I presume you have not brought Mrs. Gene with you; but if you have she will be most welcome. But I'm not worth the journey.

It wasn't long after my return to the United States that I heard once again from Shaw. Twenty years before, we had corresponded on the subject of boxing; it was highly appropriate that this letter, the last I was to receive from the great man, concerned the same subject. He wrote it after the visit of champion Joe Louis to London.

9/6/48

Dear Gene

It may amuse you to hear that when Jo L. arrived here it was announced that the only people he wished to visit were myself and Winston Churchill.

The whole British press made a rush for me (probably also for Churchill) to learn the date and place and hour and minute of the visit.

I said I had not heard from Mr Louis; but two comparatively unknown persons like myself and Mr Churchill could not but feel flattered by a visit from a world-famous head of his profession.

This redoubled the clamor for the date. I repeated that I had not heard from the champion; but that he and Mrs Louis would be welcome in my house after his tour, when there could be no question of advertizing ourselves. It would be strictly private: no photographers, no reporters, no interviewing, only we three for the pleasure of meeting one another.

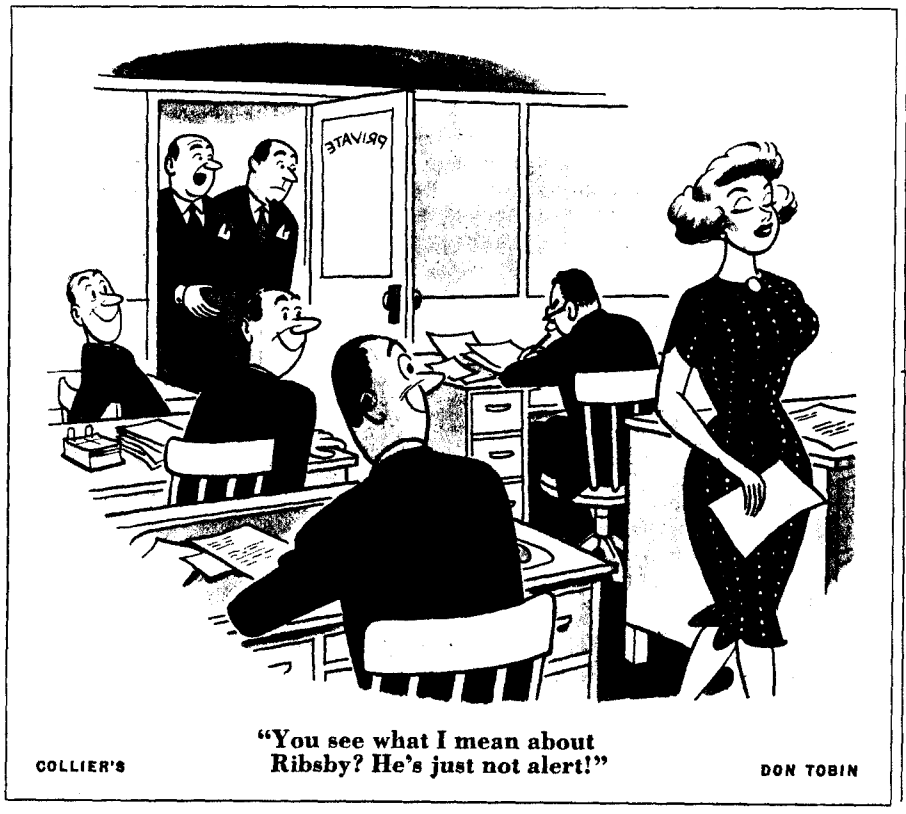
And that was the last I heard of it. I have no reason to believe that J. L. knew about the stunt at all, or had ever heard of me or of Winston.

I am told that the tour was a failure, and am not surprised; for exhibition spars in soft gloves draw no gates here: they are out-of-date and forgotten; and our sporting crowds know nothing about boxing. What they pay for is bashing. Louis got his $100,000 (reputed) for nothing.

I hope you are all well at home, as I hold you in affectionate remembrance.

I am damnably old (92) and ought to be dead.

One of the most precious gifts that fortune has allowed me was the friendship of George Bernard Shaw. In all our conversation and correspondence I never knew him to say an offensive thing, or ever to malign anyone's character or personality. He was a man who lived above personality in a sort of spiritual and intellectual world free from vindictiveness or malice, with a love for mankind, but a shyness that only a few people were privileged to penetrate. I am proud to have known him. THE END



"You see what I mean about Ribsby? He's just not alert!"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Super Chief
Santa Fe
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JOHN FLOREA

Collier's

Brings you one of the most unforgettable profiles of our time . . .

SCHNOZZOLA!

By GENE FOWLER

Jimmy Durante's Rollicking Life Story

The best-selling author of such colorful biographies as The Great Mouthpiece, Good Night, Sweet Prince, and Beau James gives you a personal introduction to his friend—the incomparable Durante. Jimmy, a sensitive kid living on New York's rugged East Side. Jimmy, banging away at his beloved piano in speakeasies and down-at-the-heels night clubs. Jimmy, on his way to fame and wealth. A love story more moving, more heart-warming than anything in fiction—because it happened. Hilarious adventures, romance, tragedy. You'll find them all in **SCHNOZZOLA!**

Beginning Next Week

The Y.M.C.A.—A Century of Fellowship

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

supposed to make out on bread, water and garbage slops. But the Y gently persisted and when General Grant came around to Point of Rocks, Maryland, on an inspection tour and asked longingly for a slice of pie, he was told that a small platoon of hungry captives had just eaten the day's ration.

In World War I, the Y.M.C.A., according to General Pershing, performed 90 per cent of all the morale work among the U.S. armies. The Y.M.C.A. hut, of which there were hundreds scattered along our front lines in France, was a popular place for the soldier when he wanted to write a letter, read the Bible or popular literature, hear a song from home played on a phonograph or dunk a doughnut in a cup of coffee.

Steps Replaced Six Times

In the war that lasted from 1941 to 1945, the Y merged with other volunteer groups to form the United Service Organizations, and a recent defense directive has sent the USO back to active duty. In Norfolk, Virginia, the red brick Army and Navy Y that handled 16,000,000 servicemen during World War II has once again pinned its doors back for a 24-hour day. Since the Norfolk Y was erected in 1907, as a $500,000 gift from John D. Rockefeller, the traffic of enlisted men's shoes has worn out five sets of steps at the entrance. A sixth flight has been set expectantly in place.

The Norfolk Y tries to offer the kind of luxuries that are available at high-class hotels. They can't serve breakfast in bed to the 700 overnight guests they often accommodate, but the meals at the cafeteria are cheap and, for the price, surprisingly good. Elsewhere in the building servicemen can have their hair cut, boots blacked, clothes pressed or laundered, checks cashed. They can even arrange to get married in a little jewel of a chapel where as many as 350 weddings are held yearly.

Many of these unions were the result of acquaintanceships struck up along the stag line at the Y's weekly dances. A decade or so ago, that stag line was thick and discontented. Few nice girls were permitted to attend sailors' dances. Most of the pretty girls were afraid to. One sailor voiced his shipmates' beefs to Norfolk executive secretary Leonard Hall: "These dames you get down here to the dances—they're dogs, sir!"

Hall, although he was by then the well-settled father of three half-grown daughters, was not blind. He went at once to plead with a selected list of Norfolk's understandably strait-laced mamas. Within a week, he had broken down a prejudice of 15 or 20 years' standing and the nicest girls in Norfolk are dancing at the Y these Saturday nights.

In the last half century the influence of the Y.M.C.A. has been so widespread that it is next to impossible to find an American boy who has grown up without making some contact with the Y and benefiting from it. There are Y.M.C.A.s in representative neighborhoods everywhere, offering sports, hobbies, information, education and guidance to all comers.

For over a million young men who find themselves away from home each year, the Y offers clean, attractive lodgings at an average cost of eight dollars a week. For three generations mothers have cautioned their traveling sons, "Go straight to the Y from the station."

Such confidence is earned, as usual, by a combination of inspiration and a full head of steam. "We pray for divine help," an early leader explained, "and then we turn and do the thing that lies next at hand."

In St. Louis, Y secretary Harold Keltner is not called upon to know how to wear a tail coat or shake up a strawberry fizz. Instead, he keeps a feathered headdress hanging in his coat locker and tries to remember to answer when a youngster hails him as Big Chief. This frivolous-sounding masquerade is the window dressing on one of the country's most earnest attempts at improving father and son relationships.

The American father as a parent has had severe critics. He is charged with being more interested in golf or poker than in his children. Even the Indians are scornful of him, Keltner discovered. On a fishing trip through Canada in 1925 he was accompanied by an Ojibway guide named Joe Friday. They talked of their children, as parents will, and of child-raising problems. The Indian described how the primitive father keeps his son constantly at his side, teaching him wood lore, hunting and camping and all the things he will need to know in order to function as an adult.

"White man is bad father, lazy father," Friday snorted. "Farms son out to learn from schoolteachers, summer camps."

And the Y.M.C.A., Keltner thought guiltily. He had often wondered if it were right for the Y to take so much responsibility for child guidance off the shoulders of the parents.

He persuaded the Indian to return with him to St. Louis where Joe Friday delivered a series of talks on how an Indian raises a son. Fathers crowded around interestedly and the Indian Guide program was the result. There are now over 1,000 "tribes" in 500 cities.

Nine pairs of fathers and sons make up a local tribe. Fathers have been known to travel as much as a thousand miles to get home in time for a powwow. Little Braves and Big Braves must attend as a team or not at all. The tribes meet twice monthly, sometimes to go hiking or camping or to engage in craftwork. One group built two small sailing craft and sailed them triumphantly at nearby Alton Lake. Another persevered until they could turn out top-notch cherry pies and took two prizes with their products at a county fair.

"The important thing," Keltner explained, "is that they're doing something or making something together. Maybe it sounds like too simple a cure for disturbed parental relationships, but you ought to see it work."

In a St. Louis Slum District

Over on the other side of St. Louis, toward the south end of the downtown district where slums and old factories are crowded together behind the Mississippi levee, a Y program of an entirely different kind is in operation. The kids down there are tough, wild, frequently canny and sometimes hungry. Many of their mothers and fathers, confused and defeated in their overcrowded, dirty homes, have lost parental authority. But the same solution cannot be applied. Hiking trails are miles distant, at the end of a tangled chain of bus and streetcar lines. There are no yards to cook out in, no finished basements for winter powwows.

"The best thing we've got in that area," says Keltner, "is Joe Causino."

Joe is fifty-eight years old now, big, shaggy, with the deep chest and heavy shoulders of the lifetime athlete. With his Bible in his left hand and his right hand hanging free for self-defense, Causino is not exactly the kind of recruit the Y strives to attract. His approach is too sledge-hammer.

"If he'd been a missionary," one of his co-workers remarked, "he would have baptized converts with a fire hose and then proceeded to make them into good Christians or awfully sorry heathens."

Causino, however, was not recruited. He recruited himself. He was born in the Bohemian "Hunky Hill" sector of St. Louis,

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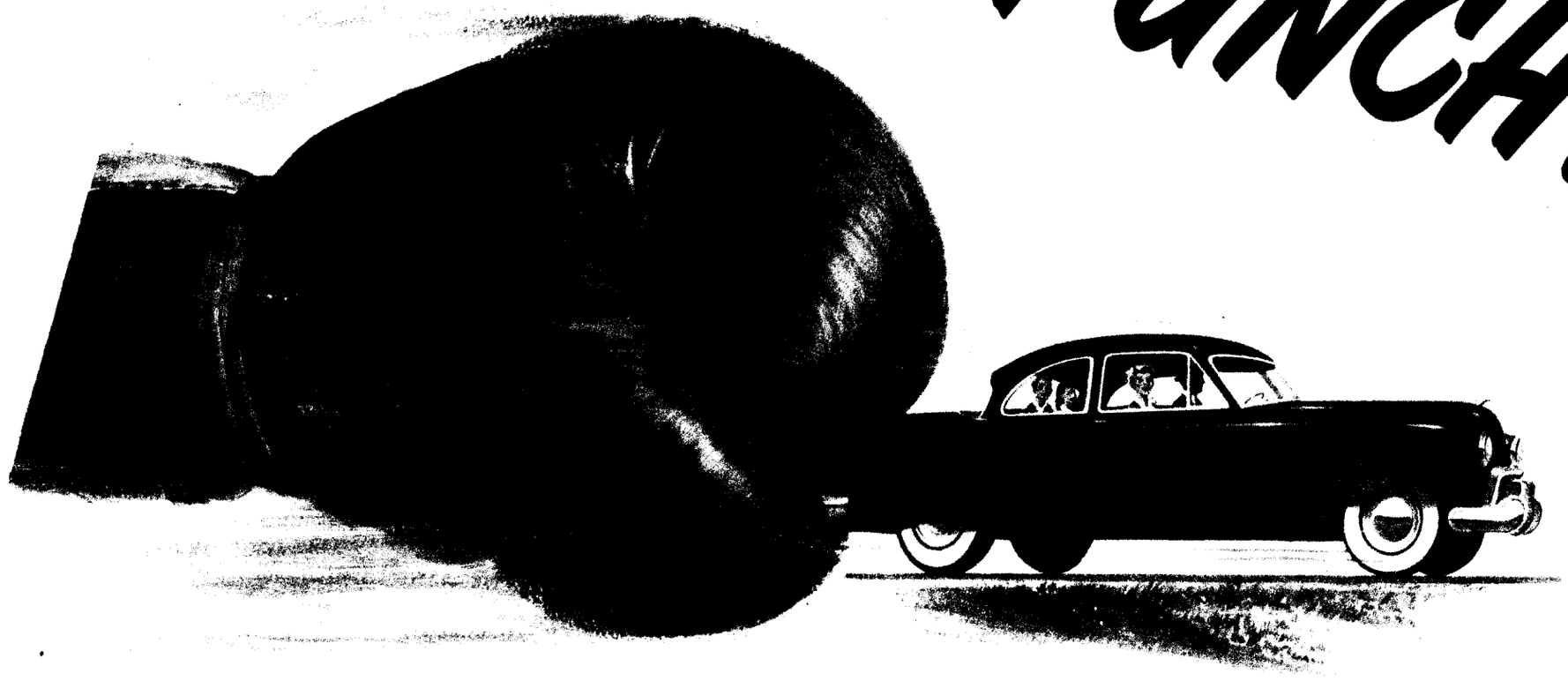

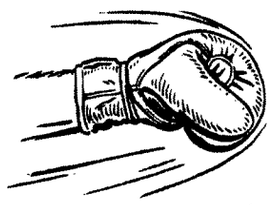

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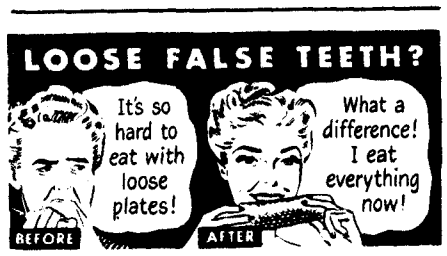

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around Ninth and Lafayette Streets. As Joe tells it, he grew up opportunistic and selfish. Working as a cigar roller and fighting an occasional pro bout, he put himself through the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, joined the Navy in World War I, became a flier, and won a Navy welterweight boxing championship.

"Then I went back home and started to *earn six thousand a year as an engraver*," he says. "That was a lot of money in those days. I got married. I was feeling mighty big. My wife and I lost two children when they were just babies, but even that didn't humble me the way it should have."

One day, an apprentice in Joe's shop asked him if he'd be interested in helping to form a Y.M.C.A. boy's club in his old neighborhood.

"I told him to get back to work," Joe says, "but the Big Boss was getting ready to wake up my soul. I went home that night and told my wife about it. She said, 'Joe, when are you going to stop getting and start giving?' "

A Demonstration of Jujitsu

Joe went to the meeting, wearing his Navy sweat shirt with the insignia and his old athletic pants. The youngsters circled him warily, and one small boy piped up, "Mister, do you know jujitsu?"

"Why, sure," Joe answered easily.

"Enough to handle six guys at once?" the kid persisted.

"Sure, I guess so."

Six boys hit him instantly. He went down like a load of cement, twisted his neck, and banged his head on the floor. He swore violently, just as a Y.M.C.A. official entered the room.

"Who's that?" the Y man asked.

"He's our new leader," the boys chorused.

"How can he be your leader," the Y man asked severely, "if he can't even control his own mouth?"

Joe groaned and climbed to his feet. "I can control my mouth," he said grimly. "And I'm going to be their leader."

He gave up his job and accepted a $1,000-a-year allowance from a couple interested in social work so he could devote all his time to the boys and their clubs. He and Ma Causino moved to a cheaper apartment. Their only savings went to educate their daughter, Beverly, who attended a school of social work and is pitching in at her father's side.

Joe has been astonishingly successful with boys other social agencies said were hopeless. He usually has 40 or 50 parolees in his custody. He has been quick, too, to recognize and encourage athletic talent that might have been lost. He gave Frank Hauff the early training that sent him on to be captain of the 1951 Annapolis football team, and Yogi Berra of the Yankees and Joe Garagiola of the Cardinals began playing baseball on one of his supervised sand lots.

Another nationally known athlete, fighter Henry Armstrong, also developed his early form in the St. Louis Y.M.C.A.—at the Pine Street branch reserved for Negroes. This country's racial dilemma, and its obvious conflict with Christian ethic, has been tackled by the Y in a number of different ways. As a national policy, the organization has repeatedly committed itself to the elimination of racial barriers. A commission on interracial practices in the Y.M.C.A. is headed by Vivian C. McCollum of Paterson, New Jersey. Some 500 associations operate on an interracial basis. Many of the Y summer camps are interracial, and Negroes and other minority groups are gaining representation on local and national policy-making boards. The Y will not hold national meetings in any hotel where segregation or discrimination prevails.

Some Y branches have temporarily compromised the issue, admitting all comers to classes, discussion groups and basketball, but drawing the line at interracial swimming and dancing. Generally speaking, the Y.M.C.A.'s position in interracialism is to prod the existing community pattern gently. Quiet Y pressure in many areas has been responsible for removing color lines from restaurants, amusement parks and theaters. In St. Louis, a town that is Southern-minded on the question, there is a commendable amount of interracialism at administrative top levels, but otherwise the Pine Street Y is on its own.

Y.M.C.A.ers who feel that this is as it should be point out that the Pine Street Y has one of the finest service records in the country. Led by stocky, energetic Jim Cook, who has had 29 years of service, it has become a social, educational and athletic mecca devotedly serving the 120,000 Negroes who live in the decaying strip of brownstone slums on the southern boundary of old St. Louis.

With unabashed pride Cook says, "We have the best cafeteria and serve the best peach pie in the country. Our swimming pool is the best in the St. Louis area and we have an adult-education program that's second to none." This fondness for superlatives is typical of Y secretaries, who are not braggarts, but are occasionally overcome by their own enthusiasm.

"The Pine Street Y asks no favors when it comes to funds," Cook adds. "We're probably the best fund raisers too." An annual jazz festival featuring big-name Negro musicians brings in a thumping sum each year.

A spirit of the same kind is evident on the West Coast at the Y.M.C.A. in San Francisco's Chinatown. There young people are taught to take pride in their unique cultural heritage. Ancient Oriental crafts have been revived in the Y workrooms. The square dancing, without which no Y program is complete, is often done in Chinese costume and members conduct board meetings in the Cantonese language.

The Y.M.C.A. makes a great point of its ability to adapt its program to local conditions and culture. When they want to prove it they point to Hollywood. There are 23 branches spotted in the huge residential area of Los Angeles. Membership lists are star-studded: they include Joel McCrea, Johnny Weissmuller, James Cagney, Bob Hope, Art Linkletter, Randolph Scott and John Garfield.

Filmdom, accustomed as it is to stupendous productions, is awed by the Y.M.C.A. colossus. "Cecil B. de Mille has nothing on you guys," said Bob Hope admiringly after listening to a committee's plans to throw a party for 11,000 people.

But despite the astronomical numbers of young people who join the Y and use its facilities every year, the Y.M.C.A. has never lost its talent for the individual approach which they regard as an essential part of Christianity. Los Angeles, like most Y's, accomplishes this by dividing its members into hundreds of subgroups. They offer a string of club activities beginning with the Fun Club or Indian Guides program for the five- to twelve-year-old. Although these groups may overlap, the general order is then Gra-Y for grammar-school children and Junior Hi-Y and Hi-Y for the older ones. Y chapters are also active on the University of California campus at Los Angeles.

This is the usual hierarchy. Some Y associations, as in Minneapolis, are further divided into such groups as Hi-Havens, Torch-Hi-Y's, Hi-Y's Best Girls, Tri-Hi-Y and Ki-Tri-Y. One effect of this intensive organization has been to lick the usually undemocratic, frequently troublesome high-school fraternity problem.

"No private group," said Leonard A. Fleenor, principal of the Washburn High School in Minneapolis, "can compete with the fun and fellowship offered by the Y. Fraternities have never even tried to organize here—and don't think I'm not grateful."

Organized summer camping, one of the wealthiest seasonal enterprises in the United States, comes under the closest Y scrutiny. They pioneered the idea, so they feel responsible for how it gets along.

Lyndon Cedarblade, a Y.M.C.A. camping expert, has taken an active part in warning parents away from the kind of camp that is run like a military establishment.

"Fierce competition and rigid routines ruin the child's camping experience," he explains. "In Y camps, and here in Minnesota especially, we see that the camper brings home a sense of communion with nature and the spiritual uplift that goes with it. We aren't very interested in championships or silver loving cups."

COLLIER'S

"But gee, sir, I've got a twenty-four-hour pass!"

MARY GIBSON

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Guided by this philosophy, the 637 camps throughout the country that are operated by the Y handle 250,000 campers annually. They charge an average fee of $3 per day, which does not begin to meet costs, and provide a camping experience that is not equaled even by many de luxe camps that charge $1,000 a season. Unfortunately they cannot handle all the children who would like to go.

Some 4,200 men and women are presently making a career out of Y work, a few of them educated in the Y's 25 degree-granting colleges. Nowadays all Y secretaries must be college graduates. The administrative positions in the Y.M.C.A. pay from $3,000 to $5,000 per year. Like all salaries, its value varies according to where you try to spend it. For thirty-five-year-old Harl Holt, secretary of a rural Y with headquarters in Atlantic, Iowa (population 6,500), it provides a fairly good living. He rents a comfortable three-bedroom house, drives a 1950 car and can look forward with reasonable certainty to providing a good education for his two children, Jane, four years, and John, eight months.

Holt also has the satisfaction of knowing that he is considered a leading citizen in this thinly populated farm area and Mrs. Holt automatically achieves the topflight social rank accorded the minister's wife and the wife of the local banker.

The Y.M.C.A. probably attracts most of its rural members through its sponsorship of organized sport. They lean heavily on basketball—for it, too, was a Y invention. In 1891, Dr. James Naismith, a member of the Y's Springfield College (Massachusetts) faculty, found his students rebelling against the monotonous mass calisthenics of the period. Borrowing heavily from lacrosse and soccer, he mixed in a little football and a boys' street game called "duck on a rock" and came up with basketball. Soon his gym classes were overcrowded with players.

The Y does not go in for character molding to the extent that it ceases to value a winning score. Y athletes in Iowa and elsewhere are taught to wade in and win. Holt, who played basketball himself at Iowa State, referees some two dozen teams in the 19 counties that are in his territory.

He drives as many miles each week as a traveling salesman and ventures out in weather that would stop many a country doctor. More than once he has been snowbound in the road and has sat for hours waiting for the plow to dig him out.

Horse Trading in Y Leaders

At the moment Holt still feels that his job in the corn belt is challenging and exciting. Should he change his mind, however, he can probably negotiate a transfer. At annual Y conventions a certain amount of horse trading always takes place.

"Your Smith 's a good man," one regional director will say to another. "He did a good job with those soldiers' families out West and we'd like him to do the same for us. We'll trade you Merrick and Allan for Smith."

Smith, Merrick and Allan will all have a word to say about it and if they are long on politics they may even set the horse trade in motion themselves. A few Y secretaries, anxious for a change of scene, maneuver themselves abroad. Of the 78 countries where the Y.M.C.A. is established, about half draw heavily on American funds and leadership. Overseas work is stimulating but no picnic. It means camping with war-driven refugees on a cold, wind-swept mountain in Greece or teaching crop rotation in some steaming Mexican village.

A coveted foreign berth is the one in Jerusalem, where the Y.M.C.A. works out of a headquarters set in such beautifully sculptured grounds that it is often mistaken for a shrine. The cultural center of the community, its membership is 90 per cent Jewish. Moslems have a Y of their own 15 minutes away in the area of Jerusalem that belongs to Jordan. North American Y workers there are necessarily seasoned diplomats and are the only ones permitted to cross the tense political and military barriers between the two associations.

Despite local tensions they have managed to stay friends with everyone and have found time to welcome the year-old Jerusalem center of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. The friendship is an old one. The Y.M.H.A. was founded in this country just three years after the Y.M.C.A. and except for their different religious orientations the two are nearly indistinguishable in policy and program. Where funds and facilities must be stretched thin to serve impoverished communities, there is often an unofficial agreement to avoid duplication of effort by staying out of one another's back yards. It is not unusual to find a Y.M.C.A. with influential Jewish members while 10 or 12 blocks away a group of Protestant and Catholic youngsters is in daily attendance at a Jewish Community Center of the Y.M.H.A.

Special Y's for Railroaders

Another long-established friendship links the Y.M.C.A. and the railroads of America. The far-flung Railroad Y extends from a $2,000,000 10-story building in New York City to a tiny one-man Y at Minturn, Colorado, 7,800 feet up. In between there are 188 others, located along every major route in the country.

Unlike most Y adjuncts, this one was strictly evangelical in origin. Railroad workers stranded between runs in strange cities and lonely small towns had a national reputation for hitting the bottle and frequenting red-light districts. A station agent named George Myers, hoping to reform his fellows, began in 1870 to hold morning prayer meetings in a corner of Cleveland's Union Station.

From that beginning, and with the help of Cleveland clergy and finally from railroad management, the first Y dedicated exclusively to railroaders was established. Today, the Railroad Y has taken over the dozens of physical and cultural activities that characterize other Y.M.C.A.s, but its emphasis remains more heavily on active Christianity. Its other religion, of course, is railroading.

Trains in America run on time thanks to the Railroad Y—they wake up the crews. Joe Zehring, at the Grand Central Railroad Branch in New York, has spent 20 years pounding on doors and hustling sleepy crews off to work. If you leave a call for 6:00 A.M. you will find yourself out on the sidewalk a few minutes later, come what may.

Joe still vividly recalls the time a veteran brakeman left an important call for 7:00 A.M. The railroader crossed Joe up. He awoke at six-thirty and slipped out of the Y under his own steam. While Joe was busy pounding and shouting on another floor a conductor, exhausted after a long Midwestern run, was shown into the vacant room and fell gratefully into bed.

Ten minutes later he was awakened by Joe who rassled him expertly to his feet.

"But I just got to sleep!" the man protested.

"They all say that!" Joe gritted determinedly. "But you're going to make your run if I have to cart you to the train myself!" And he shoved him firmly down the stairs.

"It would have made a better story," Joe regrets, "if I'd put him on that train. But he got free in the lobby, ran for the elevator and locked himself in his room."

Eventually, the conductor forgave the Y.M.C.A. It's difficult to harbor any kind of grudge against an organization that has hung up such a record for missions accomplished and has steadfastly refused to become smug.

It enters its next hundred years with the same earnestness and simplicity of spirit that characterized its beginnings. The Y.M.C.A. has not mapped out its next century. It will continue to pray for divine help and then turn and do the thing that lies next at hand. THE END

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Mainly About Caroline

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

She lifted her eyes. "And now I'm afraid of my younger children. I worry whether they'll grow up and disapprove, too." Her red hair glowed in the coppery sun that was setting in trite magnificence behind the cliffs, trailing violet and pink mists before it.

One of the men who had been sitting on the edge of the pool stood up. "Caroline, aren't you going to test that suit today? It's getting late."

"I'm going right in now, darling," she said. She looked at John Farr. "We had no right to disturb your first day in Acapulco. I'm ashamed."

"You haven't convinced me of your wickedness," he said. "I hope your daughter won't be too disappointed."

"But you haven't heard the whole story," she said.

She kicked off her sandals and went down the iron ladder into the pool. He followed her to the edge of the pool and sat there and watched her swim away, her arms glistening and her hair glinting like a crown. He was so absorbed that he didn't notice Sara coming up beside him.

"I'm sure there must be lots of questions you want to ask," she said, hooking her arms on the ledge. "They all do." She began to recite: "She's thirty-three, and I was born when she was sixteen. Her second husband was the richest, and my brother will have more money than any of us when he's twenty-one. Nothing interesting about her third. He spent a lot of my mother's money, and she divorced him in Reno last month. We're here to rest up from the divorce. How long are you staying?" She stared at him out of slightly slanted gray eyes which gave her face an elfin charm.

"You wouldn't get away with that kind of talk, if you were *my* daughter," he said.

He thought she would turn away instantly, in outrage; instead, she looked dismayed. He said more gently, "What's eating you? Why do you snap at people like that?"

She looked suddenly very forlorn. "Do I snap?" she said. "I didn't think I did, exactly. I get so bored with men always chasing Mama. Sometimes I manage to discourage them. *Someone* has to watch out for her."

"You've taken on quite a job for yourself," he said slowly. "It must keep you pretty busy."

SARA heaved herself away from the edge of the pool with an abrupt kick against the concrete side. Crazy kid. He dropped into the water and swam around briefly and went out, leaving them all still there. He went up the steps to his cottage and sat on his private terrace to watch the rest of the sunset. The ocean grew dark and the warm wind louder; the palms rustled like crumpling wrapping paper, and over all was the heavy, sweet perfume from the vine that crept along the red tile roof. His rear windows faced another cottage, on the side of the hill. He heard the door of the other cottage slam; and then he heard their voices, Caroline's and Sara's, quite distinctly: Had the maid left more towels? Wasn't this the warmest part of the day? Here's your dress, Mama. And then, from Caroline: "What did you think of John Farr?"

"He's nicer than Fred. Or that Sam Baynes. I suppose you already know," Sara said, "you've made an impression."

"I thought it was you that made the impression." Caroline's voice was controlled. "Don't you think it would have been better to spare him some of the details of my life? What can he think about me?"

John went inside and turned on the shower and began to sing, in a voice audible in the next cottage, he hoped. The voices stopped suddenly.

He saw her briefly at dinner. She was leaving for a dance at another hotel, and she stopped at his table for a moment. He stood up to watch her leave. There was a white lace stole over her bare shoulders, and she walked as if she knew she was beautiful. Someone brushed against him.

"You might get knocked down that way," Sara said, flouncing past. She was with some boy her own age, and in her starched dress she looked even more like a fifteen-year-old.

He left early in the morning in a chartered launch that was going out for sailfish. It turned out to be a fine day; no one made any spectacular catch but it was a fine day anyway, and when he got back to the hotel and had had his dinner he went out on the terrace looking for her, feeling sunburned and a little sleepy and very fit, and excited at the thought of seeing her.

She was in a chair in a dark corner of the terrace, and when he touched her shoulder she said, "John!" in a way that made him feel good, and then, "Where were you all day?"

"Fishing," he said, stretching his long legs comfortably.

"You sound very contented." She sighed. "Aren't *you?*"

She shook her head.

"This isn't the spot for trouble," he said. "Tell me what it is, and I'll dispose of it at once for you."

"I think you really would," she said. "If it were the kind of trouble that could be disposed of. Mine isn't."

"Sara?"

"I wish—I *wish* I knew what to do."

He said, "She needs to be taken in hand. Firmly."

"I can't do that," she said, "I'm to blame for her conduct. I never gave my children the kind of good family life they needed. I seem to have done everything wrong," she murmured. "Everything. Explaining my mistakes can't help Sara."

"That bad?" he said cheerfully. "Let's hear about it."

"You mustn't try to make light of it," she said. "Eloping at fifteen, divorced at seventeen, rushing into marriage scarcely a year later, because Dan liked Sara and could take care of us. Sara thinks I was just giddy; she can't understand how helpless I was, with a little baby. I hadn't even graduated from high school. My second husband was much older than I was. I would never have let that marriage go bad, but he was killed, flying to his factory."

She was silent, and he said, "You can't be blamed for that, at least."

"I can be blamed for this last marriage," she said. "I just wanted so desperately for it to be right, but it wasn't. I made another mistake with him." She lifted her head. "I don't blame you for thinking me foolish. And flighty."

"I was thinking you were the sort of woman that things like this happen to," he said, and meant it.

"Now you're being kind."

He said abruptly, "I've never met anyone like you before." He wished he could tell her what he was thinking about, how it would seem to bring her to Colton, like a warm, bright part of the tropics set down on Colton's staid, frozen landscape.

SHE seemed to want to ignore his sudden seriousness. "I suppose what Sara says is quite true. She says I'm not very discriminating. She says I change husbands the way other women change their hairdressers." She paused, and when she spoke again her voice was low and intense. "Sometimes I think I couldn't *stand* myself, if that were true."

He said, "It isn't true. It's just that we don't leave you alone."

"Sara says I might try just once to get up and walk away."

He took her hand. "Caroline," he said quietly, "don't ever walk away from me."

Her hand was cold. "I must find Sara," she said, drawing her hand back.

He didn't want to wait a whole day to see her, and so he skipped the fishing next morning and drove her and Sara to the beach and rented three umbrella chairs for them. When he got up to swim, Caroline said she preferred to wait, and so he went with Sara. When they came back there was a strange man in his chair, talking interestedly to Caroline.

"Ed Sanders. My daughter Sara. John Farr. Or have you all met before?" she said somewhat vaguely.

"Do I have someone's chair?" Ed Sanders said. He made no move to give it up.

COLLIER'S

"All this trouble turning out a bunch of lousy 45-cent dollars!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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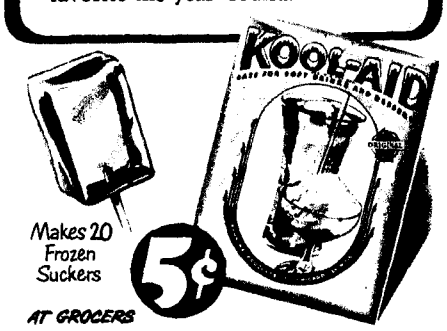

AT GROCERS

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"You can keep it," John said. "Sara and I are getting a surfboard and going paddling."

Sara gave him an astonished glance, but she followed him docilely. He strode down the beach, his thoughts seething in a wholly irrational anger: This fellow Sanders, appropriating his chair that he had paid two pesos for! Looking at Caroline that way! He should have hauled him out of that chair bodily and punched him one in the bargain! He shoved the surfboard into the water so violently that Sara had to rush forward to get on it.

They paddled for a few minutes before he calmed down enough to feel ashamed of himself. He said tentatively, "Still scrapping with your mother?"

"Did she tell you that?" she said. "Well, we *don't* scrap."

The sun was very hot, and so they beached the surfboard near the rocks and sat down in the shade. Sara drew swirls in the coarse sand with her finger. "What do you call it, then?" he asked.

"I get mad, sometimes," she said. "I always feel bad right after. It's so easy to hurt her. If only she'd act her age!"

"You mean act like an old lady, don't you?" he said, and didn't let her reply. "But she's still a young woman, which poses a problem. Admit it now, you wish she were plain and dumpy, the kind of mother who'd sit up all night stitching up a dress for you."

"Shut up," she said under her breath.

"Admit it," he said, laughing at her.

"I wish," she said, turning her head away, "I wish we could have one house, and one father for all of us, one that would stay."

He said, "I think Caroline would like that, too."

"But it's too late," she said, and added cruelly, "not that she won't keep trying."

"Maybe she doesn't want to believe it's too late."

"Well then, she just doesn't know how to go about it, if that's what she wants," she said. "She's too easy-going and lighthearted about everything. She's—frivolous. All those men that pester her and don't leave her alone, why doesn't she tell them off?"

"Maybe one of them will be the right one," he suggested.

She pushed her finger sharply into the hot sand without answering him.

"Anyway," he said, "I feel sorrier for her than for you. She can't undo what's happened, the mess she's made. Not easily. But you're just starting out. You'll find yourself a nice guy and get married and have the kind of life she's missed." Color stained her smooth tanned cheeks and made her eyes brilliant. "You're a very pretty girl," he said.

She jumped up. "Let's paddle back."

CAROLINE was watching for them; she stood up to meet them. She said, "Let's go swimming, Johnny," and put her hand in his. Ed Sanders stared after her when they walked down to the water, and for John it was as exciting as the day the letter came about the professorship. His heart pounded in triumph.

Time was concentrated; the next week was equivalent to a month, because they were together almost constantly. When he went fishing Caroline and Sara went along, or they spent the day together at the beach, and at night he took Caroline dancing. Or they drove to Pié de la Cuesta, the point of land where the surf came crashing in so hard and white and furious that there was no bathing, and rented hammocks slung between two palms and watched the surf racing in on the long wide beach, and the stars between the palm leaves. All that he felt for Caroline was still unsaid; it seemed to him the height of presumption to imagine that she would agree to leave this kind of life to live in Colton as a professor's wife. The days slipped away, and his vacation was almost over.

One night when Caroline met him for dinner she was alone. "Where's Sara?" he asked.

"She's not feeling well. I'm going to order some bouillon and dry toast for her," she said, going off to speak to the headwaiter.

He watched her. She was different when she worried about Sara, less glamorous, and thinking of her in Colton seemed less wildly improbable. When she joined him her eyes were still preoccupied. They sat at their table which was not so close to the railing that the spray would blow against them, and yet close enough for them to feel the fresh dampness of the wind. "What's the matter with Sara?" he asked.

"Everyone gets sick sooner or later in Mexico. You know, the water, or something. She's taking pills, and she'll be all right by tomorrow."

They were to meet some of Caroline's friends later, in the little night club that sat in the rocks like a grotto, one side open to the ocean. It was too early when they finished dinner, but they walked down to it anyway. It was deserted, and they stood on the terrace watching the Americans gathering on the platform below to see the divers. Floodlights lighted the steep cliffs and the narrow pass between them into which the water rushed, into which the diver would have to jump with terrifying accuracy. Caroline was quiet and abstracted.

"You're not worried about her, are you?" he said.

"I'm worried about both of us," she said. "John, it's been worse this week between Sara and me. I can hardly talk to her."

"Everything seems fine when we're all together," he said.

"It just *seems* fine," she said. "Tonight, when I wanted to have my dinner sent up to the room so I could be with her, she was so stubborn and insistent, so *fierce*, that I left, just so as not to excite her."

"Shall I go back and look in on her?"

"Would you, darling?" she said eagerly.

"If you promise not to call me 'darling'," he said. "I'm not Sam, or Ed, or any of the others."

"But I hardly notice when I say it."

"I know," he said. "So don't call me that unless you notice."

She said very quietly, "John, darling."

"I'm in love with you, Caroline," he said. His voice was oddly ragged. "I suppose this is pretty monotonous for you."

She put her hands over her ears and cried out bitterly, "Don't talk like Sara! How can I answer you?"

He made her turn around. "I'm in love with you," he said. "I want to give you whatever you want—a home, a father for all three of your kids. I know it's not supposed to happen this fast. We ought to think about it for a while, and then I ought to go back and we could write long, affectionate letters until I begin to forget what you look like and think you couldn't be as beautiful, and you meet someone else. But I don't want it like that, Caroline." She didn't answer at once, and he said, "I guess I sound pretty crazy."

SHE said slowly, "You sound the way I've always wanted someone to sound. But how would *I* sound, John, accepting you? Could you help but think: How easily she's slipping into another marriage! Or as Sara would put it: There she goes again!"

"But I know you better than that," he said.

"You always make me feel better about myself." She looked up. "I'm afraid. It can't happen so happily, so easily."

He said urgently, "I know a house I can get, big enough for all of us. The Terrills want to sell. Their house is old but good, and we could fix it up. And every one of the kids could have a room of his own."

"All the times I've married, it was never for love," she said. "This would be like the first time for me. Is that a shameless thing to say?" She lifted her face for him to kiss; when he put his arms around her she held him tightly.

Below them there was a splash and then applause, and, almost invisible against the cliff, a brown figure in red trunks clambered back onto the rocks. The small orchestra began to play American dance music.

"It *can't* be so easy," she whispered at last. "I've been so foolish, I don't deserve it."

"Don't talk like that ever again," he said. "You'll see how fine it's going to be." He felt triumphant, and wildly exhilarated. "The Collinses should be along soon. I'd better run in and see Sara."

"John," she said, "don't tell her."

"Of course not," he said. "You'll tell her."

He went up the steps and along the stone paths, past all the other lighted bungalows until he came to hers. He walked quietly on the terrace in case she should be asleep, but through the screen he could see her lying on top of her bed in her bathrobe. "Sara?" he said, tentatively.

Startled, she lifted her head. She said, "It's you. Is my mother with you?"

"She's waiting for the Collinses. How are you?"

"Beat," she said. "It's the way you always feel after getting sick down here."

She looked pale, and her eyes were large and bright in her peaked face. He sat down on Caroline's bed, facing her.

She said, "I've been acting up again, snapping at people."

"Well, you're sick, so we'll let it go by this time."

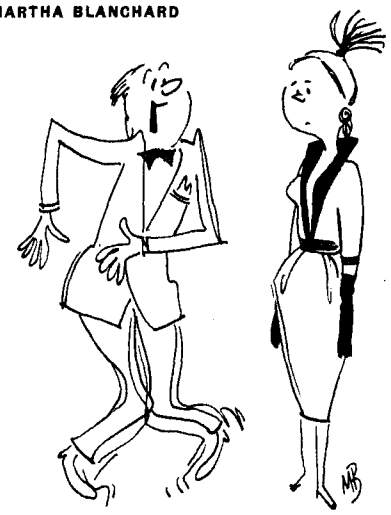
"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said. "I never used to be this bad. I'd snap at her friends but not at her." He put out his hand, and she caught it and held it hard, and suddenly she was crying. "Don't mind me," she said, shaking her head at him, her brown bangs stuck to her damp forehead. "It's only because I'm so beat."

He moved over to her bed and held her against his shoulder, and handed her some tissues from the box on the night table. "Things will be better tomorrow. They're always especially dismal at night," he said. After a while she grew quiet, and he made her drink some of the cool tea on her tray.

He stood up and looked down at her. "Better now?"

She nodded. She seemed so pathetic and forlorn in the dim, close room that he was reluctant to leave her, and he stood looking at her for some time. She could almost be

MARTHA BLANCHARD



Charleston Charlatan

Keep buried long-hidden ability—
Or show off and admit senility?

—KATHERINE NORRIS

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his daughter, she soon would be. He wished he could tell her so, but he had promised. Instead, he stooped and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good night, Sara," he said. She fell back on the pillow, her face hidden from him.

He rejoined Caroline. "She's all right," he said, because she looked at him so anxiously. When she stood up to dance he put his arms around her and he forgot about Sara and was suddenly wonderfully happy. He told her so.

She put her hand over his mouth. "Don't say it, Johnny. I feel superstitious." She wasn't smiling.

WHEN he left her he walked down the steps to his bungalow and threw himself on his bed, still wide-awake, hearing the ocean bubbling and hissing and pouring out from between the rocks, thinking about Caroline and imagining her in the Terrills' house; he would build a terrace out in the back under the black walnut where the grass didn't grow; they would do their room over immediately, first thing, make it look like Caroline, warm and friendly and lovely . . .

He heard their voices almost at once, even when they were quite low.

"Again? You can't!"

"Sara, you can't imagine how different it is this time."

"How can you tell? You don't even know if you love him. How can you be so sure in just a few weeks?"

"I never was so sure of anything. Sara, sweetheart, I can't begin to tell you. If I had only met him in the beginning—"

"He's just one more man to you!"

"No. Don't talk like that."

"Just another man!"

"Listen, Sara, can you imagine how wonderful it's going to be? All of us living together with Johnny in a big old house, in the country. You can go to college there, if you want, Sara. Everything will be changed. Think of what it will mean to me, my whole family together living with someone whom we love, who loves us."

"He doesn't love you!"

"You won't understand."

"He can't love you! You've had three husbands. And three children. You're a hundred years older than he is. It's disgusting!"

"Sara!"

"Disgusting! It is! I can't stand it!"

He stood at the door, paralyzed. He heard someone running, and then Caroline's sharp cry: "Sara!"

A door slammed; steps rushed past his cottage without stopping. He ran outside but could see no one. He hurried to Caroline's bungalow. She was leaning over the railing, and in the lamplight her face was gray. She caught at his arms and shook him dazedly.

"John. She went down toward the rocks—"

"Where? Where?"

Caroline was already ahead of him, pulling him along. Where the steps ended there was a stone ledge, and below it only a natural jutting out of the uneven stones, forming a kind of staircase. He stopped her at the ledge when she tried to follow him. "If I have to watch out for you, I'll never get to her."

So she stayed there, her arms clasped against her. The only light was from the hotel above and the faint starlight which made the stones gleam grayly where they were damp. He climbed down with painful slowness, feeling for his footing, slipping and hanging onto the plants that grew in the cracks of soil. Something moved swiftly almost under his feet; he cursed, startled. It was a lizard.

He stopped, breathing hard. He thought he had come a long way, but when he looked down the ocean was still far off. She couldn't have gone too far with such a slight head start. Unless she had slipped. He felt suddenly dizzy, and his heart beat very fast. If she had slipped . . . He glanced down for the scrap of cloth he was terrified he would see. When he lifted his head he saw her, off to the left, not down where he was going at all. He crawled to her. She was all right, crouching in fear on a fairly level slab.

"There are lizards," she whispered, her voice shaking.

HE COULD almost have laughed, except that he was trembling and wet with perspiration. "There are scorpions, snakes and tarantulas, too. Next time you want to pull a trick like this, think of that." He leaned against the rock, holding on with his hands. "You ought to have your ears pinned back. But good." His voice cracked with relief. "What the devil's got into you?"

"You think I'm awful."

"This isn't the place for thinking anything. Come on, we've got to get back up."

"But you do think so," she said thinly.

"Not when you act like a sensible girl. Then I like you very much." He reached for her hand. "Let's get going."

She drew back. "It didn't mean anything at all to you when you kissed me."

He was so shocked he almost shouted. "When I kissed you?" And then he remembered and was stricken with dismay. It had been just a few hours ago, and he had kissed her good night in her room, and she had hidden her face from him. He had to make a tremendous effort to speak, even falteringly. "It did mean something, Sara. It meant I was fond of you. I wanted you to know that I was a friend of yours."

She crouched on the rock for what seemed a long time, and then she stood up and took his hand. "I'll follow you up, Johnny," she said, so low he almost didn't hear.

They went carefully, Sara behind him, holding on to his hand. She was lithe and sure-footed, and it wasn't as difficult as he had expected. When they came within sight of the top he called out to Caroline. "She's all right."

"Please be careful."

THEY walked back to the cottage in silence. He left them then, went to his own terrace, fell back into a deck chair and loosened his collar. He felt terribly tired, and appalled, and apprehensive, waiting. He knew Caroline would come, and she did, and sat beside him in the deck chair and leaned against his shoulder. "She's sleeping," she said. "I gave her one of my pills. Did you know she's in love with you?"

"She can't be," he said. "She's a kid, and she imagines it—why, I don't know. It doesn't mean anything."

"I thought I was in love at fifteen," she said. "I didn't feel like a kid at all."

"It's ridiculous," he said. "I never gave her any reason."

"Did you have to give me a reason?" she said.

"Caroline, we're making it too important," he said, trying to hide his sudden fear. "She'll forget about it before we do."

"You know why it's important, Johnny," she said. "You're a teacher, you know children Sara's age. You know she won't forget it just because we believe it's unimportant. And you know if I marry you she'll never forget it."

"Don't say *if* you marry me," he said strongly.

"I must say it," she said. "I can't marry you now."

"Don't say it," he said again. "We'll talk this out."

"Don't reason with me," she said. "I'm not a very reasonable woman. Besides, I love you, and I might want too much for you to convince me. I know what I have to do. You must help me, and let me do it. If I don't, she'll never forgive me. This would be the last straw."

"She'll go off to college, and in three months she won't remember my last name. Three months, that's what I give her," he said desperately. "You're offering us both up as a sacrifice to her, a useless sacrifice."

"Not useless," she said. "It mustn't be useless. I've been such a bad mother, Johnny, a foolishly bad mother, without ever meaning to. I want to feel a little less guilty, I want to square myself a little with her. Sara knows what you mean to me, how much we—" Her voice wavered. "Don't you see what it will mean to her, when I give you up, for *her?*"

"And what about us?"

"Could you wait for me, Johnny?" she said. "You said it wouldn't be for too long. Would you wait that long?"

He had a sudden picture of the house, and the terrace that was to be under the walnut, and the bedroom that was to be very much Caroline's. He said roughly, "What shall I tell the Terrills?"

She turned sharply, her face clearing. "Oh, buy the house. Please. It'll be like an insurance that nothing is finished, that we're just waiting. And the waiting will be easier. At least," she said, smiling faintly, "no one will say I rushed into this marriage in my usual scatterbrained way."

Her face was close to his, and she looked a little drawn and tired in this gray light, and her hair was loose and soft, but she looked very beautiful still. He took a deep breath. "I don't know anyone else more worth waiting for," he said. THE END

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COLLIER'S — CORKA

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Weather and You . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the guess that this was because girls restrain themselves more successfully. Rainy days, he found, were actually good conduct days, despite the confinement. Dexter theorized that a sudden change in the weather invigorates people and gives them extra energy —which they frequently misuse—whereas rainy days sap the vitality and leave children too weary for pranks.

I.Q. Test During Hurricane

The hurricane that swept across New England in September, 1938, gave powerful support to this "invigoration" theory. At the height of the storm, the freshman class at Massachusetts State College took a standard intelligence test. The students huddled over their papers while the wind howled outside, but the hurricane did not prove to be a distracting influence—quite the opposite. They got higher marks than any group that had ever before taken that exam at Mass State. Previously, the school had ranked in what is known as the 75th percentile among colleges taking the test; in 1938 it rose to the 95th percentile, near the top.

The late Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, probably the greatest contributor to our knowledge about weather's influence on man, concluded that two factors in the weather caused this decided increase in the students' intellectual abilities—sudden changes in barometric pressure (the hurricane brought a swift drop followed by a swift rise) and a rapid increase in the ozone content of the air. Ozone, a modified form of oxygen, so filled the New England air that day that two chemistry professors reported that they could actually smell it.

If sudden change sometimes invigorates, it can also cause trouble. If you are on the verge of sickness, the expenditure of extra energy by your body, as it tries to adapt itself to the changes, may sap your strength enough to put you to bed. If you are already very sick, it may mean death.

One thing should be noted about the Massachusetts College incident—the chief change was in barometric pressure. Both temperature and humidity remained within normal ranges. More frequently, pressure, temperature and humidity all change together—with unpleasant results.

For centuries, men have noted the odd behavior of animals before a storm, but have scarcely thought of applying the observations to themselves. They have reported that well-trained horses will bolt and run, hogs will fight among themselves, parrots and canaries will dress their feathers vigorously, and fish will rise to the surface of the water and almost beg to be caught.

Before rain, farmers say, tame ducks shake their wings, small birds wash in the sand, dogs eat grass, cats sneeze, sheep herd together in groups, cocks clap their wings, peacocks cry, pigeons return home slowly, bees enter their hives, ants scurry around restlessly, spiders fall from their webs. These examples of old weather lore apparently have some validity, as opposed to superstitions like that involving the ground hog, which have none.

If animals alter their behavior with sudden weather changes, it is natural to assume that men and women do the same, despite all controls we may try to exercise over our actions. The evidence bears this out. It is particularly true of unstable people, those predisposed to mental illness. Doctors have found that the insane person often behaves almost in conformity with the weather.

Physiologically, the explanation is simple. The central nervous system is unusually susceptible to changes in oxygen supply, and weather is most certainly concerned with oxygen supply. As the neuropsychiatrist Hans H. Reese of the University of Wisconsin has told his colleagues: "Adequate and inadequate oxidation in cells and tissues is an important explanation to psychiatric disorders. And this is weather-linked, biochemically measurable and clinically obvious."

No combination of weather conditions can produce insanity in the normally healthy and mentally sound person, but weather will definitely bring into the open tendencies that already exist. A nineteen-year-old boy previously disposed to abnormal behavior has six acute episodes in six months; every one of them takes place during a time of unusually low temperatures. A middle-aged woman becomes violent, almost homicidal, on three separate nights in February; all three nights set records as "coldest of the year." An elderly man with feelings of persecution becomes convinced that he has been poisoned by his doctor; on that morning the weather is so turbulent that every newspaper in the city carries a weather story on the front page.

Dr. William F. Petersen, of Chicago, made exhaustive studies into the influence of weather, not only on the mentally unbalanced, but also on sick people, well people, people as individuals and people in crowds. The results were given in his book Man—Weather—Sun, published not long before his death last year. Dr. Petersen found that the human body is in a constant state of flux, that there is no such thing as "normal" in most of its functions. The sugar content of the blood changes, the relative acidity or alkalinity of the blood changes, the amount of oxygen in the internal organs changes—and all of these shifts occur as the weather changes.

The body functions best, he found, when the tissues are amply supplied with oxygen; almost all unwholesome changes take place when the tissues lack oxygen, as they may during swift weather changes, times of low barometric pressure and the like.

Dr. Petersen examined Chicago's records of births, deaths, psychotic admissions, the sex ratio of infants conceived and twin births. He found that during weather conditions resulting in oxygen-hunger (anoxemia), "more potentially psychotic individuals became psychotic, more pregnant women nearing the term began to have labor pains, more normal individuals became sick, more sick people died, more males were conceived." There is also some evidence that more twins are conceived during times of meteorological unrest.

The conclusion Dr. Petersen reached was this: In almost every disease, a major weather disturbance will have a distinctly bad effect. He found, for example, that a surprisingly large number of fatal attacks of asthma occurred shortly after a severe weather change. Such changes also brought varying but unmistakable increases in migraine headaches, "spontaneous hemorrhages," gall-bladder attacks, acute eye disorders, postoperative complications, orthopedic diseases, gastric ulcers, brain abscesses.

Of course, the weather rarely causes an illness. It merely alters body functions sufficiently to tip the balance slightly. If you are healthy, your body will handle the changes easily, and may even benefit from them. If you are sick or below par, that tip of the balance may seriously aggravate your condition.

If you live in an area of many weather changes, you can stand turbulence better than the person accustomed to an even climate. If you have lived most of your life in the stable, uniform climate of San Francisco, Yale's Professor Huntington estimated, you will react 17 times more strongly to a sudden weather change than your brother who lives in the stormy region around Minneapolis.

The turbulent week you passed through at the beginning of this article involved more than just sudden weather change. It grew very hot, and heat alone can affect you vitally. Although sudden shifts in barometric pressure apparently made the Massachusetts College students smarter, such shifts accompanied by high temperatures may make you stupider, may actually lower your intellectual capacity and affect your judgment.

Dr. Mills of the University of Cincinnati, cites experiments performed with rats to prove this point. Three groups of rats were kept in separate rooms at different temperatures for a period of two months. They were then made to work their way through a maze at ordinary room temperature. The first group, which had lived at 65 degrees, needed only 12 trials to reach the reward of food at the end. The second group, at 76 degrees, needed 28 trials to reach the goal. The third group, at 90 degrees, needed an average of 48 runs, and many of them gave up along the way.

Their memory was affected, too. Three months later the test was repeated on the same animals under identical circumstances. Rats in the first group remembered the intricate maze accurately and dashed through with no hesitation. In the second group, the animals were a little slower; they made some errors but eventually found their way. In the third group, every single rat had forgotten the maze, and not one was able to repeat the run and reach the goal.

The late Henry C. Bazett, professor of physiology at the University of Pennsylvania, studied the effects of heat on human beings—himself and his fellow workers. For a week in the middle of the winter, he shut himself up with two assistants in the "tropics"—a room where the temperature was maintained at 90 degrees during the day and 88 at night. They regularly checked their body temperatures, blood pressure, blood volume and so forth.

Naturally, the heat affected them physically, but the effect on their minds was the most startling. For the first two days they were sleepy; they could hardly work at all, and one man, a competent and experienced scientist, began to make simple arithmetic errors. He didn't catch his mistakes at the time; he thought he was working at his usual level of speed and accuracy until later, when he checked over what he had done.

Professor Huntington, working in the same field, found that in the state of Massachusetts 75 per cent of people taking tests for civil service jobs in April passed the exams. November records were just about as good—73 per cent made it. But in August only 58 per cent came through. The heat, explained Professor Huntington.

On the other hand, criminals of all kinds apparently function best—or at least most —in hot weather. Studies all over the world have shown that year after year crime rates soar upward in the spring and reach their peak in the summer. More murders are committed in July and August than at any other time of the year.

Around the early 1900s, Enrico Ferri, famous Italian criminologist, educator and political figure, wrote a book called Crime in Its Relation to Temperature. He showed that heat and criminality run almost consistently parallel, not only for different climates and for different seasons, but for different years. All over the world more crimes are committed in warm years than in relatively cool ones.

Effects of Heat on Violence

Edwin Dexter studied 40,000 cases of assault and battery in New York City. He found that every year for eight years the incidence of this crime increased from the coldest month, January, to the hottest month, July. In fact, the monthly crime curve and the monthly temperature curve were practically identical. Arrests for assault and battery were 69 per cent higher than normal expectancy on days when the thermometer was between 80 and 85 degrees. (However, it fell off after 85. When the temperature passes that mark and reaches 90 or more, people may be stirred to battle but they're apparently too warm or too exhausted to do anything about it.)

The mild crime wave that occurred in our bad week above might have been much worse if it had not been for the humidity. For a hot dry wind causes a good deal more trouble than a hot humid wind.

Strong winds have been regarded with awe and terror for centuries. There is the *solano* in Spain which acts so disagreeably that the Spanish have a proverb, "Ask no favor during the *solano*." There is the *zonda* in Argentina which, natives insist, has driven people into temporary insanity. And in southern France the famous mistral leads to a mass irritability known as *le cafard*—the blues. Most notorious of all is the sirocco of Sicily, which has been described by Italians as "not fatal to human life but deadly to human temperament." So pronounced are the effects of this wind that even the law takes it into account. Judges are more lenient with offenses committed during the sirocco.

Professor Dexter's studies indicated, however, that it is not necessarily strong winds in themselves that wreak havoc on a population, but rather a combination of wind and dryness. He compared crime incidence in Denver, with high dry winds, and New York, with high damp winds. Dexter found that a hot dry wind in Denver

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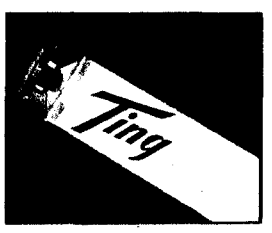

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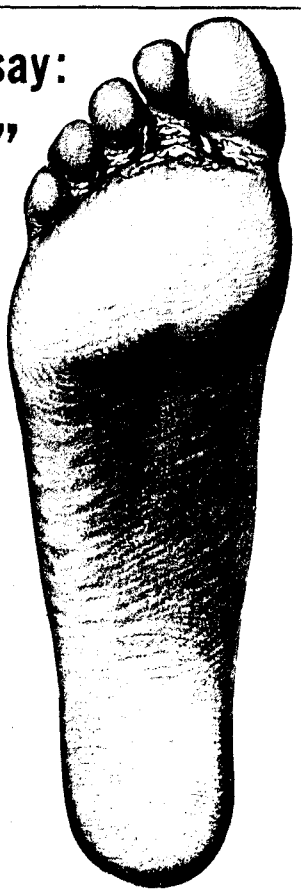

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kept the police department busy. There was a tremendous upsurge of crime, disorderliness, drunkenness, rowdyism. During one extreme period, there was an incredible increase of 400 per cent in murders.

But in New York, winds of the same speed (and they are far more common in the East) do not have the same effect. Even stronger winds—when they are humid and when they come at a time of no other sudden weather change—cause no appreciable effect.

Hot dry wind, heat around 85 degrees, sudden changes of any kind—these are the troublemakers. Among other things, extremely hot weather has been suspected for some time as a cause of reduced fertility. Today Dr. Clarence Mills offers laboratory evidence through his experiments with rabbits and guinea pigs proving that fewer conceptions occur at high temperatures than at moderate or cool temperatures.

As for human fertility, there no longer appears to be any doubt that it has its seasonal swings. In late spring, in May and June, people are at their physical and sexual peak. During this season, when the weather comes about as close to ideal as it ever does in the temperate zone, humans are most prolific. Moreover, children conceived at this time get the best start in life, are likely to be healthier and to live longer.

In his impressive book Season of Birth, Ellsworth Huntington reported his study of millions of births, proving that the traditional season for marriage is also the most advantageous season for starting a family. Children conceived in May and June (and born in February and March) develop into stronger and hardier adults; they're more intelligent, and they live longer. A comparative study was done on 6,500 people. Of these, 3,500 were conceived in June and born in March, while 3,000 were conceived in October and born in July. The June conceptions lived an average of 3.8 years longer than the Octobers.

Even if it has not been generally recognized that fertility is seasonal, we have long known that many diseases are. In fact, most of the major diseases come and go with the seasonal weather changes. Measles, scarlet fever, bronchitis, pneumonia and rheumatic fever are winter diseases. Cholera, dysentery and typhoid fever seem to be summer illnesses. For a long time medical men could not agree whether this came from weather effects or human habits at different seasons. But experiments point strongly to weather.

Seasonal Infections of Mice

In a series of studies conducted by Dr. W. L. Aycock of the Harvard University Medical School, mice were injected with paratyphoid enteritidis germs every month for several years. Every year the results were the same. Few animals picked up the infection in summer months, more in the fall, still more in the winter, and finally in the spring a virtual epidemic raged. Apparently springtime was paratyphoid time. An injection of the germs in spring caused infection. The same injection in summer had little effect.

Dr. Aycock and his associates injected diphtheria toxin into guinea pigs at two seasons of the year. In winter a small dose brought on a severe case of diphtheria; in summer the guinea pigs showed no symptoms until a much stronger dose was administered. The same experiment was conducted with other diseases, showing the same results. The reason? Our bodily functions vary with the season. We are not the same in spring as in the fall; every organ of our body is behaving differently. At certain seasons we have high resistance to diseases that may lay us low at another season. The specific body changes, and their extent, are only beginning to be studied. We know that children gain more weight in the late summer and early fall than at any other time of the year. In fact, one study by Dr. Aycock showed that the rate of gain in the last half of the year is four times greater than in the first half.

Various pollen-type allergies are seasonal, of course, but recent investigation shows that even food allergies are weather-linked. You would think that if tomatoes make you break out in a rash, they would have that same unattractive effect no matter when you eat them. Not so. Dr. Albert H. Rowe, a California specialist, reported in the Journal of Allergy that many food allergies are quite definitely a "sometime thing." The same is true of many drugs. What may poison you in December may create only a mild nausea in May; similarly, what may cure you in June may be only a half-baked treatment in January.

Dr. Alexander J. Nedzel of the University of Illinois College of Medicine explains that all drugs depend for their effectiveness on how they are absorbed and distributed in the body. A drug that is consumed rapidly will produce a different effect from one that is consumed slowly. The effect depends to a great extent on the state of the body at the time it is taken—and that, in turn, depends partly on the weather and season.

Tests with Rabbits and Cats

The same dose of a commonly used drug called neoarsphenamine had a much stronger effect on rabbits in late winter than it did in fall or summer. Digitalis administered to cats provoked different responses depending on when and where it was given. Its potency was greatest in the mountains, where the barometric pressure is low. At sea level, the effect varied. Any turbulent weather change—a storm, hurricane, even an increase in humidity—caused weird and unexpected fluctuations in the drug's strength.

So far as the body is concerned, alcohol is a drug. And like many drugs, its effect is stronger in hot weather, or during times of sudden weather changes. The two cocktails you customarily handle well can make you really tipsy on a very hot day.

Intelligence, efficiency and general ability vary not only with day-to-day weather but with the seasons, too. May should have been a rather good month for you, but June is probably turning out better—your second best month of the year, in fact. July and August will fall off considerably, but there will be an upswing in September, another in October, and you'll reach your peak in November. December slacks off, and January, February and March are really the low points of the year. In March you pick up a bit, in April still more, heading for the late spring peak in June.

Ellsworth Huntington determined this seasonal variation accurately in a series of factory tests in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and other states, plus some foreign countries. Everywhere the results were the same—top efficiency in late spring and late fall, lowest in midwinter and midsummer.

Although our efficiency may fluctuate in our changeable climate, it's still the healthiest climate to live in. Even if we seem to have more diseases, we also have greater resistance to disease. For, fundamentally it's a cool climate, and every living thing—plant, animal, human—thrives in the coolest weather it can comfortably stand.

This cool weather is a stabilizing influence, as well as a healthy one. Just as the statistics show an increase in crime rates in the summer months (and in the hot parts of the world), they also demonstrate an upsurge in other acts of violence. Cesare Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, reported after a study of "political crimes" that practically all the major uprisings in history occurred during the hot months of the year.

This fact also was noted by the French novelist Anatole France, who paid his cynical respects to the weather's influence on his countrymen with this comment:

"What a noble people ours is. It never makes revolts in winter. All the great revolutionary days are in July, August and September. When it rains they go home, taking their flags with them.

"They will die for the Idea, but they won't catch cold for it." THE END

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Thy Will Be Done

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and the rest of the old canvas fastened to hang down the other, it formed a low, cave-like shelter. The woman was in there, sitting on branches for a floor, her head nearly bumping the bed of the wagon above. I could hear the inside drippings, different from the outside patter, as the rain beat through the cracks of the wagon planks and the chinks of the log wall.

He stepped forward again to confront me and stop me, a big bulgy shape in his piece of canvas topped by the beard and hat, with the shadowed eyes between.

"It's a little wet," I said. "I thought maybe you'd like to come over to my place, where it's warm and dry, till this storm wears itself out. I can rig enough bunks."

"No," he said. "We shall do with what is ours."

I started to turn away and I saw the woman peering out at me from her pathetic shelter, her face pinched and damp under the bonnet, and I turned back.

"Man alive," I said. "Forget your pride and think of your wife and the boy."

"I am thinking of them," he said. "And I am the shield that shall protect them."

I started away and when I had taken a few steps his voice rolled after me. "Perhaps you should be thanked, neighbor. Perhaps you mean well."

"Yes," I said. "I did." I kept on going without looking back and I waded across the creek and went to my house and turned the lamp up bright and tossed a couple of logs into the fireplace.

ABOUT two weeks later, I tried once more. He had his cabin finished then, roofed with bark slabs over close-set poles, and he had the walls chinked tight with mud from the creek bottom. He had begun breaking ground. His oxen were handy for that. They could do what no team of horses could do: lean into the yoke and dig their split hoofs into the sod and pull a heavy plowshare through the roots of our tough buffalo grass.

That seemed to me foolish, tearing up sod that was perfect for good cattle, getting ready for dirt farming way out here far from any markets. But he was doing it right. With the ground plowed deep and the sod turned over, the grass would rot all through the summer and fall and by the next spring the ground would be ready to be worked and planted. And meanwhile he could string his fences and build sheds and get his whole place in shape.

We ought to be getting really acquainted, I thought, being the only neighbors there in the valley; for the nearest other place was two miles away, toward town. It was up to me. I was the first in the valley. He was the second, the newcomer.

As I said, I tried once more. It was a Saturday afternoon and I was getting ready to ride to town to see if there was any mail and pick up a few things and rub elbows with other folks a bit, and I thought of them there across the creek, always working and penned close with only a yoke of oxen that couldn't make the eight miles in less than half a day each way. I harnessed the team to the buckboard and drove across the creek to their place. The woman appeared in the cabin doorway, shading her eyes and staring at me. The son stopped plowing off to the right and let go of the plow handles and started toward me. The father came around the side of the cabin and waved him back, then came close to my wagon and stopped and planted his feet firmly and looked at me.

"I'm heading toward town," I said. "I thought maybe you'd like to ride in and back. You can look the place over and meet some of the folks around here."

"No, neighbor," he said. He looked at me and then let his voice out a notch. "Sin and temptation abide in towns. When we came past I saw two saloons and a painted woman."

"Hell, man," I said. "You find those things everywhere. They don't bite if you let them alone."

"Ah, yes," he said. "Everywhere. All along the long way I saw them. They are everywhere. That is why I stopped moving at last. There is no escaping them in towns. Wherever people congregate, there is sin. I shall keep myself and mine apart."

"All right," I said. "So you don't like people. But how about your wife and the boy? Maybe they'd like a change once in a while."

His voice rolled out another notch. "They are in my keeping." He looked at me and the light was right and for the first time I saw his eyes, bright and hot. "Neighbor," he said, "have I trespassed on your property?"

COLLIER'S

"Say, Helen, weren't we married around this time of the season?"

GEORGE WOLFE

I should say not! My Dad would never smoke anything but a
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I swung the team in an arc and drove back across the creek. I unharnessed the team and sent them out in the side pasture with slaps on their rumps. I whistled the gray in and saddled him and headed for town at a good clip.

That was the last time. After that I simply watched what was happening up the valley. You could sum most of it with the one word: work. And the rest of it centered on the rock ledge at the base of the cliff where a hard layer jutted out about ten feet above the valley floor, flat on top like a big table. I saw him working there, and after several days I saw what he was doing. He was cutting steps in the stone, chipping out steps to the top of the ledge. Then he took his son away from the plowing for a day to help him heave and pry the fallen rocks off the ledge, all except three, a big squarish one and two smaller ones. Up against the big one he raised a cross made of two lengths of small log.

Every day after that, if I was out early enough in the morning and late enough when the dusk was creeping in, I could see him and his woman and the son, all three of them kneeling on the ledge, and I could imagine his voice rolling around them and echoing from the cliff behind them. And on Sundays, when there would be nothing else doing about their place at all, not even cooking smoke rising from the cabin chimney, they would be there hours on end, the woman and son sometimes sitting on the two smaller stones and the father leaning over the big stone, apparently reading from a book lying open before him.

IT WAS on a Sunday, in the afternoon, that the son trespassed on my place. He came toward the house slowly and hesitantly, as though he was afraid something might jump and snap at him. I was sitting on the porch, the Winchester across my knees, enjoying the sunshine and waiting to see if the gopher that had been making holes in my side pasture would show its head. I watched him come, a healthy young figure in his dark pants and homespun shirt. When he was close I hailed him.

"Whoa, Jess," I said. "Aren't you afraid some evil might scrape off me and maybe get on you?"

He grinned kind of foolishly and scrubbed the toe of one shoe in the dirt. "Don't make fun of me," he said. "I don't hold with that stuff the way Father does. He said I could come over, anyway. He's decided perhaps you're all right."

"Thanks," I said. "Since I've passed the test, why not step up here and sit a spell."

He did and he looked all around very curiously and after a while he said, "Father thought perhaps you could tell him what to do to complete the claim."

"I'm your man," I said. "I just proved up final on this place a few months ago. You've a stretch of time ahead, but you're started right."

I told him what his father should do and we sat a while and then he said, "What kind of a gun is that?"

"It's a Winchester," I said. "A repeater. A right handy weapon."

"Could I hold it once?" he said.

I slipped on the safety and passed it to him. He set it on his shoulder and squinted along the barrel, awkward and self-conscious.

"Ever had a gun of your own?" I said.

"No," he said. He handed the gun back quickly and stared at the porch floor. "I never had anything of my own. Everything belongs to Father. He hasn't a gun anyway. Only an old shotgun and he won't let me touch it." And after a minute: "I never had even a nickel of my own to buy a thing with." And after a couple of minutes: "Why does he have to be praying all the time—can you tell me that? That's all he ever does—work and pray, asking forgiveness for sins. For my sins and Ma's sins too. What kind of sins have we ever had a chance to do? Can you tell me that?"

"No," I said. "No. I can't."

We sat a while longer and he was looking out at the pasture. "Say, are those cattle—"

"Yes," I said. "They're Herefords. Purebreds. Some of the first in these parts. That's why they're fenced tight."

"How'd you ever get them?" he said. "I mean them and everything you've got here."

"Well," I said. "I was a fool youngster blowing my money fast as I found it. Then one day I decided I didn't like riding herd on another man's cattle, and bony longhorns at that, when I knew there were better breeds. So I started saving my pay."

"How long did it take?" he said.

"It was eleven years ago last month," I said, "that I started a bank account."

"That's a long time," he said. "That's an awful long time."

"How old are you, Jess?" I said.

"Nineteen," he said. "Nineteen, four months back."

"When you're older," I said, "It won't seem like such a long time. When you're getting along some, time goes mighty fast."

"But I'm not older," he said.

"No," I said. "No. I guess you're not."

We sat a while longer and then I got foolish. "Jess," I said, "the plowing's done. That was the big job. The pressure ought to be letting up a bit now. Why don't you drop over here an afternoon or two and help me with haying? I'll pay fair wages. Twenty-five cents an hour."

His face lighted up like a match striking. "Hey, Mister!" Then: "But Father—"

"Jess," I said, "I never yet heard of work being sinful."

I wondered whether he would make it, and Wednesday he did, coming early in the afternoon and sticking right with me till quitting hour. He was a good worker. He had to be to make up for the time he wasted asking me questions about the country and people round about and my place and my stock and the years I'd spent with cattle. He was back again on Friday. When I called quits and we went across the pasture to my house, his father was standing on the porch, waiting.

"Good evening, neighbor," he said. "According to my son, you mentioned several afternoons. They are done. I have come for the money."

"Dutrow," I said. "Jess did the work. Jess gets the money."

"You do not understand," he said, his voice beginning to roll. "My son is not yet of man's estate. Until he is, I am responsible for him, and the fruit of his labor is mine. I am sworn to guard him against evil. Money in an untried boy's pocket is a sore temptation to sin."

I went into the house and took three dollars from the purse in my jacket pocket and went out to Jess and put them in his hand. He stood there with the hand in front of him, staring down at it.

COLLIER'S

"Then he had the nerve to ask if he could kiss me. Imagine! ASKING!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Jess! Come here!"

He went, flinching and unwilling, his hand still stiff in front of him, and his father took the money from it. "I'm sorry, Jess," I said. "Looks like there'd be no point in your working here again."

He looked at me the way a whipped colt looks and turned and went away, trying to hold to a steady walk and yet stumbling forward in his hurry.

"Dutrow," I said. "I hope that money burns your hand. You have already sinned with it."

"Neighbor," he said, "you take too much on yourself. My God alone shall judge my action."

I went into the house and closed the door.

It was about a month later, in the middle of the week, that the father himself came to see me, alone and in midmorning, wearing his black coat and strange black hat.

"Neighbor," he said, "have you seen my son this morning?"

"No," I said.

"Strange," he said. "He was not on his pallet when I arose. He missed morning prayer. He has not appeared at all."

He stood silent a moment. Then he raised an arm and pointed a thick forefinger at me. His voice rolled at its deepest. "Neighbor," he said, "if you have contrived with my son to go forth into the world, I shall call down the wrath of my God upon you."

"Neighbor Dutrow," I said, "I don't know what your son's doing. But I know what you're going to do. You're going to shut your mouth and get the hell off my place."

I don't think he heard me. He wiped a hand across his face and down over his beard. "You must pardon me," he said. "I am sore overwrought with worry."

He strode away, down the creek, and walked alongside it toward town. The coat flapped over his hips as he walked, and he grew smaller in the distance till he rounded the first hill and disappeared.

He returned in late afternoon, dusty and tired and still alone, walking slowly and staring at the ground ahead of him. He went past on the other side of the creek and stopped at the door of his cabin. The woman came out and they went to the rock ledge. They were still kneeling there when the dark shut them out of my sight.

THE next day, well into the afternoon, I was out by the barn and I heard a horse coming along the trace that was the beginning of the road into the valley. Marshal Eakins rode up to me and swung down, awkward and stiff. He was tired and worn and his left shoulder was bandaged, with some of the cloth showing through the open shirt collar.

"Afternoon, John," he said. "Any coffee in the pot you could warm over?"

In the house I stirred the fire in the stove and put the pot on. I pointed at his shoulder. "One of our tough friends?" I said.

"Hell, no," he said. "I can handle them. This was an amateur. A crazy kid."

When he had his coffee he took a sip and leaned back in his chair. "That the Dutrow place up the creek?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Must be nice neighbors," he said. "It was their boy shot me." He tried the coffee again and finished it in four gulps and reached for the pot. "His father was in town yesterday. He claimed the boy had run away. Right he was. The kid must have hid out during the day. Had himself a time at night. He pried a window at Walton's store and packed himself a bag of food. Took a rifle and a box of shells. Then he slipped over to the livery stable, saddled a horse and lit out."

"He couldn't ride," I said.

"Reckon not," Eakins said. "He made a mess of the gear finding a bridle and getting it on. Left an easy track too. Didn't know how to make time on a horse. I took Patton and went after him. He must have had a couple of hours' start but we were tailing him before ten. He got off or fell off, I don't know which, and scrambled behind some rocks. I told him we had the horse and if he'd throw out the gun and come out himself there wouldn't be too much fuss about it. But he went crazy wild. Shouted something about sin catching up with him and started blazing away."

"He couldn't shoot," I said.

"Maybe not," Eakins said. "But he was pumping the gun fast as he could and he got Patton dead center. We hadn't fired a shot." Eakins started on the second cup.

"Well?" I said.

"So I went in and yanked him out," Eakins said. "Reckon I was a little rough. Patton was a good man."

He finished the second cup and set it down. "Got to tell his folks. I thought maybe you'd go along. Women give me the fidgets." He pushed at the cup with a finger. "There's not much time. The town's a little hot. The trial will be tomorrow."

We crossed the creek and walked up to

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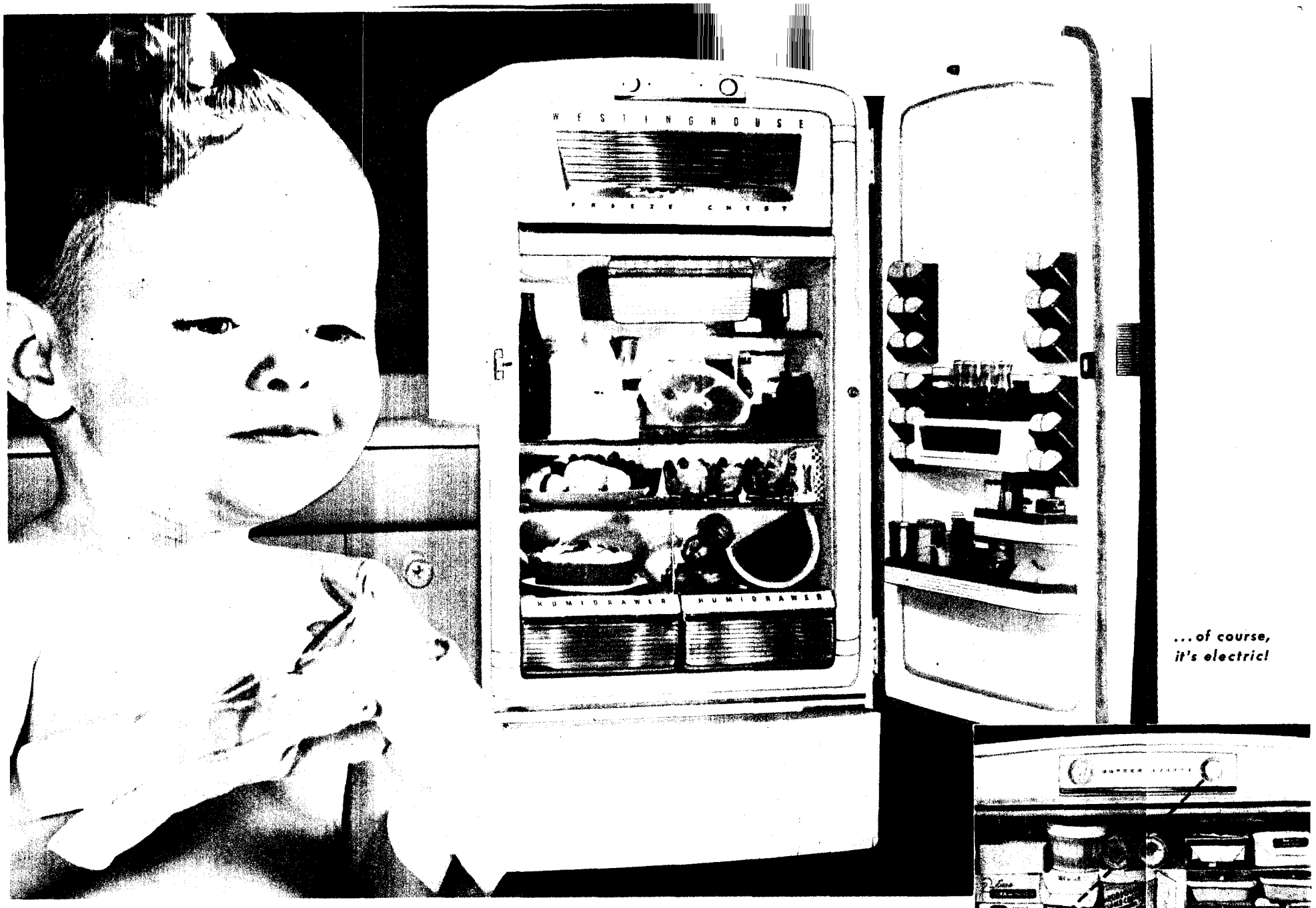

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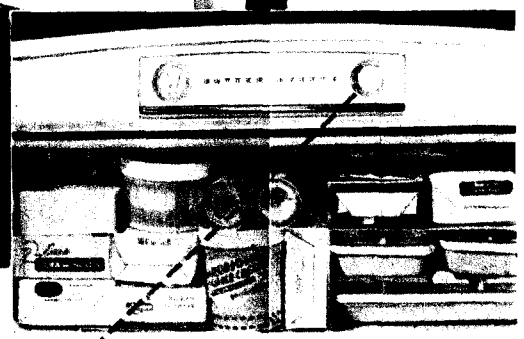

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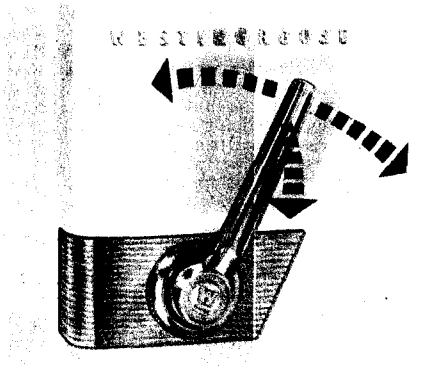

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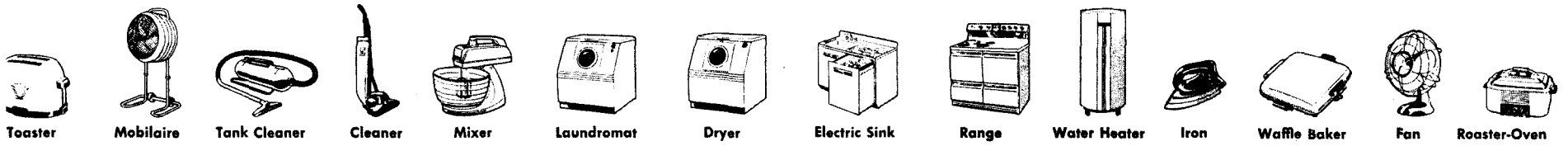

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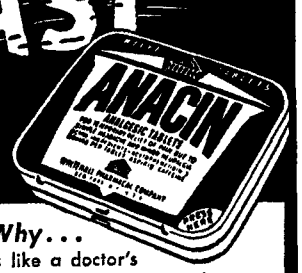

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their place. The woman appeared in the doorway and stared at us. The father came around the side of the cabin.

"You have found my son."

"Yes," Eakins said. "We've found him." He looked at me and back at the father and stiffened a little and he told them what had happened. "The trial'll be at ten tomorrow," he said. "They'll have a lawyer for him. It's out of my hands. It's up to the judge now."

And while he was talking, the father shrank right there before us. His head dropped and he seemed to dwindle inside his rough black clothes. His voice was scarcely more than a whisper. "The sins of the fathers . . ." he said, and was silent.

From the doorway, the woman spoke the first and only words I ever heard her speak. "You did it," she said, pointing at him. "You put the thoughts of sin in his head, always praying about it. And keeping him cooped in with never a thing he could call his own. On your head it is in the eyes of God. You drove him to it."

She stopped and stood still, looking at him, and her eyes were bright and accusing in the pinched whiteness of her face.

They had forgotten we were there. Eakins started to speak again and thought better of it. He turned to me and I nodded and we went back across the creek. At the barn Eakins climbed stiffly on his horse and started toward town.

IN THE morning, I saddled the gray and rode to their place. I was thinking of offering him the loan of the team and the buckboard. There was no sign of any activity at all. The place looked deserted. The cabin door was open and I poked my head in. The woman was sitting on a straight chair by the dead fireplace. Her hands were folded in her lap and her head was bowed over them. She was sitting still. There's no other way to describe what she was doing. She was just sitting.

"Where is he?" I asked.

Her head moved in my direction and she looked at me and there was no expression on her face.

"Is he anywhere around?" I asked.

She shook her head only enough for me to catch the slight movement. I stepped back and took one more look around; then I mounted the gray and rode toward town, looking for him along the way, but I did not see him.

I had no reason to hurry and when I reached the converted store building we used for a courthouse, it was fairly well crowded. Judge Cutler was on the bench. We had our own judge now for local cases. Cutler was a tall, spare man, full of experience and firm opinions, honest and independent in all his dealings with other people. Marshal Eakins was acting as our sheriff until we could get better organized and establish an office. That was why he had taken charge the day before.

They brought in Jess Dutrow and put him in a chair at one side of the bench and set another at the other side for a witness stand. There was no jury because the plea was guilty. The lawyer they had assigned for him could do nothing except plead the youth of his client and the hard circumstances of his life. It did not take long to establish the facts. They called me to identify him and tell what I knew about him. They called the storekeeper and the livery-stable man to testify to the thefts. They called Eakins and had him repeat his story for the court records. The defense lawyer was finishing his plea for a softening of sentence when there was a stirring in the room and, one by one, heads turned to stare at the outer doorway.

The father was there, filling the doorframe with his broad bulk in its black clothes. They had dirt marks on them, as if he had actually wrestled with something on the ground. His hat was gone and his long hair was unkempt. His beard was ragged and tangled and the cheeks above it were drawn, as if he had not slept. But his voice rolled magnificently, searching into every corner of the room.

"Stop!" he said. "You are trying the wrong man!"

He came forward and stood in front of the wooden pedestal we used for a trial bench. He looked up at Judge Cutler on the small raised platform behind it.

"Mine is the guilt," he said. "On my head let the punishment fall. My son has not yet attained his twenty-and-first birthday. He is still of me and to me, and I am responsible for aught that he does. He was put into my keeping by God, to protect him and guard him from temptation and bring him safely to man's estate. My will was not strong enough to control him. The fault therefore is in me, in his father that gave him the sins of the flesh and then failed him. On me the judgment. I am here for it. I call upon you to let him depart and sin no more."

Judge Cutler leaned forward. "Mr. Dutrow," he said in his precise, careful manner. "There is not a one of us here today does not feel for you. But the law is the law. We cannot go into the intangibles of human responsibilities you mention. Hereabouts we hold that when a man reaches his eighteenth birthday he is a capable person, responsible for his own actions. Legally your son is not a minor. He must stand up to his own judgment."

The father towered in his dirty black coat. He raised an arm and his voice fairly thundered. "Beware, agent of man!" he said. "You would usurp the right of God Himself!"

Judge Cutler leaned forward a bit farther. His tone did not change. "Mr. Dutrow. You will watch the trial quietly or I will have you removed from this room."

There was silence and the father dwindled again within his dark clothes. He turned slowly and looked over the whole room and everyone in it. Someone in the front row moved and left a vacant seat and he went to it and sat down. His head dropped forward until his beard was spread over his chest.

"Jess Dutrow," Judge Cutler said. "Stand up and take this straight. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

Jess stood up, shaky on his feet, then steadying. The whipped-colt look was a permanent part of him now. His voice cracked and climbed.

"Yes," he said. "I did it and he can't take that away from me! Everything's true and I don't give a damn! Why don't you get this over with?"

"Very well," Judge Cutler said. "There is no dispute as to the pertinent facts. Their logic is plain. You put yourself outside the law when you committed the thefts. While you were still outside the law, you shot and killed a peace officer in the performance of his duty and wounded another. You did not do this by accident or in defense of your life. In so far as the law can recognize, you did this by deliberate intent. By the authority vested in me as a legally sworn judge of the people of this state, I sentence you to be hanged tomorrow morning at ten by this courthouse clock."

Most of us were not looking at Jess Dutrow. We were looking at his father. He sat motionless for a few seconds after Judge Cutler finished speaking. Then he stood up and walked steadily to the doorway and out, his head still low with the beard fanwise on his chest.

I passed near him on the way home about an hour later and he was the same, walking steadily along, not slow, not fast, just steady and stubborn in his pace. I called to him and he did not answer, did not even turn his head.

THE next morning I woke up early. I lay quiet a moment, trying to focus on what had wakened me. Then I heard it plain—the creaking of wagon wheels. I went to the door and looked out. In the brightening pinkish light of dawn I saw him going by on the other side of the creek. He had yoked the oxen to the big wagon and was pushing steadily along, leading them with the leather thong. I watched him going into the distance until I shivered in the

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chill morning air. I went back into the house and closed the door.

It was the middle of the afternoon when he returned from town, leading the oxen, and behind them on the wagon was the long rectangular box. I did not watch him. I simply looked toward his place every now and then. I had things to do and I was glad I had things to do.

I saw him stop the oxen by the cabin and go inside. Later I saw him standing outside the door, both arms thrust upward. I could not be sure, but I thought his head was moving and he was shouting at the sky. And later I saw him back in the shadow of the rock ledge, digging the grave. And still later I saw him there, digging the second grave.

That brought me up short. I stared across the distance and there was no mistaking what he was doing. I set the pitchfork against the barn and went across the creek. I had to shout twice, close beside him, before he heard me.

He turned his head toward me and at last he saw me. His face above the beard was drawn, the flesh collapsed on the bones. He looked like a man riven by some terrible torment. His voice was low. There was no roll in it. It was low and mild.

"Yes, neighbor?" he said.

"Damn it, man," I said. "What are you doing?"

"This is for my wife," he said. His voice did not change. It was mild and matter-of-fact. "She killed herself." He drew a long breath and added gently, very gently, "With my butchering knife."

I stared at him. At last, I said, "I'll do what I can. I'll go into town and report it. So you won't have to bother with that."

"If you wish," he said. "But that is all a foolishness. Man's justice is a mockery. But God's justice will prevail. He will give me time to finish this work. Then He will deal with me in His might."

He withdrew within himself and turned back to his digging. I tried to speak to him again and he did not hear me. I went to the cabin and looked through the doorway and went away quickly. I walked back to my place and saddled the gray and rode to town. When I returned, the last shadows were merging into the dusk and the two graves were filled, with two small wooden crosses by them, and I saw him there on the ledge.

THREE days he was there. And late in the night of the third day the rain began and the lightning streaked and the thunder rolled through the valley, and in the last hour before dawn I heard the deeper-rolling rumble I had heard once before on a hunting trip when the whole face of a mountain moved and crashed into a canyon below.

Standing on the porch in the first light of dawn, I saw the new, broken outline of the cliff across the valley and the great jagged pile of stone and rubble below the place where the rock ledge had been.

We found him under the stones, lying crumpled and twisted near the big squarish rock, with the wooden cross smashed beside him. What I remember is his face. The deep-set eyes were open and they and the whole face were peaceful. His God had not failed him. Out of the high heaven arching above had come the blast that gave him his judgment and his release. THE END

Uncle Stinky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

and Dad lately. He'd been acting pretty impatient with her, like with me. I don't know; he was a good guy. I wouldn't swap fathers with anybody. Golly, all I wanted was to grow up exactly like Dad, maybe even work for the Santa Fe railroad like him, and be a Marine sergeant like he was on Saipan. I always figured he was the greatest guy in the world and I thought he liked me, too. But I wasn't sure about anything any more. Maybe he liked Fletcher best.

I hurried through lunch, and started to leave for school. Dad said he wanted to see me a minute. "You go ahead, Fletch," he said.

I sat back down, and after Fletch left I said, "What's up?"

Dad lighted a cigarette and leaned back in his chair and crossed his left ankle over his right knee and looked at me for a while. "Is Fletch getting along all right at school?" he asked me.

I shrugged. "I guess so. I guess he's passing all his subjects."

"That's not what I meant, and you know it. Do the guys like him?"

"No," I said. I didn't haggle about that one any.

Dad took his foot down and leaned on the table. "Why don't they?"

"How should I know?" I said. "Maybe because he's kinda sissified."

"Nuts!" Dad said in a hard voice. "Sissified, huh? And citified, I suppose? Wears cleaner clothes, washes behind his ears, combs his hair, and isn't a loud-mouthed show-off like your bosom friend, Pugh. That makes him unpopular with the gang?"

I shrugged again. "Search me. They just don't go for him, I guess."

"Whose side are *you* on?" Dad asked me. "Have you brought your considerable influence to bear on your cronies in an effort to have them accept Fletcher as a member of the gang?"

"No," I said. One thing I don't do is lie to my father.

"I see. You don't like him either, is that it?"

"It ain't that," I said. "I just leave him alone and he leaves me alone. I guess we just don't have nothing in common."

Mom said, "Harry, a strange boy always has a hard time getting adjusted in a new place. It takes time. Especially with a boy like—"

"Don't say it," Dad told her. "I don't think you've bothered to find out what kind of boy Fletcher really is. And I might remark in passing that it's not just the schoolboys who have been handing Fletcher the frost, I've noticed."

Mom got a tight look on her face and Dad turned back to me. "I'm real proud of you, Joe," he said in a tone of voice that would kill crab grass. "Listen, are you still an active member of the Boy Scouts?" I nodded, and he said, "Better resign, chum. I don't think you belong in that organization."

Mom gave him an angry look. "I think that's about enough, Harry!"

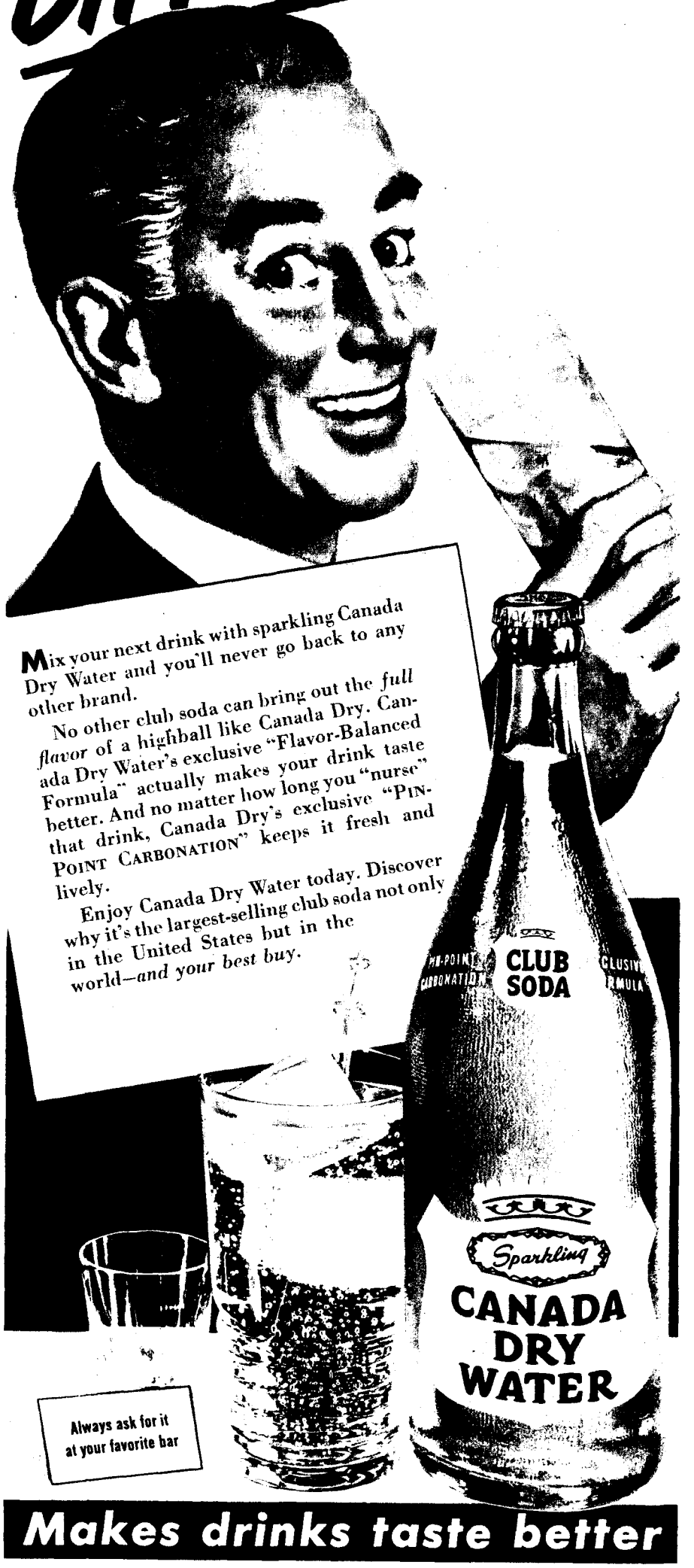
"All right, buy in, Bessie," he said, kind of gentle. "You know, you haven't exactly rolled out the plush carpet for that poor, miserable little guy yourself. I'm not saying you don't have a pretty tough proposition on your hands, but I do say you're not handling it very well."

Mom put her hands over her face and sat there a minute; then she took them down and sighed. She looked at me and then she looked at Dad and made a kind of helpless gesture. "They don't—they aren't—"

"Yeah," Dad said. "I know. It's awkward for Joe, having to share with an uncle several months younger than himself, but it doesn't need to be. And you're pretty much a one-boy woman, I guess. But nobody expects you to be a mother to Fletch. After all, he's your half brother. My opinion is we're all pretty compatible, except some of us are fighting it. But compared to Fletch, you two have no problems to speak of. You ever think of *his* side of it? He's got bad problems, and there isn't much he can do about them. He's dependent on you and Joe for his right answers, and he isn't getting any."

I wished I knew what they were talking

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE"



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about. And he was crazy if he thought I didn't have worse problems than Fletcher. It was *me* that Fuzzy Jones kept giving those tough "I'll get you" looks, not Fletcher. It was me worrying about not having a pitcher with Scooter leaving, too.

"Another thing, Bessie," Dad said quietly. "You've got an exaggerated sense of loyalty toward your mother that isn't particularly healthy, in my book. You never forgave your father for marrying again when your mother died, and you never made any secret of the way you felt about the girl who took your mother's place. Now she's dead, too, and don't you think it's about time to stop resenting her? I suspect one reason why a certain character treats Fletcher like a leper is because he senses a slight trend in that direction from another quarter—and I'm damned if I don't think it works the other way, too."

They acted like they'd forgot I was there, so I cleared my throat, and Dad looked at me. He put out his cigarette and stood up.

"Look, both of you," he said. "I just don't understand how anybody can take one look at that nice, lonely, unhappy little guy and not want to be friends with him." He got his hat and went to the door and stood there looking at us. It seemed like a long time. And then he said, "Well, the hell with it. I can't change the way you are." He went out, and I looked at Mom, and she looked down at her plate.

"Maybe he's sorry I'm not like Uncle Stinky," I said bitterly. I got up and started for the door, and Mom said, "Wait, Joe. What—what did you call him?"

"Uncle Stinky," I said. "That's what everybody calls him."

She looked at me for a couple of seconds, her chin quivering and her lips trembling. Then she put her head down on the table and started crying, and I got the heck out of there.

UNCLE STINKY was waiting for me up by the lumberyard. "Whatta you want?" I asked him. I hated his guts right then.

He acted embarrassed. "I'm sorry I cause so much trouble, Joe."

"Get lost," I said. "Drop dead or something."

His face got kind of white, and for a minute he looked like Mom. You could sure tell he was her brother right then. He said, "Well, I just wanted you to know it won't be for long, that's all. You don't have to put up with me much longer, that's all. But I figured I ought to go ahead and graduate out of the eighth grade first."

"First what?" I said. "What are you bleating about?"

He looked me right in the eye. "I'm leaving," he said. "I won't be around bothering you and—and your mother. Just until school is out, a couple more weeks. Maybe I won't even finish school, even." And then his face got a hard, tough look, even with the glasses. "You think I *like* living here? My gosh! You think I like it any better than you do?"

I felt confused. "Where will you go? Back to Chicago?"

He shook his head. "I don't know yet." He started away, but then all of a sudden he whirled around. "But I'm going!" he yelled. "I don't hafta stay where I'm not wanted!" And he took off again, almost running.

I felt kind of stunned, I guess. Or something. Boy, some day. I thought: Thirteen years old. Where the heck can a thirteen-year-old kid go? I was almost fourteen, and just thinking about going away from home was enough to scare me. After a while I walked on to school and kept off to myself until the bell rang, and then I went in and up the stairs and sat at my desk. Scooter sat there across the aisle trying to get me to watch what he was doing, but I wasn't very interested. He had a peashooter he'd made out of a spool and a rubber band, and he was shooting paper wads at guys, but I didn't get no big charge out of it. Everything was going around and around in my head.

I guess I felt ashamed, but I didn't know why, for sure. And embarrassed, in the back of my mind. Maybe because I knew too much about Fletcher's mother and father and everything. I'd heard Mom and Dad talking about it a couple of times. I remember one time Mom said it was disgusting, an old man like Grandpaw falling into the clutches of a mercenary little golddigger, and Dad said after all these years of being loyal to a sick old man on a pension, it didn't strike him that Mom's stepmother was so mercenary. In those days I didn't know Fletcher or anything, and they were just people Mom and Dad talked about. But I guess that's one reason I couldn't warm up to Fletcher. I knew too much about his home life. . . .

All through history class I didn't hear a word anybody said. I kept looking at the back of Fletcher's curly head in the front row, and I didn't know if I was glad he was leaving or not. I kept remembering stuff. Like two years ago when Grandpaw died and Mom wouldn't even go to the funeral, but Dad went all the way to Chicago on his railroad pass because he said Mom's stepmother probably needed help. When Dad came back, he said Mrs. Stienke, Fletcher's mother, was taking it like a trooper. She already had a job and Fletcher was going to stay with an aunt and uncle of hers. Mom said something catty about all that nice insurance money, and Dad got hot under the collar about it.

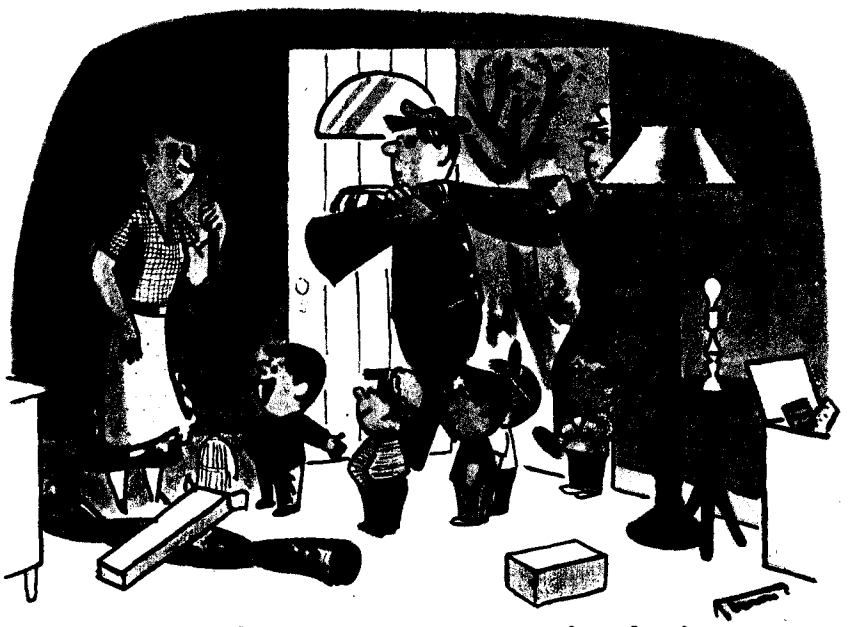
"She'll have a lot left out of five thousand dollars when she gets through paying almost a year's hospital bills and those heart specialist's fees and the funeral expenses, won't she?" he said. "Yes, sir! She really cleaned up—and all she had to do to earn all that dough was put up with your old man's foibles for thirteen years."

THAT was one of the few times Dad and Mom really got into a fight. Mom said *that woman* must be very pretty to have made such a wonderful impression on Dad, and he said she *had* been a beautiful woman once, and he'd never be able to understand why she married Grandpaw in the first place. Dad said she didn't look well, and he guessed she'd had a pretty rugged life. After that Mom and Dad didn't speak to each other for a couple of days. Then he brought her a present, and they made up.

We never heard from Fletcher's mother again until the aunt and uncle wrote to Dad and said she had been dead a couple of months and they'd been keeping Fletcher, but the uncle was in bad health and they were both so old, and would it be possible for Dad and Mom to take Fletcher and give him a home? That's when Dad went back to Chicago and brought Fletcher home, about three weeks ago. Three weeks sure made a mess of my life.

I looked at the back of Fletcher's head, bent over his desk, and his bony shoulders,

"He's all broken up over moving. Can't blame him. Losing all his old friends, new neighborhood, strange kids . . ."



"Mom, I want you to meet some friends of mine: Herb Grimes, Bill Dugan, Howard Gordon and Art Jones. Can they stay for lunch?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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and I remembered the first day when I'd had to bring him to school and introduce him to Mrs. Livingstone, the eighth-grade teacher. As soon as I did it I ditched him and went back outside.

"Who's the new kid?" Scooter asked me.

"Believe it or not, he's my uncle," I said, kind of embarrassed.

That got a big laugh. Joe the comic. "No kidding," I told them. "He's my mother's half brother. He's really my uncle. How about that!"

Well, they didn't have no use for him. I guess it was partly the glasses. Nobody else wore glasses in school except a couple of girls. I don't say none of the guys *needed* glasses. Rock Creek is a little town, and there isn't any eye doctor. Maybe a lot of people needed glasses and didn't know it, but nobody wore them except Fletcher and the girls, and I guess that set him off from the rest someway. That, and being from Chicago and looking sissified.

It was Scooter that named him Uncle Stinky that first day when Mrs. Livingstone introduced him to the class. "We have a new pupil," she told us. "His name is Fletcher Stienke." And Scooter leaned across the aisle and whispered, "Did she say dat's yo' Uncle *Stinky?*"

He must of thought it was pretty sharp, because he passed it around to the other guys, and at first it made me pretty sore. After all, Mom's name was Stienke before she met Dad and they got married. But I didn't want to be sore at old Scooter so I just let it go. After that, whenever Mrs. Livingstone called the roll and got to Fletcher, somebody always giggled about it. And also after that, I just didn't want to have much to do with Fletcher. If the guys had of, I would too, but they didn't. He didn't act like he cared, he acted like he didn't want nothing to do with anybody. He'd just stand around at recesses, leaning against the building with his hands in his pockets, shivering like it was cold—even on a warm day. And I just wanted people to forget he was any relation to me.

Just before recess Scooter got tired of shooting paper wads in his beanshooter, and he stuck a kitchen match in it and shot it against the plaster above the blackboard, and it exploded and flared up. It was just as the bell rang, and Mrs. Livingstone saw him do it. "Mister Pugh," she said. "You will remain at recess."

HALFWAY down the stairs I could still hear him arguing with her about it. There wasn't anything I wanted to do outside, but I went on out. I was loaded down with worries, I had troubles. And the way I felt I didn't want nobody messing with me. I guess that's how come I finally got into a real hassel with Fuzzy Jones.

He started it. He's got a space between his front teeth, and he can spit twenty feet when there isn't any wind. He was behind me, and just as I turned the corner I felt something wet hit me on the back of the neck. When I realized what it was I felt like killing that guy. That's about the nastiest thing I can think of, spitting on a guy's neck. I whirled around, and all of a sudden I knew I was going to fight him. It was my last chance to have Scooter there to see it was a fair fight.

"You dirty crumb," I said. "I ought to bust you one."

"You ain't hog-tied or set in concrete, lover-lips," Fuzzy sneered.

"For two cents I'd punch you right out from between your ears."

He pulled out a nickel and tossed it to me. "Got change?" he asked.

Boy, that really burned me up. I threw the nickel at him. "I'll meet you by the lumberyard after school," I said. "You asked for it."

"Yeah, but I won't git it," he said. "You won't show up, sonny."

I wanted to bust him one right there but a guy would get in a jam fighting in the schoolyard. "You'll see if I won't show up," I told him. I turned around and walked away, and that's when I noticed Fletcher. He'd been standing there on the steps, taking it all in. I went around the building and leaned against the bricks, feeling a little sick and wishing I hadn't called Fuzzy's bluff. I was standing there trying to think about something pleasant when Scooter found me.

"I'm going to fight Fuzzy after school," I said. "He spit on me."

I don't know. Scooter got a funny look on his face, it seemed like.

"I wanted you to be there and keep Alvin off my back," I told him.

He really looked funny then. "I—I can't," he said.

"Whatta you mean, you can't?" I said.

"Well, I—gotta stay in after school," he sort of stuttered.

"Oh, great," I said. I felt like just laying down in the cinders and kicking my heels and squalling like a baby. Everything I did went sour lately, and this really topped it off. "Well," I told Scooter, "I guess I'm gonna get my head knocked off, then."

"Gee," he said. "I sure would like to help you, Joe."

Sure, I believed him, but that wouldn't help much. For a second I guess I hated Mrs. Livingstone for making Scooter stay in after school his last day in Rock Creek. She must be nuts, or just plain mean. When the bell rang I went back inside and sat through geography trying not to think about the way things were. Instead, I tried thinking about fishing in Crystal Branch and Tin Can Hole, about swimming and hunting squirrels and a lot of other good things, but I kept getting back to Fuzzy.

WHEN the four-o'clock bell rang I went out and took my time getting up the street, hoping Fuzzy would drop dead before I got there, but he didn't drop dead and he was waiting at the corner. All the guys were there, drooling for blood, and it sure looked like they were going to get it. I had a hard time to keep from running when I saw Fuzzy smoking a cigarette and watching me with his face all tough, and Alvin Anderson leaning against a tree, grinning at me, waiting to see me get hurt, and I hated them because I knew they'd just watch and not keep Alvin out of it.

"Listen, Alvin," I said. "You better keep out of this, see."

"Don't talk to him," Fuzzy said. "Talk to me, lover-lips." He threw his cigarette away. "I'm the guy that's going to cream you, remember?"

Well, all at once I felt so mad I just tore into him, swinging like a windmill, and I hit him a couple. He hit me a couple, too, and when we clinched my nose was bleeding already. Fuzzy must of had three hands, or else it was Alvin slugged me in the back of the neck then. It made me go kind of all paralyzed, and I sagged, and Fuzzy hit me in the stomach, and then I was down on my knees, holding my stomach and trying not to cry. Not hurt crying, but *mad* crying.

"Hey, fight fair, you guys!" some jerk said, and I almost laughed. I knew they'd say it. I knew they wouldn't *do* anything, too. I got up and started after Fuzzy again, and Alvin tripped me from behind, and Fuzzy hit me in the ear as I fell. Then I heard this other voice.

"Hold my glasses," the voice said.

My nose was bleeding all over everything, and I hurt and I felt sick. I couldn't watch both those guys. Then I noticed the crowd was yelling like crazy and I lifted my head and looked to see why, and there was Fletcher fighting Alvin. Fuzzy was getting ready to hit him from behind. I made a dive at Fuzzy and tackled him around the knees, and his face hit a tree as he fell, and it took all the fight out of him, I guess. I hit him a few times for good measure and he started yelling he had enough, so I stopped hitting him.

"Get outa here," I told him, and he got up and got outa there.

I turned around, wiping my nose, ready to pull Alvin off Fletcher and knock him silly. I was really going to clean Alvin's plow, but when I looked at them I nearly

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fell down I was so surprised. There was old skinny, sissy-looking Fletcher standing there, dancing around a little, and Alvin was backed up against the lumberyard wall with his arms in front of his face. And every time he'd drop his arms and try to make a rush at Fletcher, my kid uncle from Chicago would hit him a couple of times real fast with his left and then bust him with a right uppercut. I mean it was pretty to watch. Maybe if Alvin could of got hold of Fletcher he might of done some good, but he was too busy covering up.

"Lay off," he blubbered. "I quit. Lay off, guy."

Fletcher feinted for his stomach and then, when Alvin dropped his guard, shot his right in there and caught Alvin right in the nose, and Alvin slid down along the wall and laid there crying like a big baby.

"Give me my glasses," Fletcher said. He wasn't even breathing hard.

Web Ewing gave him his glasses and Fletcher put them on and got his books off the sidewalk and started on down the street.

"Wow!" Web said. "Did you see that? Pinch me, I must be dreaming."

I felt like that, too. I started after Fletcher and caught up with him before he got home. He kept walking.

"Thanks, Fletch," I said, and he stopped and took off his glasses and polished them with his shirt sleeve and looked embarrassed. I said, "Golly, I just don't get it. How come you got in it, Fletch?"

He looked surprised. "Why, they were double-teaming you. Two on one isn't fair, that's all. And we're sort of related."

"Where'd you learn to fight like that, for gosh sakes?" I asked.

He put his glasses back on. "Oh, they had a kids' club where I lived in Chicago and they taught boxing to anybody that wanted to learn."

"Gee," I said. "Could you teach a guy to box like that, Fletch?"

"Well, I guess I could show them the fundamentals," he said.

That's what I wanted to learn. The fundamentals. How to whip a guy like Alvin without getting up a sweat.

WE STARTED walking again and when we got home, Mom was in the living room. She nearly fainted.

"Lord preserve us! What on earth *happened* to you, Joe?" she asked.

"Fuzzy Jones and Alvin Anderson were beating up on me," I said. "Fletcher peeled old Alvin out of my hair and clobbered him good. You should have seen it."

"I should not!" she said, shuddering. She looked at Fletcher, and he was grinning bashfully. All of a sudden Mom walked up to him and put her arms around him and kissed him. "Honey," she said, "I'm afraid it hasn't been much fun for you, living with a crazy family like us, but if you'll be patient with us I think it'll be all right, don't you?"

Fletcher nodded and acted self-conscious, and I said, "Heck, yes! The trouble was I thought Fletch was a sissy or something."

"You were wrong," Mom said. "Us Stienkes are rugged individuals."

Fletch looked at me. "I thought you were a jerk," he said, grinning.

"You were so right!" Mom said. "He was and is an awful jerk."

Well, we all had to laugh a little at that, even if I did suspect Mom was partly right about me being a jerk. Boy, I felt swell, and just an hour ago I had more troubles than you could shake a stick at. Now all I had to feel bad about was Scooter moving to Tulsa. I went in the bathroom and washed the blood off and combed my hair and changed clothes. When I came out Fletch was drinking a glass of milk in the kitchen.

"How you feel, Joe?" he asked me.

"Great," I said. "Terrific. If Scooter wasn't moving tomorrow I'd be feeling sensational. Without him to pitch, we just won't have much of a baseball team this summer."

Fletcher started to say something and then changed his mind.

"Funny," I said. "If Scooter hadn't had to stay in after school I guess I'd still be thinking you were a kind of a sissy, Fletch."

"Are you sure he had to stay in?" Mom asked me. "I'd swear I saw him going down the alley fifteen minutes ago."

I started to tell her she was mistaken, but then I didn't, because it hit me all at once that Scooter *hadn't* had to stay after school. He just said that so he could squirm out of having trouble with Alvin. I poured a glass of milk and looked at it and stopped being hungry. It looked like Scooter was *yellow* or something. I felt sick for a minute, and then I thought it was a good thing Scooter was moving, after all. What if I'd found out he was yellow and he was still living in Rock Creek. Think I'd want to catch a guy like that, even if he *was* hot?

Like Dad said later, I guess I started growing up about then. I guess I'd learned something about people. Take a guy like Scooter, he was a good athlete and *looked* good, but he didn't have it inside. And just because a guy ain't a hot athlete and looks sissified, like Fletch, it don't mean he hasn't got it inside. My gosh, to look at him you'd figure he couldn't even play jacks, but he didn't hesitate to climb old Alvin's frame. I'd been stupid about Fletcher—me and all the other guys. And it was Scooter that started it, really. He was a big shot at school, and if he laughed at Fletch, everybody else kind of took his word for it. I don't know, it was all mixed up in my mind, but I could see everything a lot different now.

I was standing there doing all this deep thinking when Dad came home. I felt a little embarrassed about seeing him after what happened at lunch. He had some packages under his arm and he put them on the kitchen table and looked at Mom, sort of nervous. That was a good sign. Always before when he and Mom had been a little sore at each other about something, he'd come home with a present for her. He called them peace offerings. This time it looked like he'd brought her three peace offerings.

"How about a cup of coffee, dear?" Mom asked him.

He looked surprised. "Sure. You bet. You still like me, huh?"

"Why not?" Mom said. "I'm stuck with you, aren't I?"

Dad sort of grinned. "Well, maybe I was a little rough at noon."

"You did me a big favor, darling," Mom said. She put a cup of coffee on the table and he sat down, and she leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "I think we're all squared away here," she said.

DAD hadn't even looked at me until now. "How about you, chum?" he asked. "Harboring any grudges?" I shook my head and he did a double-take and said, "Hey, what happened? Your face looks almost human."

I went ahead and told him about it, and he sighed and threw up his hands.

"Getting so you can't depend on anybody any more," he said. "Here I've spent the afternoon racking my brain trying to solve a problem in human relations. And now I discover the problem no longer exists, and I don't get to solve it after all." He shoved two of the packages toward me and Fletch. "This was part of it," he said. "The first move. Maybe you guys can find some use for this junk."

It was a new catcher's mitt for me and a finger mitt for Fletch and a new official baseball. Just for a second I thought about the kind of stuff Scooter could of put on that new horsehide and felt gloomy about it, but then I stopped thinking about him. Fletch was pounding his fist into his glove and looking excited. Dad watched him and winked at Mom.

"You ever play any baseball, Fletch?" he asked.

"Some," Fletch said. "Just sand-lot stuff."

That was a yak. What other kind of baseball could a kid play?

"What did you play?" I said. "What position, I mean?"

He didn't answer for a minute, just looked at his glove with his head down. Then he looked at me and grinned, and before he even said it I knew what he was going to say. "What position?" I asked again.

"Oh," he said. "I pitched. I usually always pitched."

Boy, how could a day start out so lousy and still end up so good? THE END

BUTCH

"I had my hands in my pockets like dis, see? I says, 'Stick 'em up or I'll shoot.' Th' guy says, 'Shoot.' Was I ever embarrassed!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

him, in addition to a number of mottoes." Since Professor Peltz left Portland last December that city has had no tattooer, and Professor Buttenhauser thinks that's no way for a city to get along. Besides, the field is too crowded on the East Coast. "When the electric needle came into the profession," said Professor Buttenhauser, "art went out. Of course, I have had to take up the electric needle for the big work, but all the fine finishing I do by hand." The professor offered to tattoo 48 States of Mind on our chest, but we thanked him and declined.

★ ★ ★

Having been notified by Mr. Victor Christgau, director of Minnesota's State Employment and Security Division, that there is a painful scarcity of farm labor in his state, we were prepared for the panhandler who mooched us for two bits. Said he was hungry and couldn't take an industrial job because he couldn't stand indoor work. We spurned him, telling him what Mr. Christgau had told us. "Thanks, Mister," said the mooch. "How's for staking me to carfare to Minnesota?"

★ ★ ★

If you get caught and the judge sends you to the Western Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, don't go to the prison library asking for a couple of law manuals. Lawbooks of all sorts are taboo in this tough sneezer. To have them in any Pennsylvania jailhouse is illegal. The argument is that the courts have handed you all the law you need, and, besides, the judges have tired of amateur legal argument. So if you must read law while doing your stretch, get yourself jolted into San Quentin in California, or, say Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet. Okay to habeas-corpus or even mandamus yourself in those two.

★ ★ ★

Well, that's about all, chums, except we've just heard from John Groom, manager of the El Katif Shrine Sportsmen's Show in Spokane, Washington, that one of his bear cubs died. Kids fed it balloons. Also, Robert R. Behlow, director of the Labor Department's bureau of Labor Statistics in Pittsburgh, informs us that the dollar was worth a dollar and nine cents in 1933. Personally, we didn't have a dollar in 1933. And Mrs. Grace L. Haynes has opened a branch of her Minneapolis Widows Club in Los Angeles—object: to keep widows from getting lonely. Too, a couple of girls sorting out income-tax returns in the collector's office in a Midwest city came to one from a bachelor with no dependents and an income of $40,000 a year. Said one of the girls to the other: "Darn it. It's your turn to write, May. Maybe he looks as good as he sounds." Must stop. It's Mailbox Improvement Week. Got to paint the mailbox.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

involving cubical dimensions. Perhaps a closer check will show you that 10x10x10 equals 1,000, therefore Mr. Lilienthal's original statement was correct.

R. Z. BROWN, Orchard Park, N. Y.

We assume that Mr. Hartley was figuring the area of damage on the plane surface of the earth, and not the damage to the upper atmosphere as well.

Anglo-American Relations

EDITOR: After reading your editorial entitled Bridge Those Differences (May 5th) I felt obligated to extend my congratulations. Without a doubt it is one of the best I've read in some time in this era of suspicion and universal unrest. It is indeed too bad that so many of the "opposition" newspapers in this country continue to publish inflammatory anti-British cartoons when solidarity is so badly needed.

WILLIAM B. JORDAN, JR., Orono, Me.

. . . I was very much pleased with your editorial of May 5th concerning Anglo-American differences. Such a fair approach to the problem is something that is sorely needed in this country today, especially in the Midwest, where Hearst and McCormick feel they have 100 per cent support.

R. E. BOWMAN, Lodi, Wis.

. . . Your editorial Bridge Those Differences missed the point entirely. It is the British who should make the attempt, not us. We should set the course for them to follow, not they for us. Instead we are being drawn, through their "tool," Mr. Acheson, into a maze of Socialistic world intrigue, where Britain continues a profitable trade with Iron Curtain countries, while we "pay the fiddler," both in lives and money.

J. BERINGER, Beaumont, Texas

. . . Your editorial on present-day British-American relations supplies a much-needed spur to clearheaded public opinion.

It is a sad commentary on our present-day society that, even with the comparatively high level of education existing in this country, large segments of the people are still guided in their opinions by narrow, bigoted sentiments.

Of course, perfect accord between the two nations would be too idyllic a state to come to pass, or even to wish for. The right to disagreement is, as you state, a basic element in our democratic way of life.

I trust that the editorial will have many readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

WINIFRED M. ADAMS, New York, N. Y.

Home-Town Salute

EDITOR: Collier's as well as Frank X. Tolbert is to be congratulated for the article on Ernest Lynn Kurth (Paper Prophet, April 28th). While this portrays the "home-town boy makes good in home town," the story is true in every detail. I have known Ernest since I can remember and have been proud to call him my friend.

MRS. LIVVIE MARTIN, Beaumont, Texas

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HARRY DEVLIN

A Ship Worth Sinking

IT APPEARS that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, whose venal operations are one of the tawdry scandals of the Truman administration, is still going to be with us. Unless there is a great turning of legislative tables between the time this is written and the date of publication, Congress will reprieve and continue the RFC, in spite of expert advice to the contrary.

It will be a different RFC, with a single director replacing the five-man board. There will doubtless be tighter regulations. These changes will reduce the chances of further influence peddling, political favoritism, improper pressure and other unsavory practices which Senator Fulbright's subcommittee exposed. But the changes will not eliminate the chances. Nor will they eliminate some long-standing objections to the RFC which would merit consideration even if the White House's Donald Dawson had never free-loaded at the Saxony Hotel in Miami Beach, or if the White House's Mrs. E. Merl Young had never received that famous mink coat.

Collier's goes along with the objectors—such men as Herbert Hoover, in whose administration the RFC was created; Jesse Jones, chairman of the agency's board for six years; Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, and Senator Harry Byrd, the economy-minded gentleman from Virginia. We believe the lending agency is unnecessary, contradictory and potentially dangerous. We agree with Mr. Eccles that it has no permanent place in our system of private free enterprise. This is not to say that during the depression it did not perform a useful function in the emergency that it was set up to meet. But its recent history seems to us an example of the evils of prolonged overdosage of a medicine that is no longer needed.

The RFC's character and purposes have changed in the postwar years, and it has become more and more an instrument for shady and selfish practices. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee hearings indicated strongly that loans were made which scarcely could qualify as being in the "public interest."

Of course, the elimination of the RFC might put a crimp in various interesting projects of some of our more imaginative citizens. There's a talented needle artist we know of who was planning to open a bigger tattoo parlor with RFC help, and another fellow who was thinking hopefully of a chinchilla ranch with the same assistance. Under the old setup they probably would have made it, too. At least that's our conclusion after looking over some of the 1950 loans by the RFC.

There was, for instance, the man out in California who got $25,000 for his rattlesnake farm. California did well in other respects, too. A chain of drive-in theaters talked the federal lenders out of $164,669.22. A small movie studio got over a million bucks. And something called Hollywood Stars, Inc., put the bite on the public till for $172,600. Michigan specialized in government aid to bars and bowling alleys. Five establishments in the state borrowed a total of $174,712.28 from the RFC. A year ago the proprietors of a stadium in Atlanta, Georgia, still owed $164,038.46 on their loan. Three hotels in the Virgin Islands borrowed $815,000. And those are just a few samples from one year. (We hasten to add that we've nothing against movies, resort hotels, bars or bowling alleys. Quite the contrary. And we don't mean to imply that the loans won't be repaid. Our objection is to the questionable practice of the government financing such enterprises.)

The loans we have cited aren't as big or as publicized as the Lustron Corporation fiasco, the full story of which was first revealed nationally in a Collier's article (Lustron—The House That Lots of Jack Built, November 5, 1949). The government—or rather, we taxpayers—took a net loss of $35,500,000 for angeling that now-defunct venture in prefabricated steel houses. And we taxpayers were also the ones who helped finance Mr. Dawson's junket and helped pay for Mrs. Young's fur coat and helped perform other philanthropic services for the expediters and influence peddlers.

Yet even if the RFC's past record were clean, which it isn't, and even if there are reforms in its future operation, we still think the agency should be liquidated. We agree with the experts who hold that private capital can handle the nondefense financing job at a time when business is good and money is plentiful. And we agree with them that the continued existence of the RFC works at cross-purposes with other government policy, and that it creates a situation which is both unfair and risky.

The government, through the Federal Reserve, has restricted bank loans. It has restricted them because credit curbs are a hedge against inflation, and inflation is a real threat to the nation's stability and safety. But there are no such restrictions on the RFC. Everything's wide open. So the agency can take business away from private banks, where the wraps are on, and bring the borrower to the RFC where the credit is easy and where, until recently, there was the possibility of getting a loan for other than sound business reasons. And in doing this it is only adding to the threat of inflation which the government everywhere else is trying to stifle.

There have been a few really vocal defenders of the RFC in Congress who have called it a protection against "monopoly capital" and a sort of financial TVA. On the agency's postwar record we can't buy that argument. But there have been a good many more legislators who subscribe to Senator Paul Douglas' thesis that it isn't necessary to throw out the baby with the bath water. You inquire among them and they'll usually admit that there are a lot of things wrong with the RFC. But, they will add, "It has done a lot of good in my state," or "in my district." In other words, it's a handy, character-building, vote-getting, nonpolitical form of patronage that they are reluctant to scuttle.

We can understand their feeling without admiring it in the least. And we hope that the next Congress will have the statesmanship to take the government out of the loan business, liquidate the RFC's assets of approximately $1,000,000,000 and, as Senator Byrd suggests, apply that considerable sum to the reduction of the national debt.

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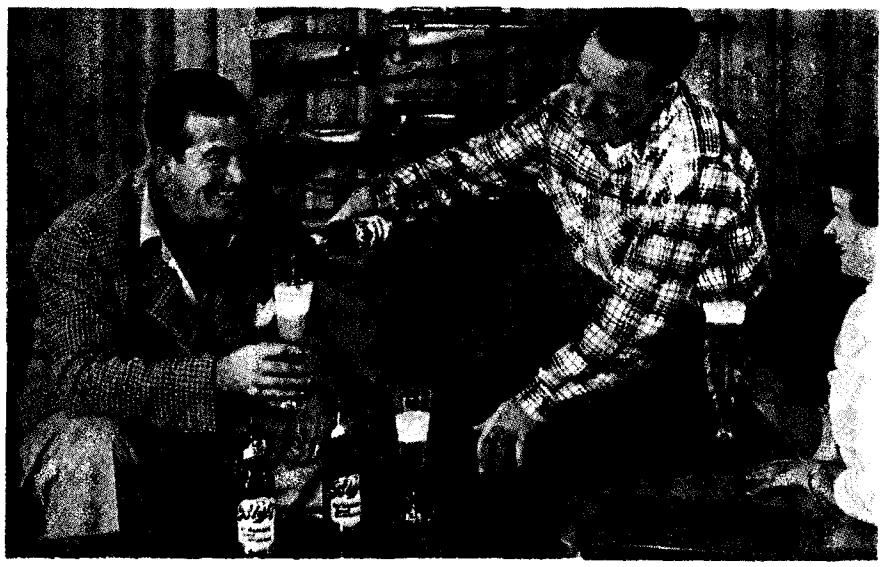

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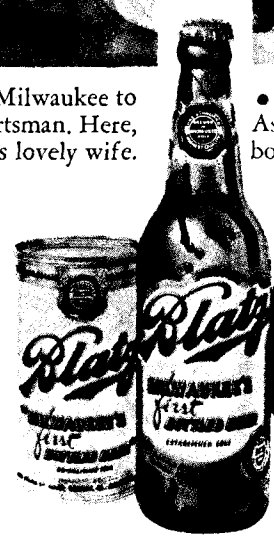

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